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From Chaos to Cosmos

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor"

THE history of civilization reveals several epochs which witnessed remarkable changes in man's views of the physical universe. Modern science takes no deep interest in those views which resulted from poetic intuition or from purely speculative thought, and had no foundation in scientific observation, experiment, and calculation. Hence the views concerning the universe formulated during the epochs preceding the birth of modern science offer little interest to the student who believes that these views have no intrinsic value unless they are permissible suggestions of scientific knowledge. If we adopt this standard of measure, then the views of the universe based upon the ancient atomic theories of Democritus and of Lucretius or upon the ancient doctrine of continuous flux in the existence of all things preached by Heraclitus have no intrinsic value, because they have no background of scientific knowledge. This standard guides the course of reasoning pursued in the following discussion. The earliest view of the universe which merits attention according to this standard is the view which was suggested by astronomy; it was the first among modern sciences which adopted and developed the true scientific method, the method of observation, experiment, and calculation. This view will be considered first.

The most inspiring sight ever beheld by the human eye is the starry vault of heaven. "The firmament," says the Psalmist, "sheweth his handiwork." The stars in the firmament in their unchanging orbits were, to the Psalmist, the visible parts of an ideally perfect structure which guides mortal man along his trackless path through time and through space. This structure presented to man's inquiring mind the first visible picture of the unchangeable, the immortal; and this picture encouraged him in the belief that high above the eternal stars resides an immortal divinity. Hence the ancient belief among Indo-Europeans that after death the immortal soul of man rises along the milky way to its divine abode above the stars.

Man has always turned his eyes to the stars when seeking knowledge and inspiration. There he found his earliest physical concepts, which now form the language of modern science. His earliest knowledge of dynamical laws was a reward for his long-continued efforts to understand the motions of the heavenly bodies. The names of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton will forever remind us that the oldest and nearest perfect of physical sciences, the science of dynamics, was revealed to us by the unchangeable planetary orbits. Two centuries elapsed before the puzzle of these orbits, born and nursed in the minds of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo, was finally resolved by the genius of Newton. No story ever told by man surpasses in beauty Newton's story of planetary motions, and none was ever told in fewer words. If brevity is the soul of wit, then Newton's story entitled "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica" is the acme of human wit. The orbit of our earth around the sun, and

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the resultant recurrence of the terrestrial seasons, succeeding each other with a rhythm which has not changed perceptibly within the record of human history, are revealed here as the result of an unchangeable law of action between material bodies.

One often wonders which is the more beautiful, this ideally simple law, the law of gravitational action between material bodies, discovered by Newton, or the simplicity of language with which he states it. The power of mathematics never was more glorified than in Newton's symbolic statement of this law and of its far-reaching consequences. Its symbols gave us the power of prophets; they enabled us to predict the future state of motion of any member of the planetary system from the state of motion of that system at a given time. To predict by a comparatively simple calculation from an ideally simple law the moment of arrival of an eclipse, with an accuracy measured by a tiny fraction of a second, is indeed a wonderful achievement. That kind of motion is a splendid illustration of what the Greeks called *Cosmos;* that is, a creation of law and order, in contradistinction to *Chaos,* which denoted to the Greek mind a shapeless mass devoid of all intelligible law and order.

I shall employ here the words *co-ordination* and *non-co-ordination* to describe the conditions which the Greeks called cosmos and chaos. It was, then, the perfect co-ordination in the motions of the heavenly bodies as they appeared to the Psalmist which inspired his words:

> "The heavens declare the glory of God;
> And the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

It was certainly the wonderful co-ordination of His handiwork which inspired Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton to search for its hidden cause. Newton's law of action between material bodies revealed the secret, and the history of its discovery will always stand as a model of the co-ordinating of the experiences of many centuries. One cannot help feeling that our idea of perfect co-ordination, of an ideal physical cosmos, is of celestial origin, and that it was Newton's genius which brought it down to earth, and made it a part of human understanding. The science of dynamics which Newton created may be called the dynamics of co-ordination, and with this understanding we can say that modern science rests upon a foundation of co-ordination. This foundation is therefore a cosmos, a beautiful creation of law and order.

The beauty of Newton's discovery, and its startling revelations, gave birth to the eighteenth-century hope that some day all physical phenomena might prove themselves reducible to some kind of co-ordinated motion of matter. That hope was strengthened by the study of electrical motions. From Stephen Gray, a contemporary of Newton, who had started this study, to great Faraday and his equally great pupil, Maxwell, the Newton of electrical motions, almost two hundred years intervened; a time interval as long as that which separated Copernicus from Newton. The achievement in each one of these time intervals was equally great; no other time interval of two hundred years in human history can boast of an equal intellectual achievement.

Maxwell's formulation of the fundamental laws of electrical motions is the greatest intellectual achievement of the nineteenth century. It is surprisingly similar to that which Newton gave us in his "Principia" concerning the motions of matter, and it exhibits the same simplicity and power of the language of mathematics. Nothing could be simpler than Maxwell's language, which, in a few and simple mathematical symbols, revealed a new truth even more startling than Newton's law of gravitational action. This new truth is: Light is an activity of electrical forces, generated in the interior of luminous bodies and propagated through all space in accordance with the fundamental laws of electrical motions. The agreement of this new doctrine with experiment was as startling as the agreement of planetary motions with Newton's laws of action between material bodies. One should never look upon the starlit vault of heaven without remembering that it inspired not only Newton but also Maxwell to find a new and more complete interpretation of the Psalmist's words:

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"The firmament sheweth his handiwork."

It is an interpretation which says that the laws of action of matter upon matter produce the ideal co-ordination in the motion of the planets and of the other material bodies in the heavens as well as on the earth, and that the laws of action of electricity enable the stars to send to us by their electrical activity the light messages which help us to observe, understand, and admire the beautiful co-ordination, the cosmos, of their motions. A more complete analysis of the beauty of law and order in the co-ordinated physical world was never given by mortal man. It is a splendid outcome of long-continued efforts of the human intellect during a period of nearly four hundred years.

This historical sketch of the scientific achievements of the Newtonian school may be called a sketch of the first act of the cosmic drama, which suggested to the human mind a picture of a co-ordinated universe. It gave strength to the belief that all physical phenomena would some day be explained as co-ordinated motions of matter and of electricity. This belief was an offspring of the ancient belief that this world was a chaos in the beginning, and that some day it would be a cosmos, a beautiful creation of law and order. This, indeed, would have been the simplest and the most intelligible world; the human mind loves the beauty of simplicity, probably because where there is simplicity there is generally intelligibility. But a new knowledge, which saw the light of day less than one hundred years ago, gradually developed new physical concepts which made that belief untenable.

We know to-day that co-ordinated changes in the state of physical bodies can explain a small part only of physical phenomena, and that the non-co-ordinated changes in the physical universe are vastly more numerous. The beautiful co-ordination in the motion of a star, and Newton's analysis of it, were certainly most inspiring, but new sciences have been born since Newton's time which teach us that co-ordinated motions can tell us an infinitesimal part, only, of the story of stellar and of terrestrial activity.

The disciples of the school of co-ordinated motions studied the motions of matter and of electricity in the macrocosm, in the large-scale world, in which we observe directly the motions of the stars and planets in the heavens, of the seas and clouds and other terrestrial objects. But in the beginning of the nineteenth century science began to catch the view of a new world, called the microcosm. The revelations in the microcosm form the *second act* of the cosmic drama.

The study of the activities of material bodies forced us to recognize that both matter and electricity are granular in structure, instead of uniform, as our coarse senses had led us to believe. The activity of matter and of electricity in the macrocosm is, and we should expect it to be, different from the activity of their component granules, the vanishingly small but almost infinitely numerous molecules, atoms, and electrons which form the microcosm.

No imaginable law of action can describe the history of motion of a single molecule, which is closely surrounded by a countless mob of interfering neighbors, as Newton's law describes the history of the orbital motion of a planet. This latter motion is *co-ordinated;* the motion of the molecule of a hot body is *non-co-ordinated;* it is interfered with by countless collisions with the motion of neighboring molecules. That is the view of our modern atomic and molecular theory of matter. The paths of major planets never approach very near to each other; the paths of the erratic molecules cross each other, and innumerable collisions are produced during every tiny interval of time. This, broadly speaking, is the modern concept of non-co-ordinated motion. The macrocosm, as revealed by the Newtonian school, is a beautiful illustration of what the Greeks meant by cosmos; the microcosm revealed a chaos. This chaos is the background of a picture of a new world, different from that studied by the Newtonian school. The new picture demanded the formulation of new physical concepts dealing with the blazing activity in the macrocosm of the luminous stars and in the microcosm of terrestrial activities.

The incandescence of the filament in an electrical lamp and the genial flame of the fireplace are two familiar phenomena; the first is a purely thermal and the sec-

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ond a purely chemical process. They are, as is well known, both manifestations of non-co-ordinated activities of minute granules, the molecules, atoms, and electrons. The study of these activities began nearly two hundred years ago, when the steam-engine was invented, when man attempted to harness the activity of the heat of hot bodies, like steam, and to transform the energy of their non-co-ordinated, chaotic, molecular motions, the energy of heat, into co-ordinated motion of matter in bulk, like lifting weights or driving the wheels of busy machines. The steam-engine is a co-ordinator of the non-co-ordinated molecular energy of steam; it transforms the activity of a molecular chaos into a cosmos of co-ordinated activity, the chaotic activity of the microcosm into co-ordinated activity of the macrocosm. It is the oldest co-ordinator studied by man, and its study marked the beginning of a new science, not, like Newton's science of dynamics, inspired by the beautifully co-ordinated motions of celestial bodies, but of a most humble origin. It was born in the musty boiler-room, but it grew heavenward, until to-day its noble head touches the stars of heaven.

The first great achievement of the new science is barely a hundred years old, and it was an achievement of Sadi Carnot, the great French engineer and scientist of Napoleonic times. He gave us the fundamental law of action of the moving power of heat, or, as he called it, "the moving power of fire." His teacher was the steam-engine, and his law is a law of efficiency which tells us how to get the most service from a given quantity of harnessed heat energy by the operation of a steam-engine or of any other caloric co-ordinator. It was a startlingly novel method of expressing what proved to be a fundamental physical law in terms of the efficiency of a coarse mechanism invented by man. It seemed to be devoid of the æsthetic beauty and of the philosophical rigor of Newton's laws, the operations of which were not tied to any specific human invention. The hidden beauty and philosophic significance of Carnot's law have been revealed gradually by scientific research during the last hundred years.

"Hitch your wagon to a star" and you will certainly get somewhere is the promise of Emerson. But if you should hitch your wagon to a molecule, which in its motion collides incessantly with other molecules and therefore changes its schedule a countless number of times during every brief moment of its erratic history, you will get nowhere. If, however, you hitch your wagon to a steam-engine, the piston of which is driven by the bombardment of a countless number of erratic molecules of the boiling fluid, Carnot's law will predict with mathematical accuracy the path of the co-ordinated motion of your vehicle.

Just as the steam-engine co-ordinates the non-co-ordinated activity of the erratic molecules of the hot steam, so the galvanic cell is a co-ordinator of the non-co-ordinated chemical activity of the atoms and molecules of the metals and fluids in the cell. It produces co-ordinated motion of the non-co-ordinated granules of electricity, the electrons, which are thus enabled to serve you in any of their many co-ordinated modes of motion, like driving a motor, or electroplating. The action of a dynamo is another form of electrical co-ordination, and there are many other electrical co-ordinators, revealed by the discoveries of the Faraday-Maxwell period. The co-ordinator is a concept which is foreign to Newtonian dynamics. It is, according to the illustrations given above, a mechanism which connects the world of non-co-ordinated to that of co-ordinated activities, the microcosm to the macrocosm. Carnot's law of efficiency is the simplest description of the law of operation of a caloric co-ordinator.

The gradual generalization and extension of Carnot's law made it evident, however, that it was not, as appeared at first, merely a convenient efficiency rule for the power engineer, but that it had a deeper philosophical meaning. No man among the early investigators gave this law a more generalized meaning than did Josiah Willard Gibbs, our American physicist and illustrious scientist, of Yale. He may be called the Newton of chemical and caloric dynamics, the dynamics of non-co-ordination. Gibbs formulated the dynamics of non-co-ordination, and it was

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he who gave us a mathematical method by which we can calculate in any particular case that part of the non-co-ordinated energy of any form which is available for co-ordinated external service. Those who complain that America has never produced a genius in the higher realms of scientific thought have probably never heard of Josiah Willard Gibbs, but he was a star of the first magnitude in the bright firmament of philosophic thought, although very few persons ever heard of him.

Even the splendid work of Gibbs, however, did not hide the fact that the dynamics of non-co-ordination were born in the musty boiler-room, and that its fundamental law was primarily an answer to an apparently sordid question, the principal question of the boiler-room: How much service can a man get out of a ton of coal? This jarred the feelings of some scientists of the early period, who believed that the aspirations of science should be high above sordid considerations of material gain.

This apparent taint of materialism in Carnot's law encouraged the view among some physicists of the early period that the starry vault of heaven was the exclusive abode of the cosmos of co-ordinated physical phenomena, and that the chaos of non-co-ordination and its science were to be found only on our imperfect terrestrial globe. This view was excusable a hundred years ago; but to-day, thanks to the labors of Willard Gibbs and of others, and to the discovery of spectrum analysis, we have a much broader view of the non-co-ordinated physical processes and of the laws governing them. Not the earth, but the stars, are recognized as the real seat of non-co-ordinated energy. We know that the chaotic activity of the molecules of hot terrestrial bodies is a feeble illustration, only, of the behavior of the molecules in luminous stars such as our sun. A very great, probably the greatest, part of the stellar energy is stored up in heat, the energy of non-co-ordinated motion of stellar molecules and atoms. The most complete picture of a chaos is our mental image of the non-co-ordinated motion of the molecules and atoms of a young, white-hot star. Here we find a restless chaos of violent molecular collisions which is the primordial source of cosmic energy. The most striking illustration of prodigality is the lavishness with which radiation pours out into space the life energy of such a star. Nothing in this lavishness suggests the sordid question: How much of this non-co-ordinated energy is destined to be harnessed, and how much useful service will be gained from the harnessed stellar radiation? Efficiency and waste are inventions of human experience. These words are unknown in the vocabulary of the luminous stars. A realization of the enormous energy capacity of these cosmic furnaces and of the lavishness of expenditure of their activity makes one feel the omnipotence of the Creator and of his power to keep alive forever these celestial fires.

The question of the service which non-co-ordinated energy can render is a terrestrial one. It was first suggested by another question, namely: What is the terrestrial mission of stellar radiation? One cannot answer it satisfactorily without considering the service which solar radiation furnishes to the terrestrial globe. This again involves dragging anthropomorphism into science. But what of it? Science stripped of all its human elements would become almost inhuman. Very often consideration of the human element in science reveals to the human mind the full beauty of science. It is the consideration of the human element which, in my opinion, gives to the dynamics of non-co-ordination a beauty and charm which otherwise would not be found there. I venture to point out some of these elements by considering briefly the function of several terrestrial co-ordinators which are not, like the steam-engine and the galvanic cell, inventions of man, but structural virtues of anorganic and organic matter.

Carnot and Gibbs tell us how much of the radiated non-co-ordinated energy of the sun is available for the performance of co-ordinated service, provided there is a co-ordinator of solar energy. Every thoughtful student of Carnot and of Gibbs understands that the blessings of a summer shower which are carried to the parched lips of thirsty earth are due to the transformation of a part of the non-co-

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ordinated solar energy, radiated to the oceans of our earth, into co-ordinated motion of water vapor. The instrumentality for this transformation resides in the molecular structure of water. This is the co-ordinator which makes the great and glorious sun in the heavens work like a faithful servant for the humble peasant on little earth by turning the busy water-wheel of his mill. We describe all this by saying that heat causes evaporation, and many of us go no further, as if that statement needed no further philosophical analysis. Most of us never think of Carnot and Gibbs and of their dynamics of non-co-ordination.

A similar instrumentality, residing in the cellular structure of plants, enables the same solar power to sustain the life on earth by the transformation of a part of its radiant energy into co-ordinated growth of plants and of animals. That sunlight makes plants grow is a fact the knowledge of which is as old as human history, but the efforts to recognize in that fact a special case of a general physical law were first made by the philosophers who followed in the footsteps of Carnot and of Gibbs. The more closely we examine plant life on the earth the more we become convinced that one of the principal objects of this life is to catch the non-co-ordinated radiant energy of the sun and transform it into co-ordinated activities on the earth, the transformation of the energy of the celestial chaos into co-ordinated terrestrial service. They are co-ordinators; they transform the resplendent sun-god, the golden Helios of classical Greece, into a willing servant, a fireman, of tiny earth. Without this service there would be a speedy end to all terrestrial life. Ancient sun-worship testifies that the value of this service to man was recognized several thousand years ago by the poets of Rig Veda and Mahabharata, when the human race was young, and science had not been born. To-day our knowledge of the fundamental law in accordance with which this service is rendered gives additional force to our praise of Him from whom all blessings come. It adds another element to the interpretation of the Psalmist's words: "The firmament sheweth his handiwork." Who can say when that interpretation will be complete? Certainly not until the fountain of revelations runs dry.

Our earth, through its organic and anorganic structures, co-ordinates the non-co-ordinated celestial energies which are radiated to it, and makes them obedient servants in the support of earth's living organisms. These co-ordinators obey the same fundamental law which the co-ordinating action of a steam-engine obeys. But it is in this respect only that the co-ordinating action of terrestrial organisms, like that of the leaves of plants, resembles the action of a steam-engine. Beyond that the similarity ceases, because the details of their modes of operation are different.

One of the differences I shall briefly describe. Most of us are familiar with the selectivity of the radio-receiving instruments. It enables us to select any one from innumerable messages that may be passing through space in any chaotic fashion. We pick out that message the wave-length of which is in resonance, that is in tune, with our receiving apparatus. Maxwell taught us long ago that the radiant energy of the sun reaches us in the form of electrical waves. Mathematics tells us that the material structures on the earth receive and harness it, principally because the molecular elements of these structures resonate electrically to some particular wave-length of the innumerable electrical waves transmitted to us by myriads of solar atoms. This transmission process is non-co-ordinated, because each solar atom is an essentially independent station for broadcasting its own share of the solar energy. When the reactions of our terrestrial atoms are in tune with the actions of solar atoms which transmit them, then the interaction between the two may be described as being due to a sympathetic responsiveness, if by employing this figure of speech we do not run the risk of being misunderstood and accused of indulging in mysticism. Here, then, is a harmonious relationship between our terrestrial globe and the stars of heaven, the existence of which appeals to our imagination, because of its similarity to harmonious human relationships. Neither the Psalmist of old, nor Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton in more recent times, ever suspected its existence.

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The poets may have dreamed about it. We know it to-day, and this knowledge gives additional meaning to the Psalmist's words of praise of the firmament, the handiwork of God.

The contemplation of apparently commonplace terrestrial operations, first suggested by the humble steam-engine, leads us back to the stars, our first source of inspiration about the laws of material co-ordination. We appeal to them again for guidance in our attempts to interpret broadly the meaning of the laws of non-co-ordination. We return to them by a path which at first seemed to move along apparently sordid terrestrial ways, like questions of the efficiency of transformation of the chaotic energy of steam into co-ordinated service. The path leads from the musty boiler-room on little earth to the glorious stars in the boundless heaven.

Truth is beautiful and divine no matter how humble its origin; it is the same in the musty boiler-room as it is in the glorious stars of heaven. From the non-co-ordinated molecular activity of the fire under the boiler to the co-ordinating activity of the steam-engine there is a progressive advance which reveals the same universal truth, as the progress from the non-co-ordinated solar activity to the co-ordinating activity of plant structures on earth. The steam-engine gives life to the machinery in our busy factories, the co-ordination of solar activity gives life to our terrestrial organisms. In each case, so far considered, the object of co-ordination is to rise to a higher level in the scheme of creation by rendering service. It is the call for service which transfers the chaotic activity of the stellar microcosm to the co-ordinated activities of the terrestrial macrocosm. Carnot's law of efficiency loses its taint of materialism when we look at it from this point of view.

It is the introduction of anthropomorphism into science which gives to Carnot's law of efficiency of the operation of a caloric engine a broader meaning by attaching to it the idea of service. This idea in its most general aspect is very helpful when one attempts to interpret the meaning of those operations by means of which the chaotic activity of the microcosm of the external world and of the living bodies is transformed into the co-ordinated cosmos which we call life.

The full meaning of life is still a mystery and it will probably remain a mystery until this terrestrial globe has added many æons to its already advanced old age. The physical foundation of life, however, is no longer a deep mystery. The beauty of its structure and of the operations of this structure will, in my opinion, be much more obvious when we look at it from the point of view of dynamics of non-co-ordination.

If in a figurative sense we call every physical activity life, then every radiating atom has life, and even this most elementary kind of life continued to be a deep mystery from the very beginning when

"God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

To-day this mystery is not as deep; we believe that we have dissolved it, partly, at least. How did physical science proceed in its study of this primordial concept of what I call here the life of the atom? The answer is simple. It painted a picture of the structure of the atom, and then endowed the elements of that structure with certain modes of motion which constitute the life of the atom. A brief inspection of this picture is opportune now.

The physicists are confident that the components of the atomic structure are an equal number of positive and negative electrons. The positive electrons are cemented together by the attractive force of a certain number of negative electrons and form the central positive nucleus of the atom. The remaining negative electrons move in elliptic orbits around the central nucleus. Each atom is thus represented by a structure which is geometrically a faithful copy of a solar system; it is a cosmos, a creation of law and order. But whereas the members of our solar system have not changed their co-ordinated motions within the memory of human history, the orbital motions of the negative satellites in the atoms experience innumerable changes during each tiniest interval of time, due to collision with neighboring atoms. Each collision throws out one or several negative electrons from

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one of their stable orbits to another. It is during these jumps, only, from one stable orbit to another, that the energy of the atom is radiated into space; nothing happens while the orbital satellite moves in the same stable orbit. The satellite in its stable orbit is dead as far as the outside world is concerned; and if not dead it is certainly fast asleep. If all the orbital electrons in the sun and in the luminous stars should persist in their motion along the same stable orbits without occasionally jumping from one stable orbit to another, the world would return to the condition which is described in Genesis in the words

"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

The words of Genesis,

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light,"

mean, therefore, in our present picture of the atom and its radiating activity that "in the beginning" the orbital electrons waked up and jumped from one stable orbit to another. There is a never-ending struggle going on between chaos and cosmos in the life of atoms; without this struggle the atoms would be sleepy hollows, as dead to the outside world as a cemetery.

Whenever I think of the radiating activity of the orbital electrons in the sun I am reminded of the clapper of the bell in the church spire of my native village. If it had not been for the activity of that clapper I should have slept through many an early mass on Sundays and holidays, particularly in winter, when blessed sleep in a warm bed seemed to me so much more heavenly than acting, long before sunrise, as an acolyte in the wintry atmosphere of a cold village church. The busy orbital electrons in our luminous stars are the atomic clappers which send the call of the stars into the ear of slumbering matter on earth: Wake up from your idle slumber; live and serve in this beautiful temple of the Creator!

No physicist believes that this picture of the atom and of its activity is a faithful portrait of this primordial unit of cosmic energy. It is an ideal picture, but the imagination which painted it was guided by all our exact knowledge of the activity of the invisible original. In the same manner science has painted a picture of the physical foundation of organic life. We know that in all probability it is not a very close likeness to the original and that it is in fact an unfinished picture, but we believe that every new stroke of the brush which science will add to it will make the picture more and more true to life. Dynamics of non-co-ordination may help to guide these strokes, and I propose to suggest at some future time how this help may be rendered.

Non Sine Floribus

BY HELEN COALE CREW

DEATH, in tangled forest ways
Stalking, many a quarry finds:

Flank-torn deer in covert hid;
Pallid fish where river winds;
Owl, that looked askance on death
In the grass below him, now
Severed from his chilly breath;
Bear that falls on deeper sleep
Than he knew the winter long;
Bird that pours libation rare
Mingled of his life and song.

Life spent warmly ebbing now,
Prodigal in streams of red;
Bright eyes brighter t[illegible] eir wont
With the final agony;
Hunger-bitten frames and [illegible]
Stilled at last, and hearts gone [illegible],
Emptied of their ecstasy.

Forest requiem be yours
At your dying! May you f[illegible]
On soft mosses pricked with [illegible]
Under bracken's waving fronds,
Under beeches, under tall
Pines that murmur endlessly.

You that shall not live again,
God rest you merry, gentlemen!

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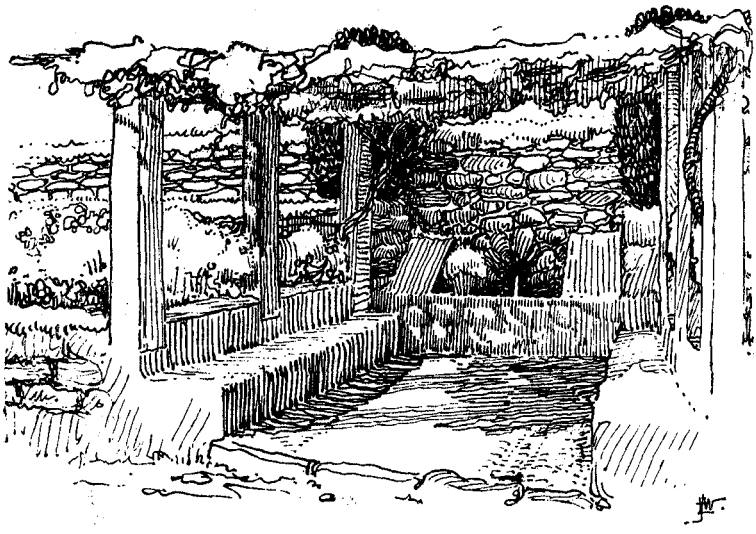

TREILLE ET BANCS RUSTIQUES
POUR LE REPOS AU FRAIS
PRÈS DE LA SOURCE TAILLÉE
ENTRE DEUX ÉPAULEMENTS
DU MUR ET DEUX LAURIERS.

"Under the shade of a trellis . . . supported by rude stone posts."

Rustic Gardens of Old Provence

BY JACQUES H. LAMBERT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

IF, leaving behind him the sumptuous villas of the coast where Cannes, Mentone, lovely Nice, and Monte Carlo sit enthroned, the traveller should ascend the mountains that lie to the north of the Riviera, he would find himself in the upper valleys of Provence, captivated by a more antiqu[illegible]harm, seduced by a simpler, gentler [illegible]ature than that of the Côte d'Azur.

For, far [illegible]ved from the noise of palace ho[illegible]nd the sophisticated parks of [illegible] he will find that he has left behind the exuberant efflorescence of pis[illegible] and camphor, of *chamerops* and [illegible], and that spaces begin to open [illegible]he curtains of tall bamboo, [illegible] groups of caroub-trees and the [illegible]melling groves of lemons and or[illegible] become less and less frequent, until, [illegible]he warm cracks of the rocks, the [illegible]nted aloes and the thorny cactus alone remain to mark the fading power of the African sun.

Here he attains the calm domain of the Latin landscape, where olive-groves stand wrapped in their silvery mantles, with their companions, the pointed cypress. Here flourish dense groves of myrtle and laurel and cork trees and the evergreen live-oak, the grape-vine and the fig, and pines of infinite variety—the maritime pine, the Alpine pine, the umbrella pine—and sturdy sycamores with their shining trunks and pale, flickering shadows. Veiled in the soft shade of the olive-trees, fragrant flowers spread out in great carpets—roses in all varieties, perfumed jasmine, iris, violets, and tuberoses. The acanthus, the bitter wormwood, century-plants, and the pungent garlic lend variety to these beds of flowers, while in the poorer earth of the higher regions grow holly and juniper, thyme and lavender,

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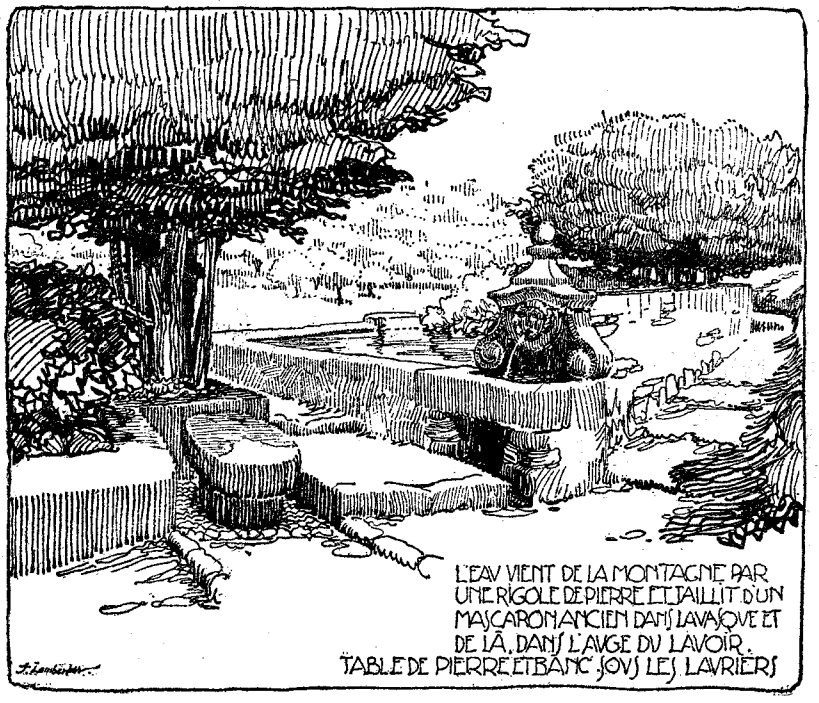
sweet basil and marjoram. Higher still, red herbs, like rusted iron, proclaim the high plateaux—stern abode of wind and cloud.

Upon this long and narrow highland that extends from Nice to Draguignan—a causeway some sixty miles in length by seven wide—let us tarry for a while to enjoy the rustic setting of the gentle Latin people who dwell within its heart. Their life still has as its basis the country wash or gay in its dress of paint, sky-blue, ochre, or Etruscan red—appears to be a reflection of the day itself, calm at dawn, warm at noontide or sundown, framed in its olive terraces that rise one above the other to the chalky cliffs of the mountains.

This dwelling shelters not only the family but the animals as well, and the simple agricultural implements—the rudimentary plough, the great oil jars, the baskets for olives and flowers, and the


L'EAV VIENT DE LA MONTAGNE PAR
UNE RIGOLE DE PIERRE ET JAILLIT D'UN
MASCARON ANCIEN DANS LAVASQVE ET
DE LÀ, DANS L'AVGE DV LAVOIR.
TABLE DE PIERRE ET BANC SOVS LES LAVRIERS

"Near to it, a fountain usually palpitates and murmurs."

life of antiquity. Hesiod in his "Works and Days" and Virgil in his "Bucolics" have sung of the fecund earth, of the kindly olive, of the vines with their tendrils and their juicy grapes, and of the thickets of laurel and myrtle where nymphs and gods used to have their hiding-places. And is it not true that from the quiet of some such retreat Horace gave us his immortal odes?

The peasant of Provence, be he gardener or day-laborer, has perpetuated through the ages the traditions of this simple life.

His "mas" or house—an humble square of masonry with a flat roof of Roman tiles, brilliant in its fresh coat of white-

paniers for the white-goat cheeses. Near the house, also, is a threshing-floor and a sort of courtyard wherein the harvest of roses and jasmine is gathered and the grapes during the vintage, and where, also, in the shade of a dusky arbor of sweet-smelling laurel, the family assembles during the hot hours of the day. This arbor affects either the form of a hollow cube or of a barrel open at both ends, or of a verdant tower that often guards as its companion a soaring cypress-tree. But whatever its form may be, this outdoor room is the obligatory adjunct of the house, its rustic luxury.

Near to it, a fountain usually palpitates and murmurs, bringing to man, like the

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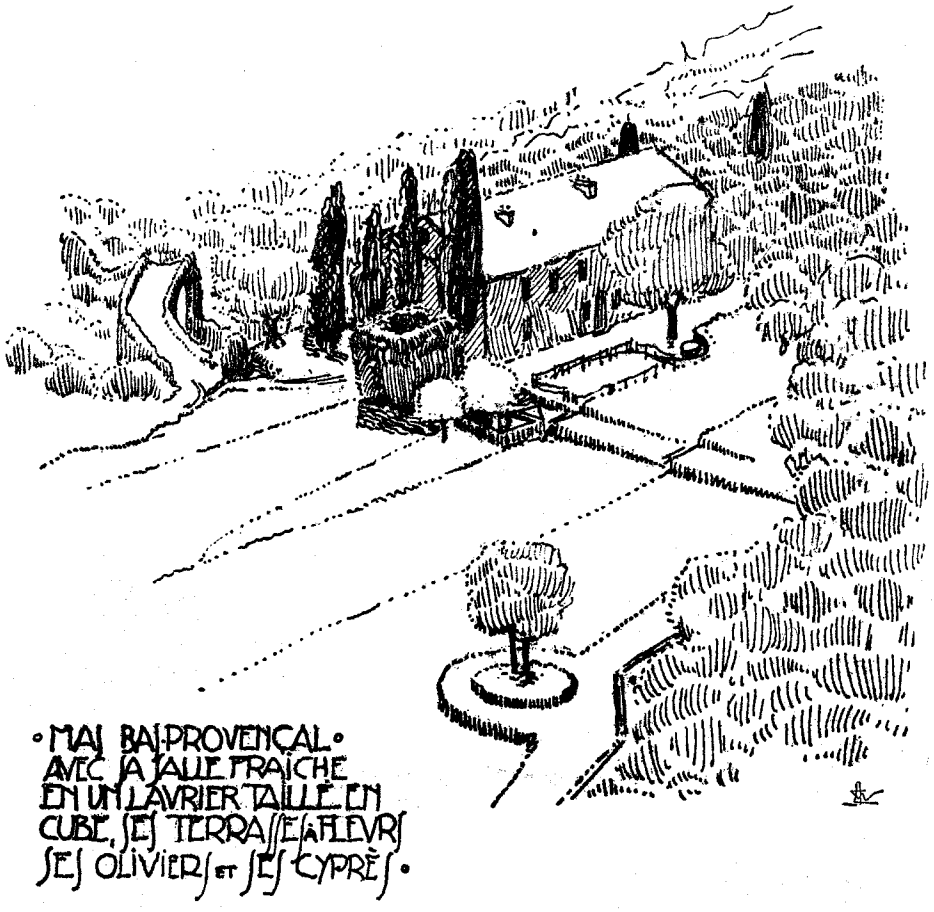

A typical "mas" of Provence.

nymphs of old, coolness from the flanks of the mountain. Little stone niches or *rocailles* tell that, within the rocks, lie sheets of water that gurgle as they approach the orifice, covered with ferns and mosses, and whose mouth man has made more accessible by a shapely stone brim, or a grotesque eighteenth-century head, or a vaulted lintel supported by rocks. The escaping waters flow, upon the one hand, into the *lavoir*, animated ever by the noisy tapping of the wooden paddles and the incessant prattle of the washerwomen; and, on the other, into irrigating ditches that refresh and fertilize the rows of terraces that flank the mountainside, captured at times in basins or in jars planted deep into the earth, until at last it falls in little cascades into the nearest torrent.

Here then are the three elements of ancient life, as sung by the poets, that remain unchanged to-day: the simple house, the shaded laurel grove, the gushing fountain. Join to this ensemble a table and some rude stone benches, which the farmer's caprice groups in a thousand different fashions, either near the great millstones where the golden grain lies piled on the cylindrical base; or about a huge stone shaped like a sarcophagus and flanked by two shoulders that form seats for the rest hour; or under the shade of a trellis whose fruits are supported by rude stone posts and bordered by benches cut into the walls that hold the terraces. And always near at hand, the mistress of the farm has placed for the pleasure of the laborers a bunch of fragrant rosemary or a glazed pot filled with roses.

Now let us leave the farmhouse and its accessories and visit the abode of the

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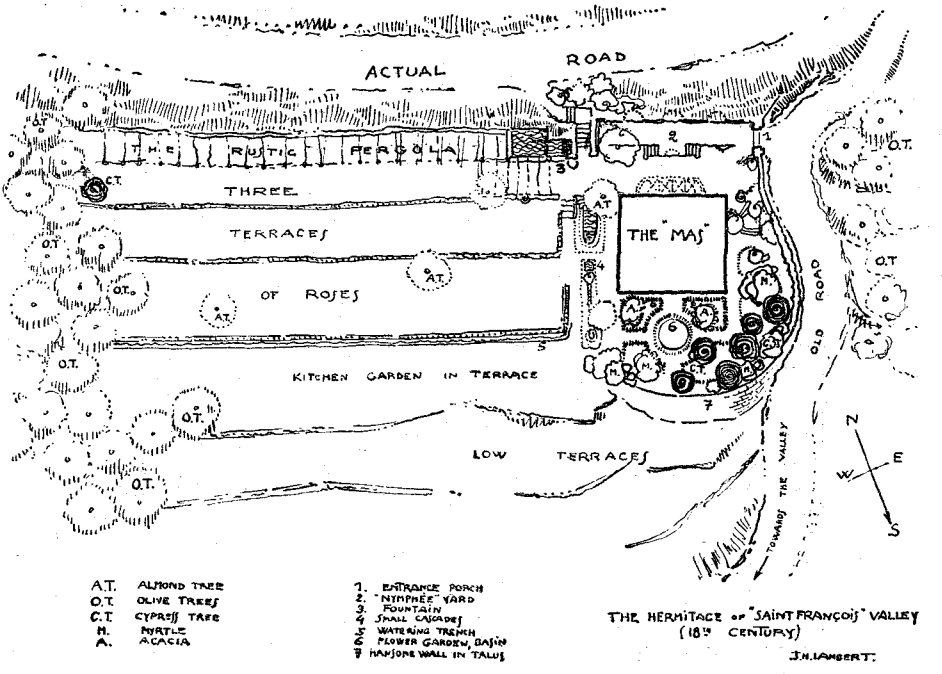
flowers. These also are disposed upon terraces whose stony walls retain but little earth and even this has been hauled up and built in, little by little, on the mountain flanks by centuries of patient toil and labor. In this soil the roses and jasmines are set out, following the contours suitable for a sunny exposure and, at the time of their maturity, making pretty patterns all along the hillsides. The violets prefer the veiled shadows of the olive-trees and



Plan of the Hermitage of Saint Francis.

matoes, the eggplant fried in gold-brown wafers, the haddock and the celebrated *bouillabaisse*, when the catch has been fortunate on the coast near by. The precious oil is also the supreme remedy of these mountain people, who use it for sprains and bruises and for limbering up the muscles, as did the athletes of antiquity. At night its steady flame lights up the family circle; and, at the head of the dead, it burns in the same little lamp, not only present a lovely picture at the picking time, but also give joy to him who, mounting slowly the stone steps, finds himself, at each terrace, submerged by different waves of perfume.

But it is in the cultivation of the gnarled and prolific olive-tree—old god of the earth—that the traditions of the ancient rustic life are best perpetuated; and, for this reason, if for no other, the Latins give tender care and attention to this precious tree, whose branches through all the ages have remained the emblem of peaceful serenity.

The oil of its fruits has always been the handmaid, the constant friend of the laborer. He uses it to prepare his favorite dishes—the fragrant *aioli*, the scarlet to-

the "calel," that one finds in the rude paintings of the Roman cemeteries.

And still one finds, in many places of old Provence, the ancient oil-press, worked either by brawny men or by the mountain streams, amusing in its numerous complications and paddles and dentated wooden wheels that one hears creaking and groaning in the cellars when the olives are being pressed.

And it is the persistence of this simple, primitive life, both in the vegetable world and in the life and habits of man, that accounts for the charm of these uplands of Provence.

Even the refined aristocrats of the eighteenth century fell under its spell, and, as a proof of this, I only wish to cite one

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A cistern with, atop of it, a *salle de verdure*.

example—the delicious hermitage of Saint Francis, buried in a valley as gentle and as lovely as any in Umbria and in which the nobles of Grasse kept for themselves a simple farmhouse to which they could retreat to escape the showy life and the boring etiquette of the city. Imagine a road, almost impassable, over mountain and valley, stretching from Nice, which, in those days, was a little town that lived in constant terror of the Barbary pirates, to Draguignan, situated on the upper plateau.

In one of the capricious meanderings of this road, hidden in a vale, one is surprised to discover, at a turning, a dwelling-place half hidden in a dense grove of myrtles and cypresses, a square little building, with a pediment, decorated with warm-colored stucco, above a basement of brick and stone.

Passing through a pilastered gateway,

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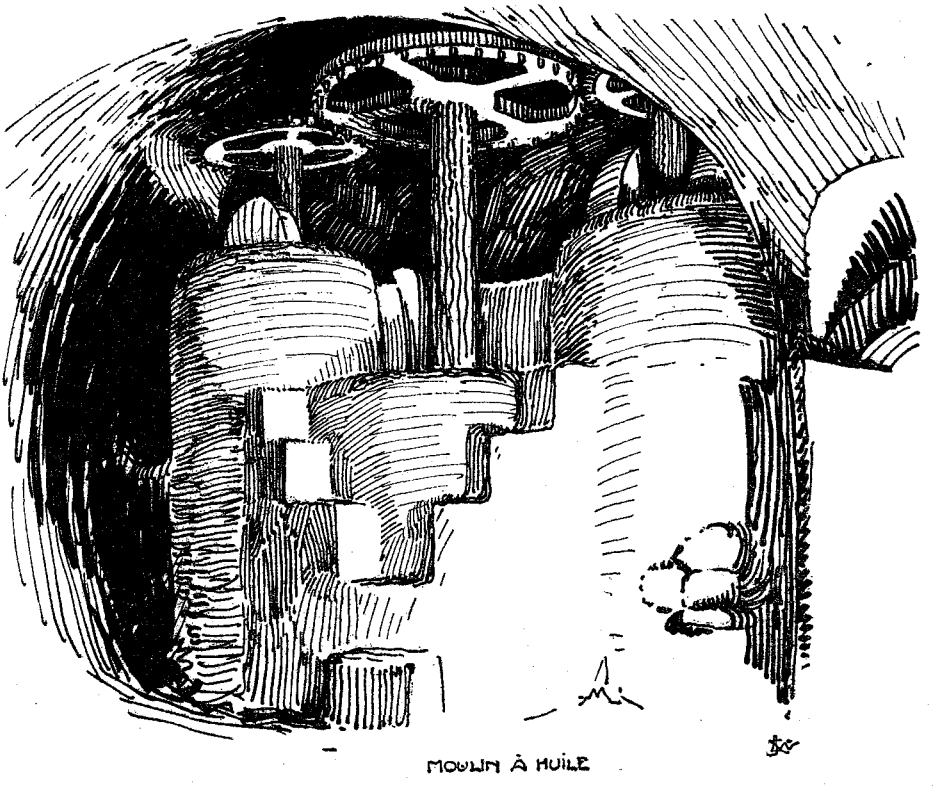
one enters a sort of forecourt paved with dark-blue tiles and surrounded by moss-covered walls that shore up the roadway and that are decorated with three rustic niches, with a fountain opposite the portal. Beyond this fountain is a drinking-trough and a *lavoir*, and on the first terrace of the mountain there is a delicate trellis—a sort of pergola, in the shade of which one can pass from the house to the olive orchard. From this terrace one sees the small Franciscan valley of subtle charm, where the trembling olive-groves are punctuated with cypresses and through which winds the old stony road, descending the ravine and crossing an old bridge, bony as a donkey's spine, under which a torrent rushes. In successive steps, toward this torrent, descend the flowery terraces filled with roses and with patches laid out with vegetables.

All about the house, from little boskets, one above another, the waters of the fountain, escaping merrily from basin to basin, dance along in rustic cascatelles until they fall into the pool of the lower garden. This lower garden, quite deserted and filled and choked with acanthus and myrtle bushes, and box once trimmed into delicate borders, stops short at the trunk of a giant cypress that dominates, above a wall of clever construction, the descent of the little road.

In the eighteenth century this quiet hermitage—delicious retreat of philosophers—must have echoed with many a witty saying and many a gay repartee of courtiers of the time when the queen and her court at the Trianon were playing their lives of shepherd and shepherdess.

To-day, however, this delicious retreat is the humble abode of a farmer who spends his time among his plants, his fountains, and his olive-trees; but, nevertheless, even to-day at the twilight hour, when the farm-hands and the animals slowly return to the "mas," the same old charm pervades the tranquil spot as when, before its subtle spell, the Latin poet dreamed and wrote:

"Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae."



The ancient oil-press.

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The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

PART II

I

THE MARK FALLS

THE state of the world had been getting more and more on Soames' nerves ever since the general meeting of the P. P. R. S. It had gone off with the fatuity long associated by him with such gatherings—a water-tight rigmarole from the chairman; butter from two reliable shareholders; vinegar from shareholders not so reliable, and the usual "gup" over the dividend. He had gone there glum, come away glummer. From a notion once taken into his head, Soames parted more slowly than a cheese parts from its mites. Two-sevenths of foreign business, nearly all German! And the mark falling! It had begun to fall from the moment that he decided to support the dividend. And why? What was in the wind? Contrary to his custom, he had taken to sniffing closely the political columns of his paper. The French—he had always mistrusted them, especially since his second marriage—the French were going to play old Harry, if he was not greatly mistaken! Their papers, he noticed, never lost a chance of having a dab at English policy; seemed to think they could always call the tune for England to pipe to! And the mark and the franc, and every other sort of money, falling. And though in Soames was that which rejoiced in the thought that one of his country's bits of paper could buy a great quantity of other countries' bits of paper, there was also that which felt the whole thing silly and unreal, with an ever-growing consciousness that the P. P. R. S. would pay no dividend next year. The P. P. R. S. was a big concern, no dividend would be a sign, and no small one, of bad management. Assurance was one of the few things on God's earth that could and should be conducted without real risk. But for that he would never have gone on the Board. And to find assurance had not been so conducted and that by himself, was—well! He had caused Winifred to sell, anyway, though the shares had already fallen slightly. "I thought it was such a good thing, Soames," she had said plaintively: "It's rather a bore, losin' money on the shares." He had answered without mercy: "If you don't sell, you'll lose more." And she had done it. If the Rogers and Nicholases, who had followed him into it, hadn't sold too—well, it was their lookout! He had made Winifred warn them. As for himself, he had nothing but his qualifying shares, and the missing of a dividend or two would not hurt one whose director's fees more than compensated. It was not, therefore, private uneasiness so much as resentment at a state of things connected with foreigners, and the slur on his infallibility.

Christmas had gone off quietly at Mapledurham. He abominated Christmas, and only observed it because his wife was French, and her national festival New Year's Day. One could not go so far as to observe that, encouraging a foreign notion. But Christmas without a child about—he still remembered the holly and snapdragons of Park Lane in his own childhood—the family parties; and how disgusted he had been if he got anything symbolic—the thimble or the ring—instead of the shilling. They had never gone in for Santa Claus at Park Lane, partly because they could see through the old gentleman, and partly because he was not at all a late thing. Emily, his mother, had seen to that. Yes, and, by the way, that William Gouldyng

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The White Monkey" will be found on page 2 of the advertising section.

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—Ingerer—had so stumped those fellows at the Heralds' College that Soames had turned against his own inquiry—it was just encouraging them to spend his money for a sentimental satisfaction which did not materialize. That narrow-headed chap, "Old Mont," peacocked about his ancestry; all the more reason for having no ancestry to peacock about. The Forsytes and the Goldings were good English country stock—that was what mattered. And if Fleur and her child, when she had one, had French blood in them—well, he couldn't help it now.

About that grandchild, Soames knew no more than in October. Fleur had spent Christmas with the Monts; she was promised to him, however, before long, and her mother must ask her a question or two!

The weather was extremely mild; Soames had even been out in a punt, fishing. In a heavy coat he trailed a line for perch and dace, and caught now and then a roach—precious little good, the servants wouldn't eat them, nowadays! His gray eyes would brood over the gray water under the gray sky; and in his mind the mark would fall. It fell with a bump on that 11th of January when the French went and occupied the Ruhr. He said to Annette at breakfast: "Your country's cracked! Look at the mark now!"

"What do I care about the mark?" she had answered over her coffee. "I care that they shall not come again into my country. I hope they will suffer a little what we have suffered."

"You," said Soames; "you never suffered anything."

Annette put her hand where it still gave Soames a pleasant feeling to put his.

"I suffered here," she said.

"I didn't notice it. You never went without butter," said Soames, sardonically. "What do you suppose Europe's going to be like now for the next thirty years? How about British trade?"

"We French see before our noses," said Annette with warmth. "We see that the beaten must be kept the beaten, or he will take revenge. You English are so sloppy."

"Sloppy, are we?" said Soames. "You're talking like a child. Could a sloppy people ever have reached our position in the world?"

"That is your selfishness. You are cold and selfish."

"Cold, selfish, and sloppy—they don't go together. Try again."

"Your slop is in your thought and your talk; it is your instinct that gives you your success, and your English instinct is cold and selfish, Soames. You are a mixture, all of you, of hypocrisy, stupidity, and egoism."

Soames took some marmalade.

"Well," he said, "and what are the French—cynical, avaricious and revengeful. And the Germans are sentimental, heady and brutal. We all have our failings. There's nothing for it but to keep clear of each other. And that's what you French won't do."

Annette's handsome person stiffened.

"When you are tied to a person, as I am tied to you, Soames, or as we French are tied to the Germans, it is necessary to be top dog, or to be bottom dog."

Soames stayed his toast.

"Do you suppose yourself top dog in this house?"

"Yes, Soames."

"Oh! Then you can go back to France to-morrow."

Annette's eyebrows rose quizzically.

"I would wait another three years, my friend; you are still too young."

But Soames had already regretted his remark; he did not wish any such disturbance at his time of life, and he said more calmly:

"Compromise is the essence of any reasonable existence between individuals or nations. We can't have the fat thrown into the fire every few years."

"That is so English," murmured Annette. "We others never know what you English will do. You always wait to see which way the cat jump."

However deeply sympathetic with such a reasonable characteristic, Soames would have denied it at any ordinary moment—to confess to temporizing was not, as it were, done. But, with the mark falling like a cart-load of bricks, he was heated to the point of standing by his nature. "And why shouldn't we? Rushing into things that you'll have to rush out of! I don't want to argue. French and English never did get on and never will."

Annette rose. "You speak the truth,

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my friend. *Entente, mais pas cordiale.* What are you doing to-day?"

"Going up to town," said Soames glumly. "Your precious Government has put business into Queer Street with a vengeance."

"Do you stay the night?"

"I don't know."

"*Adieu*, then, *jusqu'au revoir!*" And she got up.

Soames remained brooding above his marmalade—with the mark falling in his mind—glad to see the last of her handsome figure, having no patience at the moment for French tantrums. An irritable longing to say to somebody "I told you so," possessed him. He would have to wait, however, till he found somebody who would listen.

A beautiful day, quite warm; and taking his umbrella as an assurance against change, he set out for the station.

In the carriage going up they were talking about the Ruhr. Averse from discussion in public, Soames listened from behind his paper. The general sentiment was surprisingly like his own. In so far as it was unpleasant for the Huns—all right; in so far as it was unpleasant for British trade—all wrong; in so far as love of British trade was active and hate of Huns now passive—more wrong than right. A Francophile remark that the French were justified in making themselves safe at all costs, was coldly received. At Maidenhead a man got in whom Soames connected automatically with disturbance. He had much gray hair, a sanguine face, lively eyes, twisting eyebrows, and within five minutes had asked in a breezy voice whether any one had heard of the League of Nations. Confirmed in his estimate, Soames looked round the corner of his paper. Yes, that chap would get off on some hobby-horse or other! And there he went! The question—said the newcomer—was not whether the Germans should get one in the eye, the British one in the pocket, or the French one in the heart, but whether the world should get peace and good-will. Soames lowered his paper. If—this fellow said—they wanted peace, they must sink their individual interests, and think in terms of collective interest. The good of all was the good of one! Soames saw the flaw at once: That might be, but the good of one was not the good of all. He felt that if he did not take care he would be pointing this out. The man was a perfect stranger to him, and no good ever came of argument. Unfortunately his silence amid the general opinion that the League of Nations was "no earthly," seemed to cause the newcomer to regard him as a sympathizer; the fellow kept on throwing his eyebrows at him! To put up his paper again seemed too pointed, and his position was getting more and more false when the train ran in at Paddington. He hastened to a cab. A voice behind him said: "Hopeless lot, sir, eh! Glad to see *you* saw my point."

"Quite!" said Soames. "Taxi!"

"Unless the League of Nations functions, we're all for hell."

Soames turned the handle of the cab door.

"Quite!" he said again. "Poultry!" and got in. He was not going to be drawn. The fellow was clearly a firebrand!

In the cab the measure of his disturbance was revealed. He had said "Poultry," an address that "Forsyte, Bustard and Forsyte" had abandoned two and twenty years ago when merged with "Cuthcott, Holliday and Kingson." Rectifying the error, he sat forward, brooding. Fall of the mark! The country was sound about it, yes—but when they failed to pay the next dividend, could they rely on resentment against the French instead of against the directors? Doubtful! The directors ought to have seen it coming! That might be said of the other directors, but not of himself—here was a policy that he personally never would have touched. If only he could discuss the whole thing with some one—but old Gradman would be out of his depth in a matter of this sort. And, on arrival at his office, he gazed with a certain impatience at that changeless old fellow, sitting in his swivel chair.

"Ah! Mr. Soames, I was hopin' you might come in this morning. There's a young man been round to see you from the P. P. R. S. Wouldn't give his business, said he wanted to see you privately. Left his number on the phone."

"Oh!" said Soames.

"Quite a young feller—in the office."

"What did he look like?"

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"Nice clean young man. I was rather favorably impressed—name of Butterfield."

"Well, ring him up, and let him know I'm here." And going over to the window, he stood looking out on to a perfectly blank wall.

Suited to a sleeping partner, his room was at the back, free from disturbance. Young man! The call was somewhat singular! And he said over his shoulder: "Don't go when he comes, Gradman, I know nothing of him."

The world changed, people died off, the mark fell, but Gradman was there—embodiment, faithful and gray, of service and integrity—an anchor.

Gradman's voice, grating, ingratiating, rose.

"This French news—it's not nice, Mr. Soames. They're a hasty lot. I remember your father, Mr. James, coming into the office the morning the Franco-Prussian war was declared—quite in his prime then, not more than sixty, I should say. I remember his very words: 'There,' he said, 'I told them so.' And here they are at it still. The fact is they're cat and dog."

Soames, who had half turned, resumed his contemplation of a void. Poor old Gradman dated! What would he say when he heard that they had been insuring foreign business? Stimulated by the old-time quality of Gradman's presence, his mind ranged with sudden freedom. He himself had another twenty years, perhaps. What would he see in that time? Where would old England be at the end of it? "In spite of the papers, we're not such fools as we look," he thought. "If only we can steer clear of flibbertygibberting, and pay our way!"

"Mr. Butterfield, sir." H'm! The young man had been very spry. Covered by Gradman's bluff and greasy greeting, he "took a lunar," as his Uncle Roger used to call it. The young fellow looked modest and not tall, in a neat suit and turn-down collar, hat in hand; a medium-colored chap. Soames nodded.

"You want to see me?"

"Alone, if I might, sir."

"Mr. Gradman here is my right-hand man."

Gradman's voice purred gratingly: "You can state your business. Nothing goes outside these walls, young man."

"I'm in the office of the P. P. R. S., sir. The fact is, accident has just put some information in my hands, and I'm not easy in my mind. Knowing you to be a solicitor, sir, I preferred to come to you, rather than go to the chairman. As a lawyer, sir, would you tell me: Is my first duty to the society, being in their employ?"

"Certainly," said Soames.

"I don't like this job, sir, and I hope you'll understand that I'm not here from any personal motive—it's just because I feel I ought to."

Soames regarded him steadily. Though large and rather swimming, the young man's eyes impressed him by their resemblance to a dog's. "What's it all about?" he said.

The young man moistened his lips.

"The insurance of our German business, sir."

Soames pricked his ears already slightly pointed by nature.

"It's a very serious matter," the young man went on, "and I don't know how it'll affect me, but the fact is, this morning I overheard a private conversation."

"Oh!" said Soames.

"Yes, sir, I quite understand your tone, but the very first words did it. I simply couldn't make myself known after hearing them. I think you'll agree, sir."

"Who were the speakers?"

"The manager, sir, and a man called Smith—I fancy by his accent his name's a bit more foreign—who's done most of the agenting for the German business."

"What were the words?" said Soames.

"Well, sir, the manager was speaking, and then this Smith said: 'Quite so, Mr. Elderson, but we haven't paid you a commission for nothing on all this business; if the mark goes absolutely phut, you will have to see that your society makes it good for us!'"

The intense longing, which at that moment came on Soames to emit a whistle, was checked by the sight of Gradman's face. The old fellow's mouth had opened in the nest of his grizzly short beard; his eyes stared puglike, he uttered a prolonged: "A-ow!"

"Yes," said the young man, "it was a knock-out!"

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"Where were you?" asked Soames, sharply.

"In the lobby between the manager's room and the board room. I'd just come from sorting some papers in the board room, and the manager's door was open an inch or so. Of course I know the voices well."

"What after?"

"I heard Mr. Elderson say 'H'ssh! Don't talk like that!' I slipped back into the board room. I'd had enough, sir, I assure you."

Suspicion and surmise clogged Soames' thinking apparatus. Was this young fellow speaking the truth? A man like Elderson—the risk was monstrous! And, if true, what was the directors' responsibility! But proof—proof? He stared at the young man, who looked upset and pale enough, but whose eyes did not waver. Shake him if he could! And he said sharply:

"Now mind what you're saying! This is most serious!"

"I know that, sir. If I'd consulted my own interest, I'd never have come here. I'm not a sneak."

The words rang true, but Soames did not drop his caution.

"Ever had any trouble in the office?"

"No, sir, you can make inquiry. I've nothing against Mr. Elderson, and he's nothing against me."

Soames thought suddenly: "Good God! He's shifted it on to me, and in the presence of a witness! And I supplied the witness!"

"Have you any reason to suppose," he said, "that they became aware of your being there?"

"They couldn't have, I think."

The implications of this news became every second more alarming. It was as if Fate, kept at bay all his life by clever wrist work, had suddenly slipped a thrust under his guard. No good to get rattled, however—must think it out at leisure!

"Are you prepared, if necessary, to repeat this to the Board?"

The young man pressed his hands together.

"Well, sir, I'd much rather have held my tongue; but if you decide it's got to be taken up, I suppose I must go through with it now. I'm sure I hope you'll decide to leave it alone; perhaps it isn't true—only why didn't Mr. Elderson say: 'You bloody liar!'"

Exactly! Why hadn't he? Soames gave a grunt of intense discomfort.

"Anything more?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Very well. You've not told any one?"

"No, sir."

"Then don't, and leave it to me."

"I'll be only too happy to, sir. Good morning."

"Good morning!"

No—very bad morning! No satisfaction whatever in this sudden fulfilment of his prophetic feeling about Elderson! None!

"What d'you think of that young fellow, Gradman? Is he lying?"

Thus summoned, as it were, from stupor, Gradman thoughtfully rubbed a nose both thick and shining.

"It's one word against another, Mr. Soames, unless you get more evidence. But I can't see what the young man has to gain by it."

"Nor I; but you never know. The trouble will be to get more evidence. Can I act without it?"

"It's delicate," said Gradman. And Soames knew that he was thrown back on himself. When Gradman said a thing was delicate, it meant that it was the sort of matter on which he was accustomed to wait for orders—presumptuous even to hold opinion! But had he got one? Well, he would never know! The old chap would sit and rub his nose over it, till kingdom come.

"I shan't act in a hurry," he said almost angrily, "I can't see to the end of this."

Every hour confirmed that statement. At lunch the tape of his City Club showed the mark still falling—to unheard-of depths! How they could talk of golf, with this business on his mind he could not imagine!

"I must go and see that fellow," he said to himself. "I shall be guarded. He may throw some light." He waited until three o'clock and repaired to the offices of the P. P. R. S.

Reaching them he sought the board

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room. The chairman was there in conference with the manager. Soames sat down quietly to listen; and while he listened he watched that fellow's face. It told him nothing. What nonsense people talked when they said you could tell character from faces! Only a perfect idiot's face could be read like that. And here was a man of experience and culture, one who knew every rope of business life and polite society. The concern that its neat-featured hairlessness exhibited was no more than the natural mortification of one whose policy had met with such a nasty knock. The drop of the mark had already wiped out any possible profit on the next half-year. Unless the wretched thing recovered they would be carrying a practically dead load of German insurance. Really it was criminal that no limit of liability had been fixed! How on earth could he ever have overlooked that when he came on to the Board; but he had only known of it afterward. And who could have foreseen anything so mad as this Ruhr business, or realized the slack confidence of his colleagues in this confounded fellow? The words "gross negligence" appeared close up before his eyes. What if an action lay against the Board! Gross negligence! At his age and with his reputation! Why! The thing was plain as a pikestaff; for omitting a limit of liability this chap had got his commission! Ten per cent on all that business—he must have netted thousands! A man must be in Queer Street indeed to take a risk like that! But conscious that his fancy was running on, Soames rose, and turned his back. The action suggested another. Simulate anger, draw some sign from that fellow's self-control! He turned again, and said pettishly: "What on earth were you about, Mr. Manager, when you allowed these contracts to go through without limit of liability? A man of your experience! What was your motive?"

A slight narrowing of the eyes, a slight compression of the lips. He had relied on the word "motive," but the fellow passed it by.

"For such high premiums as we have been getting, Mr. Forsyte, a limited liability was not possible. This is a most outrageous development, and I'm afraid it must be considered just bad luck."

"Unfortunately," said Soames, "there's no such thing as luck in properly regulated assurance, as we shall find, or I'm much mistaken. I shouldn't be surprised if an action lay against the Board for gross negligence!"

That had got the chairman's goat!—Got his goat? What expressions they used nowadays! Or did it mean the opposite? One never knew. H'm! But as for Elderson, he seemed to Soames to be merely counterfeiting a certain flusteration. Futile to attempt to spring anything out of a chap like that. If the thing were true the fellow must be entirely desperate, prepared for anything and everything. And since from Soames the desperate side of life—the real holes, the impossible positions which demand a gambler's throw—had always been carefully barred by the habits of a prudent nature, he found it now impossible to imagine Elderson's state of mind, or his line of conduct if he were guilty. For all he could tell the chap might be carrying poison about with him; might be sitting on a revolver like a fellow on the film. The whole thing was too unpleasant, too worrying, for words. And without saying any more he went away, taking nothing with him but the knowledge that their total liability on this German business, with the mark valueless, was over two hundred thousand pounds. He hastily reviewed the fortunes of his co-directors. Old Fontenoy was always in low water; the chairman a dark horse; Mont was in land, and land at almost nothing just now; old Cosey Mothergill had nothing but his name and his director's fees; Meyricke must have a large income, but light come, light go, like most of those big counsel with irons in many fires and the certainty of a judgeship. Not a really substantial man among the lot, except himself! He ploughed his way alone, head down. Public companies! Preposterous system! You had to trust somebody, and there you were! It was appalling!

"Balloons, sir,—beautiful colors, five feet circumference. Take one, gentleman!"

"Good God!" said Soames. As if the pricked bubble of German business were not enough!

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II

VICTORINE

ALL through December balloons had been slack—hardly any movement about them, even in Christmas week, and from the Bickets central Australia was as far as ever. The girl Victorine, restored to comparative health, had not regained her position in the blouse department of Messrs. Boney Blayds & Co. They had given her some odd sewing, but not of late, and she had spent much time trying to get work less uncertain. Her trouble was—had always been—her face. It was unusual. People did not know what to make of a girl who looked like that. Why employ one who, without the excuse of wealth, rank, fashion, or ability (so far as they knew), made them feel ordinary? For however essential to such as Fleur and Michael—dramatic interest was not primary in the manufacture or sale of blouses, the fitting on of shoes, addressing of envelopes, making up of funeral wreaths, or other of the ambitions of Victorine. Behind those large dark eyes and silent lips what went on? It worried Boney Blayds & Co., and the more wholesale forms of commerce. The lurid professions—film super, or *mannequin*—did not occur to one, of self-deprecating nature, born in Putney.

When Bicket had gone out of a morning with his tray and his balloons not yet blown up, she would stand biting her finger, as though to gnaw her way to some escape from this hand-to-mouth existence which kept her husband thin as a rail, tired as a rook, shabby as a tailless sparrow, and, at the expense of all caste feeling, brought them in no more than just enough to keep them living under a roof. It had long been clear to them both that there was no future in balloons, just a cadging present. And there smouldered in the silent, passive Victorine a fierce resentment. She wanted better things for herself, for him, chiefly for him.

On the morning the French upset the apple-cart, she was putting on her velveteen jacket and toque (best remaining items of her wardrobe), having taken a resolve. Bicket never mentioned his old job, and his wife had subtly divined some cause beyond the ordinary for his loss of it. Why not see if she could get him taken back? He had often said: "Mr. Mont's a gent and a sort o' Socialist; been through the war, too; no high-and-mighty about *him*." If she could "get at" this phenomenon! With the flush of hope and daring in her sallow cheeks, she took stock of her appearance from the window-glasses of the Strand. Her velveteen of jade-green always pleased one who had an eye for color; but her black skirt—well, perhaps the wear and tear of it wouldn't show if she kept behind the counter. Had she brass enough to say that she came about a manuscript? And she rehearsed with silent lips, pinching her accent: "Would you ask Mr. Mont, please, if I could see him; it's about a manuscript." Yes! and then would come the question: "What name, please?" "Mrs. Bicket"? Never! "Miss Victorine Collins"? All authoresses had maiden names. Victorine—yes! But Collins! It didn't sound like. And no one would know what her maiden name had been. Why not choose one! They often chose. And she searched. Something Italian, like—like— Hadn't their landlady said to them when they came in: "Is your wife Eyetalian?" Ah! Manuelli! That was certainly Italian—the ice-cream man in Little Ditch Street! She walked on practising beneath her breath. If only she could get to see this Mr. Mont!

She entered, trembling. All went exactly as foreseen, even to the pinching of her accent, till she stood waiting for them to bring an answer from the speaking-tube, concealing her hands in their very old gloves. Had Miss Manuelli an appointment? There was no manuscript.

"No," said Victorine, "I haven't sent it yet. I wanted to see him first." The young man at the counter was looking at her hard. He went again to the tube, then spoke.

"Will you wait a minute, please—Mr. Mont's lady secretary is coming down."

Victorine sank her head toward her sinking heart. A lady secretary! She would never get there now! And there came on her the sudden dread of false pretenses. But the thought of Tony standing at his corner, ballooned up to the eyes, as she had spied out more than once, fortified her desperation.

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A girl's voice said: "Miss Manuelli? Mr. Mont's secretary, perhaps you could give me a message."

A fresh-faced young woman's eyes were travelling up and down her. Pinching her accent hard, she said: "I'm afraid I couldn't do that."

The travelling gaze stopped at her face. "If you'll come with me, I'll see if he can see you."

Alone in a small waiting-room, Victorine sat without movement, till she saw a young man's face poked through the doorway, and heard the words:

"Will you come in?"

She took a deep breath, and went. Once in the presence she looked from Michael to his secretary and back again, subtly challenging what she divined his weaker spots—his youth, his chivalry, his sportsmanship, to refuse her a private interview. Through Michael passed at once the thought: "Money, I suppose! What an interesting face!" The secretary drew down the corners of her mouth and left the room.

"Well, Miss—er—Manuelli?"

"Not Manuelli, please—Mrs. Bicket; my husband used to be here."

"What!" The chap that had snooped "Copper Coin!" Phew! Bicket's yarn—his wife—pneumonia! She looked as if she might have had it.

"He often spoke of you, sir. And, please, he hasn't any work. Couldn't you find room for him again, sir?"

Michael stood silent. Did this terribly interesting-looking girl know about the snooping?

"He just sells balloons in the street now; I can't bear to see him. Over by St. Paul's he stands, and there's no money in it, sir; and we do so want to get out to Australia. I know he's very nervy, and gets wrong with people. But if you *could* take him back here . . ."

No! she did not know!

"Very sorry, Mrs. Bicket. I remember your husband well, but we haven't a place for him. Are *you* all right again?"

"Oh! yes. Except I can't get work again either."

What a face for wrappers! Sort of Mona Lisa-ish! Storbert's novel! Ha!

"Well, I'll have a talk with your husband. I suppose you wouldn't like to sit to an artist for a book wrapper? It might lead to work in that line if you want it. You're just the type for a friend of mine. Do you know Aubrey Greene's work?"

"No, sir."

"It's pretty good—in fact, very good in a decadent way. You wouldn't mind sitting?"

"I wouldn't mind anything to make some money. But I'd rather you didn't tell my husband I'd been to see you, sir. He might take it amiss."

"All right! I'll see him by accident. Near St. Paul's, you said? But there's no chance here, Mrs. Bicket. Besides, he couldn't make two ends meet on this job, he told me."

"When I was ill, sir."

"Of course, that makes a difference."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let me write you a note to Mr. Greene. Will you sit down a minute?"

He stole a look at her while she sat waiting. Really her sallow, large-eyed face with its dead-black bobbed frizzy-ended hair was extraordinarily interesting—a little too refined and anæmic for the public; but, dash it all, the public couldn't always have its Reckitt's blue eyes, corn-colored hair, and poppy cheeks. "She's not a peach," he wrote, "on the main tree of taste; but so striking in her way that she really might become a type, like Beardsley's or Dana's."

When she had taken the note and gone, he rang for his secretary.

"No, Miss Perren, she didn't take anything off me. But some type, eh?"

"I thought you'd like to see her. She wasn't an authoress, was she?"

"Far from it."

"Well, I hope she got what she wanted."

Michael grinned. "Partly, Miss Perren—partly. You think I'm an awful fool, don't you?"

"I'm sure I don't; but I think you're too soft-hearted."

Michael ran his fingers through his hair.

"Would it surprise you to hear that I've done a stroke of business?"

"Yes, Mr. Mont."

"Then I won't tell you what it is. When you've done pouting, go on with the letter to my father: 'We are sorry to

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say that in the present state of the trade we should not be justified in reprinting the dialogue between those two old blighters, we have already lost money by the darned thing!' Translate. Now can we say something to cheer the old boy up? How about this? 'When the French have recovered their wits, and the birds begin to sing—in short, when spring comes, we hope to reconsider the matter in the light of—of '—er—what, Miss Perren?"

"The experience we shall have gained. Shall I leave out about the French and the birds?"

"Excellent! 'Yours faithfully, Danby & Winter.' Don't you think it was a scandalous piece of nepotism, bringing the book here at all, Miss Perren?"

"What is 'nepotism'?"

"Taking advantage of your son. He's never made a sixpence by any of his books."

"He's a very distinguished writer, Mr. Mont."

"And we pay for the distinction. Well, he's a good old Bart. That's all before lunch, and mind you have a good one. That girl's figure wasn't usual either, was it? She's thin but she stands up straight. There's a question I always want to ask, Miss Perren: Why do modern girls walk in a curve with their heads poked forward; they can't all be built like that."

The secretary's face brightened.

"There *is* a reason, Mr. Mont."

"Good! What is it?"

The secretary's cheeks continued to brighten. "Don't really know whether I can——"

"Oh! sorry. I'll ask my wife. Only she's quite straight."

"Well, Mr. Mont, it's this, you see: They aren't supposed to have anything be-behind, and of course they have and you can't get the proper effect unless you curve your chest in and poke your head forward. It's the fashion-plates and *mannequins* that do it."

"I see," said Michael, "thank you, Miss Perren; awfully good of you. It's the limit, isn't it?"

"Yes, I don't hold with it, myself."

"No, quite!"

The secretary lowered her eyelids and withdrew.

Michael sat down and drew a face on his blotting-paper. It was not Victorine's. . . .

Armed with the note to Aubrey Greene, Victorine had her usual lunch, a cup of coffee and a bit of heavy cake, and took the tube toward Chelsea. She had not succeeded, but the gentleman had been friendly and she felt cheered.

At the studio door was a gentleman inserting a key—very elegant in smoke-gray Harris tweeds, a sliding gentleman with no hat, beautifully brushed-back bright hair, and a soft voice.

"Model?" he said.

"Yes, sir, please. I have a note for you from Mr. Mont."

"Michael! Come in."

Victorine followed him in. It was not half sea-green in there; a high room with rafters and a top light, and lots of pictures and drawings, on the walls, and as if they had slipped off on to the floor. A picture on an easel of two ladies with their clothes sliding down troubled her. Then she became conscious of the gentleman's eyes, sea-green like the walls, sliding up and down her.

"Will you sit for anything?" he asked.

Victorine answered mechanically: "Yes, sir."

"Do you mind taking your hat off?"

Victorine took off the toque, and shook her head.

"Yes," said the gentleman. "I wonder."

Victorine wondered what.

"Just sit down on the dais, will you?"

Victorine looked about her, uncertain. A smile seemed to fly up his forehead and over his slippery bright hair.

"This is your first shot, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"All the better." And he pointed to a small platform.

Victorine sat down on it in a black oak chair.

"You look cold," he said.

"Yes, sir."

He went to a cupboard and returned with two small glasses of a brown fluid.

"Have a Grand Marnier?"

She noticed that he tossed his off in one gulp; and did the same. It was sweet, strong, very nice, and made her gasp.

"Take a cigarette."

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Victorine took one from a case he handed, and put it between her lips. He lit it. And again a smile slid up away over the top of his head.

"You draw it in," he said. "Where were you born?"

"In Putney, sir."

"That's very interesting. Just sit still a minute. It's not as bad as having a tooth out, but it takes longer. The great thing is to keep awake."

"Yes, sir."

He took a large piece of paper and a bit of dark stuff, and began to draw.

"Tell me," he said, "Miss——"

"Collins, sir — Victorine Collins." Some instinct made her give her maiden name. It seemed somehow more professional.

"Are you at large?" He paused, and again the smile slid up over his bright hair: "Or have you any other occupation?"

"Not at present, sir. I'm married, but nothing else."

For some time after that the gentleman was silent. It was interesting to see him, taking a look, making a stroke on the paper, taking another look. Hundreds of looks, hundreds of strokes. At last he said: "All right! Now we'll have a rest. Heaven sent you here, Miss Collins. Come and get warm."

Victorine approached the fire.

"Do you know anything about expressionism?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it means not troubling about the outside except in so far as it expresses the inside. Does that convey anything to you?"

"No, sir."

"Quite! I think you said you'd sit for the—er—altogether?"

Victorine regarded the bright and sliding gentleman. She did not know what he meant, but she felt that he meant something out of the ordinary.

"Altogether what, sir?"

"Nude."

"Oh!" She cast her eyes down, then raised them to the sliding clothes of the two ladies. "Like that?"

"No, I shouldn't be treating you cubistically."

A slow flush was burning out the sallow in her cheeks. She said slowly:

"Does it mean more money?"

"Yes, half as much again—more perhaps. I don't want you to if you'd rather not. You can think it over and let me know next time."

She raised her eyes again, and said: "Thank you, sir."

"Righto! Only please don't 'sir' me."

Victorine smiled. It was the first time she had achieved this functional disturbance, and it seemed to have a strange effect. He said hurriedly: "By George! When you smile, Miss Collins, I see you *im*pressionistically. If you've rested sit up there again."

Victorine went back.

The gentleman took a fresh piece of paper.

"Can you think of anything that will keep you smiling?"

She shook her head. That was a fact.

"Nothing comic at all? I suppose you're not in love with your husband, for instance?"

"Oh! yes."

"Well, try that."

Victorine tried that, but she could only see Tony selling his balloons.

"That won't do," said the gentleman. "Don't think of him! Did you ever see '*L'après-midi d'un Faune'?*"

"No, sir."

"Well, I've got an idea. '*L'après-midi d'une Dryade.*' About the nude you really needn't mind. It's quite impersonal. Think of art, and fifteen bob a day. Shades of Nijinsky, I see the whole thing!"

All the time that he was talking his eyes were sliding off and on to her, and his pencil off and on to the paper. A sort of infection began to ferment within Victorine. Fifteen shillings a day! Blue butterflies!

There was profound silence. His eyes and hand slid off and on. A faint smile had come on Victorine's face—she was adding up the money she might earn.

At last his eyes and hand ceased moving, and he stood looking at the paper.

"That's all for to-day, Miss Collins. I've got to think it out. Will you give me your address?"

Victorine thought rapidly.

"Please, sir, will you write to me at the post-office? I don't want my husband to know that I'm—I'm——"

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"Affiliated to art? Well! Name of post-office?"

Victorine gave it and resumed her hat.

"An hour and a half, five shillings, thank you. And to-morrow, at half past two, Miss Collins—not sir."

"Yes, s—, thank you."

Waiting for her bus in the cold January air, the altogether appeared to Victorine improbable. To sit in front of a strange gentleman in her skin! If Tony knew! The slow flush again burned up the sallow in her cheeks. She climbed into the bus. But fifteen shillings! Six days a week—why it would be four pound ten! In four months she could earn their passage out. Judging by the pictures in there, lots must be doing it. Tony must know nothing, not even that she was sitting for her face. He was all nerves, and that fond of her! He would imagine things; she had heard him say those artists were just like cats. But that gentleman had been very nice, though he did seem as if he were laughing at everything. She wished he had shown her the drawing. Perhaps she would see herself in an exhibition some day. But naked—oh! And suddenly she thought: "If I ate a bit more, I'd look nice naked, too!" And as if to escape from the daring of that thought, she stared up into the face opposite. It had two chins, was calm and smooth and pink, with light eyes staring back at her. People had thoughts, but you couldn't tell what they were! And the smile which Aubrey Greene desired crept out on his model's face.

III

MICHAEL WALKS AND TALKS

THE face Michael drew began by being Victorine's, and ended by being Fleur's. If physically Fleur stood up straight, was she morally as erect? This was the speculation for which he continually called himself a cad. He saw no change in her movements, and loyally refrained from inquiring into the movements he could not see. But his aroused attention made him more and more aware of a certain cynicism, as if she were continually registering the belief that all values were equal and none had much value.

Wilfrid, though still in London, was neither visible, nor spoken of. "Out of sight and hearing, out of mind," seemed to be the motto. It did not work, with Michael; Wilfrid was constantly in his mind. If Wilfrid were not seeing Fleur, how could he bear to stay within such tantalizing reach of her? If Fleur did not want Wilfrid to stay, why had she not sent him away? He was finding it difficult, too, to conceal from others the fact that Desert and he were no longer pals. Often the impetus to go and have it out with him surged up and was beaten back. Either there was nothing beyond what he already knew, or there was something—and Wilfrid would say there wasn't. Michael accepted that without cavil: One did not give a woman away! But he wanted to hear no lies from a war comrade. Between Fleur and himself no word had passed; for words, he felt, would add no knowledge, merely imperil a hold weak enough already. Christmas at the ancestral manor of the Monts had been passed in covert shooting. Fleur had come and stood with him at the last drive on the second day, holding Confucius on a lead. The philosophic dog had been extraordinarily excited, climbing the air every time a bird fell, and quite unaffected by the noise of guns. Michael waiting to miss his birds—he was a poor shot—had watched Fleur's eager face emerging from gray fur, her form braced back against Confucius. Shooting was new to her; under the stimulus of novelty she was at her best. He had loved even her "Oh, Michael!" when he missed. She had been the success of the gathering, which meant seeing almost nothing of her except a sleepy head on a pillow; but, at least, down there he had not suffered from lurking uneasiness.

Putting a last touch to the bobbed hair on the blotting-paper, he got up. St. Paul's—that girl had said. He might stroll up and have a squint at Bicket. Something might occur to him. Tightening the belt of his blue overcoat round his waist, he sallied forth, thin and sprightly, with a little ache in his heart.

Walking east, on that bright, cheerful day, nothing struck him so much as the fact that he was alive, well, and in work. So very many were dead, ill, or out of a job. He entered Covent Garden. Amaz-

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ing place! A human nature, which decade after decade could put up with Covent Garden, was out of danger of extinction from its many ills. A comforting place—one needn't take anything too seriously after walking through it. On this square island were the vegetables of the earth, and the fruits of the world, bounded on the west by publishing, on the east by opera, on the north and south by rivers of mankind. Among discharging carts, and litter of paper, straw and men out of drawing, Michael walked and sniffed. Smell of its own, Covent Garden, earthy and just not rotten! He had never seen—even in the war—any place that so utterly lacked form. Extraordinarily English! Nobody looked as if they had anything to do with the soil—drivers, hangers-on, packers, and the salesmen inside the covered markets, seemed equally devoid of acquaintanceship with sun, wind, water, earth, or air—town types all! And—his hat!—how their features jutted, sloped, sagged and swelled, in every kind of featural disharmony. What was the English type amongst all this infinite variety of disproportion? There just wasn't one! He came on the fruits, glowing piles, still and bright—foreigners from the land of the sun—globes all the same size and color. They made Michael's mouth water. "Something in the sun," he thought, "there really is!" Look at Italy, at the Arabs, at Australia—the Australians came from England and see the type now! All the same—a cockney for good temper! The more regular a person's form and features, the more selfish they were! Those grapefruit looked horribly self-satisfied, compared with the potatoes!

He emerged still thinking about the English. Well! They were now one of the plainest and most distorted races of the world; and yet was there any race to compare with them for good temper and for "guts"? And they needed those in their smoky towns, and their climate—remarkable instance of adaptation to environment—the modern English character! "I could pick out an Englishman anywhere," he thought, "and yet, physically, there's no general type now!" Astounding people! So ugly in the mass, yet growing such flowers of beauty, and such strange sprigs—like that little Mrs. Bicket—so unimaginative in bulk, yet with such a blooming lot of poets! How would old Danby like it, by the way, when Wilfrid took his next volume to some other firm; or rather what should he—Wilfrid's particular friend!—say to old Danby? Aha! He knew what he should say:

"Yes, sir, but you should have let that poor blighter off who snooped the 'Copper Coins.' Desert hasn't forgotten your refusal." One for old Danby and his eternal in-the-rightness! "Copper Coin" had done uncommonly well. Its successor would probably do uncommonly better. The book was a proof of what he—Michael—was always saying: The "cock-yolly-bird period" was passing. People wanted life again. Sibley, Walter Nazing, Linda—all those who had nothing to say except that they were superior to such as had, were already measured for their coffins. Not that they would know when they were in them; not blooming likely! They would continue to wave their noses, and look down them!

"*I'm* fed up with them," thought Michael. "If only Fleur would see that looking down your nose is a sure sign of inferiority!" And, suddenly, it came to him that she probably did. Wilfrid was the only one of the whole lot she had ever been thick with; the others were there because—well, because she was Fleur, and had the latest things about her. When, very soon, they were no longer as late as some of the earlier birds, she would drop them. But Wilfrid she would not. Not that he knew, of course—no, he only felt that she had not dropped, and would not drop him.

He looked up. Ludgate Hill! "Near St. Paul's—sells balloons?" And there—sure enough—the poor beggar was!

Bicket was deflating with a view to going off his stand for a cup of cocoa. Remembering that he had come on him by accident, Michael stood for a moment preparing the tones of surprise. Pity the poor chap couldn't blow himself into one of those colored shapes and float over St. Paul's to Peter. Mournful little cuss he looked, squeezing out the air! Memory tapped sharply on his mind. Balloon—in the square—November—joyful night! Special! Fleur! Perhaps they brought

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luck. He moved and said in an astounded voice: "*You*, Bicket? Is this your stunt now?"

The large eyes of Bicket regarded him over a puce-colored sixpenny worth.

"Mr. Mont! Often thought I'd like to see you again, sir."

"Same here, Bicket. If you're not doing anything, come and have some lunch."

Bicket completed the globe's collapse, and, closing his tray lid, said: "Reelly, sir?"

"Rather! I was just going into a fish place."

Bicket detached his tray.

"I'll leave this with the crossing sweeper." He did so, and followed at Michael's side.

"Any money in it, Bicket?"

"Bare livin', sir."

"How about this place? We'll have oysters."

A little saliva at the corner of Bicket's mouth was removed by a pale tongue.

At a small table decorated with white oilcloth, and a cruet-stand, Michael sat down.

"Two dozen oysters, and all that; then two good soles, and a bottle of Chablis. Hurry up, please."

When the white-aproned fellow had gone about it, Bicket said simply:

"My Gawd, sir!"

"Funny world, Bicket."

"It *is*, and that's a fact. This lunch'll cost you a pound. If I take twenty-five bob a week, it's all I do."

"You touch it there, Bicket. I eat my conscience every day."

Bicket shook his head.

"No, sir, if you've got money, spend it. I would. Be 'appy if you can—there ain't too many that are."

The white-aproned fellow began blessing them with oysters. He brought them fresh-opened, three at a time. Michael bearded them; Bicket swallowed them whole. Presently above twelve empty shells, he said:

"That's where the Socialists make their mistake, sir. Nothing keeps me going, but the sight of other people spendin' money. It's what we might all come to with a bit of luck. Reduce the world to a level of a pound a day—and it won't even run to that—it's not good enough, sir. I'd rather 'ave less with the 'ope of more. Take away the gamble, and life's a frost. Here's luck!"

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Capitalist, Bicket."

A glow had come up in the thin and large-eyed face behind the greenish Chablis glass.

"I wish to Gawd I had my wife here, sir. I told you about her and the pneumonia. She's all right again now, only thin. She's the prize I drew. I don't want a world where you can't draw prizes. If it were all bloomin' conscientious—accordin' to merit, I'd never have got her—see?"

"Me too," thought Michael, mentally drawing that face again.

"We've all got our dreams, mine's blue butterflies—central Austrylia. The Socialists won't 'elp me to get there. Their ideas of 'eaven don't run beyond Europe."

"Cripes!" said Michael: "Melted butter, Bicket?"

"Thank you, sir."

Silence was not broken for some time, but the soles were.

"What made you think of balloons, Bicket?"

"You don't 'ave to advertise, they do it for you."

"Saw too much of advertising with us, eh?"

"Well, sir, I did use to read the wrappers. Astonished me, sir, I will say—the number of great books."

Michael ran his hands through his hair. "Wrappers! The same young woman being kissed by the same young man with the same clean-cut jaw. But what can you do, Bicket, they *will* have it? I tried to make a break only this morning—I shall see what comes of it." "And I hope *you* won't!" he thought: "Fancy coming on Fleur outside a novel!"

"I did notice a tendency just before I left," said Bicket, "to 'ave cliffs or landskips and two sort of dolls sittin' on the sand or in the grass lookin' as if they didn't know what to do with each other."

"Yes," murmured Michael, "we tried that. It was supposed not to be vulgar. But we soon exhausted the public's capacity. What'll you have now—cheese?"

"Thank you, sir; I've had enough, but I won't say no."

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"Two Stiltons," said Michael.

"How's Mr. Desert, sir?"

Michael reddened.

"Oh! He's all right."

Bicket had reddened also.

"I wish—I wish you'd let him know, that it was quite a—an accident my pitchin' on his book. I've always regretted it."

"It's usually an accident, I think," said Michael slowly, "when we snoop other people's goods. We never *want* to."

Bicket looked up.

"No, sir, I don't agree. 'Alf mankind's predátory—only, I'm not that sort, meself."

In Michael loyalty tried to stammer "Nor is he." He handed his cigarette case to Bicket.

"Thank you, sir, I'm sure."

His eyes were swimming, and Michael thought: "Dash it! This is unnatural. Kiss me good-by and go!" He beckoned up the white-aproned fellow.

"Give us your address, Bicket. If integuments are any good to you I might have some spare slops."

Bicket backed the bill with his address and said, hesitating: "I suppose, sir, Mrs. Mont wouldn't 'ave anything to spare. My wife's about my height."

"I expect she would. We'll send them along." He saw the little snipe's lips quivering, and reached for his overcoat. "If anything blows in I'll remember. Good-by, Bicket, and good luck."

Going east, because Bicket was going west, he repeated to himself the maxim. "Pity is tripe—pity is tripe!" Then getting on a bus he was borne back past St. Paul's. Cautiously "taking a lunar"—as "Old Forsyte" put it—he saw Bicket inflating a balloon, little was visible of his face or figure behind that rosy circumference. Nearing Blake Street he developed an invincible repugnance to work and was carried on to Trafalgar Square. Bicket had stirred him up. The world was sometimes almost unbearably jolly. Bicket, Wilfrid and the Ruhr! "Feeling is tosh! Pity is tripe!" He descended from his bus, and passed the lions toward Pall Mall. Should he go into Snooks and ask for Bart? No use—he would not find Fleur there. That was what he really wanted—to see Fleur in the daytime. But—where? She was everywhere to be found and that was nowhere.

She was restless. Was that his fault? If he had been Wilfrid—would she be restless? "Yes!" he thought stoutly, "Wilfrid's restless, too." They were all restless—all the people he knew. At least all the young ones—in life and in letters. Look at their novels! Hardly one in twenty had any repose, any of that quality which made one turn back to a book as a corner of refuge. They dashed, and sputtered, and skidded and rushed by like motorcycles—violent, oh! and clever. By God! How tired he was of cleverness! Sometimes he would take a manuscript home to Fleur for her opinion. He remembered her saying once: "This is exactly like life, Michael, it just rushes—it doesn't dwell on anything long enough to mean anything anywhere. Of course the author didn't mean it for satire, but if you publish it I advise you to put: 'This awful satire on modern life' outside the cover." And they had. At least they had put: "This wonderful satire on modern life." Fleur *was* like that! She could see the hurry, but—like the author of the wonderful satire she didn't know that she herself veered and hurried, or—did she know? Was she conscious of licking at life, like a flame at air?

He had reached Piccadilly, and suddenly he remembered that he had not called on her aunt for ages. That was a possible draw. He bent his steps toward Green Street.

"Mrs. Dartie at home?"

"Yes, sir."

Michael moved his nostrils. Fleur used—but he could catch no scent, except incense. Winifred burnt joss-sticks when she remembered what a distinguished atmosphere they produced.

"What name, sir?"

"Mr. Mont. My wife's not here, I suppose?"

"No, sir. Only Mrs. Val Dartie."

Mrs. Val Dartie! Yes, he remembered, nice woman—but not a substitute for Fleur! Committed, however, he followed the maid.

In the drawing-room Michael found three people, one of them his father-in-law, who had a gray and brooding aspect and, in an Empire chair, was staring at

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blue Australian butterflies' wings under glass, on a round scarlet table. Winifred had jazzed the Empire foundations of her room with a superstructure more suitable to the age. She greeted Michael with fashionable warmth. It was good of him to come when he was so busy with all these young poets. She thought "Copper Coin"—what a nice title!—such an intriguing little book.

"I do think Wilfrid Desert is clever! What is he doing now?"

Michael said: "I don't know," and dropped on to a settee beside Mrs. Val. Ignorant of the family feud, he was unable to appreciate the relief he had brought in with him. Soames said something about the French, got up, and went to the window; Winifred joined him—their voices sounded confidential.

"How is Fleur?" said Michael's neighbor.

"Thanks, awfully well."

"Do you like your house?"

"Oh, fearfully. Won't you come and see it?"

"I don't know whether Fleur would ——?"

"Why not?"

"Oh! Well!"

"She's frightfully accessible."

She seemed to be looking at him with more interest than he deserved, to be trying to make something out from his face, and he added:

"You're a relation—by blood as well as marriage, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then what's the skeleton?"

"Oh! nothing. I'll certainly come. Only—she has so many friends."

Michael thought: "I like this woman!" "As a matter of fact," he said, "I came here this afternoon thinking I might find Fleur. I should like her to know you. With all the jazz there is about, she'd appreciate somebody restful."

"Thank you."

"You've never lived in London?"

"Not since I was six."

"I wish she could get a rest—pity there isn't a d-desert handy." He had stuttered, the word was not pronounced the same, but still! He glanced, disconcerted, at the butterflies. "I've just been talking to a little Cockney whose S. O. S. is 'Central Austrylia.' What do you say? Have we got souls to save?"

"I used to think so, but something's struck me lately, and now I'm not so sure."

"What was that?"

"Well, I notice that any one at all out of proportion, or whose nose is on one side, or whose eyes jut out, or even have a special shining look, always believes in the soul; people who are in proportion, and have no prominent physical features, don't seem to be really interested."

Michael's ears moved.

"By Jove!" he said: "some thought! Fleur's beautifully proportioned—*she* doesn't seem to worry. I'm not—and I certainly do. The people in Covent Garden must have lots of soul. You think 'the soul's' the result of loose-gearing in the organism—sort of special consciousness from not working in one piece."

"Yes, rather like that—what's called psychic power is, I'm almost sure."

"I say is your life safe? According to your theory, though, we're in a mighty soulful era. I must think over my family. How about yours?"

"The Forsytes! Oh, they're quite too well proportioned."

"I agree, they haven't any special juts so far as I've seen. The French, too, are awfully close-knit. It really is an idea, only, of course, most people see it the other way: They'd say the soul produces the disproportion, makes the eyes shine, bends the nose, and all that; where the soul is small, it's not trying to get out of the body, whence the barber's block. I'll think about it. Thanks for the tip. Well, do come and see us. Good-by! I don't think I'll disturb them in the window. Would you mind awfully saying I had to scoot?" Squeezing a slim gloved hand, receiving and returning a smiling look, he slid out, thinking: "Dash the soul, where's her body?"

(To be continued.)

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"Sound Adjutant's Call!"

BY THOMAS BOYD
Author of "Through the Wheat," "Rintintin," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

PERHAPS nearly every American—to limit a meandering generality at one boundary—some time before he has passed into middle age has felt the desire to be a soldier. Not an enlisted man who sews his own buttons on his tunic and has fifteen dollars a month to spend, who is supposed to have gone into the army because he is prenatally lazy or because he cannot earn his living elsewhere, but rather a sworded officer who postures heroically for a day and then marches down long avenues of applauding people toward the outstretched arms of his imaginary family. The impulse may have come to him with his first box of brightly painted lead toys, and the small tin cannon, the direct discharge of which would conveniently mow down the most invincible of enemies. And if he escapes the insidious appeal of the toy fighters, there is yet the flashing, gory blade of Horatius, the wooden horse of Troy, the bleeding-footed troops of Washington, the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the dispassionate curses of Andrew Jackson . . . How many youths could hold out against their first sight of a company of guardsmen clanking down the street? or the rippling folds of a flag? or the bugle which affects the diaphragm with its rich bleat—in short, all of those parade trappings which have become extinct in battle?

But once in a while you see a man in uniform with wonder that he happens to be wearing it. You can imagine he felt the call to arms at the age of twelve, but you puzzle futilely for the reason which sent him into the army at thirty. And to increase your bewilderment he is usually an officer of some rank, a captain if he is less than forty years old, a colonel if he is nearer fifty. This kind of man appears to be thin-blooded, reserved, fashioned in an insignificant mould. And at once you tell yourself that he should have remained a civilian, that he makes the whole army look absurd by being of it. You try to picture him sitting at some office desk, as a banker, an architect, an engineer, even a clerk. But his narrow khaki-covered shoulders and his severe campaign hat cannot be separated from him, and you realize momentarily that you could have settled his destiny no better than he.

Arthur Balder was such a man. He was a thin little fellow with bowed, spindly legs, and a set expression about his thin white face from which you could surmise he was telling himself: "Every man in this entire battalion may be against me, b-b-but I've got my job to do, and by gracious I'm going to do it."

The first time I saw Balder was in the summer of 'seventeen at Quantico, Virginia. In two months the regiment would be in France, and meanwhile the officers were trying to give the men all of the practice in close order, extended order, and bayonet drill that they could crowd into eight short weeks. The First Battalion was out on the parade-grounds after three hours of vigorous skirmishing, waiting for Major Wales, who, each morning at eleven o'clock, rode from the stables out to the middle of the broad gravel field and instructed the companies in battalion drill. There was a breeze strong enough to raise the dust, but the day was as hot as a day in Haiti, and fat old Captain Stahl, whose shirt seemed always about ready to slip out of his breeches and cover his belt, was having a hard time trying to bring the Seventy-fourth Company up on to a battalion line. He puffed like a porpoise as he waddled backward in front of his company, and when at last he

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commanded "Squads left" and the Seventy-fourth came crowding up on the line, the adjoining company was given left step to make room for them.

Captain Stahl had no time to spare, because he had barely halted his outfit when Major Wales cantered out on the parade-grounds, his long legs snug against his sorrel's flanks, his broad shoulders slumping slightly forward, with that stiff-brimmed, sharp-peaked campaign hat he always wore. He rode to the front and centre of the battalion and reined in his horse, waiting. The men were also waiting, had been for fifteen or more minutes, and were growing very fidgety. Following directly in rear of Major Wales came another rider, a smaller figure, stiff in starched khaki, and bouncing in his saddle like a jack in a box. His big chestnut horse made him appear even smaller than he actually was, and as he took his place by the major, Mulvaney, who was in the file-closers, chirped out:

"Je's, I didn't know the major was married."

"Nor is he," said Ryan.

"But ain't that his little boy he's got with him?" asked Mulvaney ingenuously.

Then Major Wales called the battalion to attention, the captains repeated the commands, and the troops swung off in a column of fours, passed in review by companies, practised formal guard mount, got out of step—at which the under officers shouted—dropped their rifles on the ground or on the toe of the man next to them, and behaved in general as recruits do. After nearly an hour Major Wales hoarsely called out, "Captains, take charge of your companies!"; the battalion was split up, and the units marched off to their quarters.

Banging the butts of their rifles on the floor the men stamped into the bunk-house, while the non-commissioned officers glared blackly at them. Once inside, there was a concerted exclamation of hearty disgust.

"They certainly picked a pippin when they picked him, all right."

"The army sure must be hard up for officers when they let a little snipe like that wear captain's bars."

"What have they got against the First Battalion that they wish him off on us is what I want to know."

"I'll bet he thinks we're gonna fight with cream puffs."

"I'd like to meet him alone in a dark alley."

These and similar comments were evoked by the sight of Captain Balder trotting across the parade-grounds. He had said nothing, he had done nothing, he had merely been Captain Balder; and the comments would have continued had not Corporal Harriman, hoping the ranking sergeant would notice his strict observance of military discipline, called out:

"Pipe down, you men."

To which Private Hayes, who had no desire to be other than a private, answered: "Pipe down yourself, you hand-shaker. This is no business of yours." And Corporal Harriman, turning the color of salmon, subsided.

But the bunk-house screen swung open and slammed shut as Lieutenant Bedford stepped inside. With one of those Machiavellian expressions which he had already learned to assume, which meant nothing, but which intimidated three or four of the men in his platoon, he angrily inquired:

"Here, you men! What's the big idear?"

"'Shun," fluted Sergeant Ryan from the end of the room where he was straightening his blankets. Noticeably, the men's heels clicked sharply together.

"Now you men cut that stuff out," Lieutenant Bedford advised.

"What stuff, lieutenant?" Hayes innocently inquired.

"You know damn well what stuff. I heard you men sounding off. And now let me tell you something: the next man I hear speaking disrespectfully of Captain Balder goes up for a court martial. And I don't want that to happen any more than you do. You can say what you please about any officer who is not connected with the First Battalion, but if he is in our outfit you pay him respect. And remember that Captain Balder is adjutant of the First Battalion."

"Yes, sir," Hayes meekly answered.

The men had been standing at attention all of the time since Lieutenant Bedford had entered, but it wasn't until after

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he had finished talking that he noticed it. "As you were," he said, pulling vexedly at his small blunt mustache. "Who the devil told you to stand at attention?"

That was Captain Arthur Balder's unofficial introduction to the First Battalion. And shortly afterward the command was put aboard a transport. It was just about the size to hold a company, but on it a battalion, fifty nurses, and another detachment which had been left behind when their outfit had unexpectedly sailed were crowded aboard, with the result that soldiers' heads were sticking out of every port-hole in the ship, it was so closely packed. And with the nurses on board it made life much more difficult and complicated because only the officers were permitted to be on the promenade-deck with them. Thus the entire battalion was ordered below into the hold, allowed to be on the top side or on the poop-deck only during submarine drill, inspection, or setting-up exercises.

The ship sailed from Philadelphia on the morning of the first of September, and the next day it was riding the gentle swells in New York Harbor waiting for the convoy in the company of which it was to be taken safely over to France. The men were all crowded up on deck to see if any German submarines had yet been sighted, to find out where they were, and, principally, to see as much of the land as they could, for they would not see it again, at least not America, for many months. I was over by the gangplank standing near the railing, seeing New York's sky-line for the first time in my life. It seemed like some fabulously monstrous crazy-quilt, those tall, lean buildings, each rising higher than the other, like steps to a very inferior heaven. There was something so unstable about it all, as if it were a modern Babylon which the next century would know only through history; though that idea perhaps was caused by having read that New York's first skyscrapers were already being scrapped. I turned and looked at the famous Statue of Liberty, but she was too much of the respectable German hausfrau to be gazed at long. And while I was skylarking, as our old drill-sergeant on the island used to call it, I heard somebody make a sort of clucking sound with his throat, and turned around to see Billy Morrow standing beside me, staring fervently across the water to a hill on the crest of which were built a lot of solid, comfortable-looking houses.

"You're not homesick already, are you, Billy?" I asked him.

He looked at me, and I was sorry I had spoken. "That's Bay Ridge," he said slowly.

"Oh," I said vaguely.

"I live there. Look, and I'll show you our house." I followed his pointing finger with my eyes, saw the red-and-white houses, a suggestion of autumn foliage, and fancied the avenue where he used to walk along in front of the houses, very carefully dressed, reservedly twirling a walking-stick, and thinking of his career and his best girl. He must have been thinking of those things too, and the fact that he was so near to his home and yet so beastly far must have brought his family closer to him than they ever before had been. He must have thought, too, that it would be a long while before he would again walk, care-free, along the avenue in front of his home, and that meanwhile his fortunes, the plan of his career, were hatefully precarious. There was the girl, also, whom he must have thought of. . . . You know, I could see all those thoughts in his face as he turned to me without speaking and dropped his arm to his side in a gesture of pathetic resignation.

After a while I dragged Morrow below, telling him that if we didn't hurry we would miss our chow. I don't think he wanted anything to eat, but he must have felt that it was bad for him to keep mooning for something he couldn't have. So we got out our aluminum mess-kits and stood in line before the galley, which already had begun to smell like an abattoir. There was a new messman in the galley and, as we had fallen in at the end of the line, it was a long while before we progressed to our dish of sickly-colored stew and our canteen cup of coffee. All the time Morrow kept looking out of the port-holes, thinking much more about them than he thought about his food.

As we got near the galley Lieutenant Bedford came down to inspect the food, and one of the men asked him how long

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"Private Morrow has come to see Major Wales, sir."—Page 36.

the ship was going to remain in the harbor before it sailed for France. We were all surprised and a little chagrined to hear him say that we would have to wait until our convoy was formed, and that might be six or seven days hence. Morrow started as if he had been struck, and took a couple of steps toward Bedford. Evidently, whatever was in his mind was thought better of, because he stepped back into the line, looking uncertain, troubled.

"Why don't you ask Bedford if you can see the major?" I asked Morrow.

"I don't know; do you think he would let me?"

"Well, if you don't see him you're crazy. He may let you go ashore on a twenty-four-hour leave if the ship is to be here a week."

Morrow's face looked like the sun coming out after a rain. "Do you really think so?" he asked, all excited.

Lieutenant Bedford had a great many faults and a great many virtues, and one of the virtues was to assist his men to get whatever they could. Morrow was readily given permission to see Major Wales.

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But when he got up to the office, that is, to the major's room, he found little Arthur Balder sitting there at the desk, puffing at one of those long thin stogies which it was his habit to smoke incessantly.

Morrow saluted. "Private Morrow has come to see Major Wales, sir," he announced.

"Very interesting if true," said Captain Balder in the thinnest, highest voice in the entire world. "And what do you want to see him for?"

Morrow nearly choked at that, for he would have saluted a militia lieutenant at a distance of fifty yards, he was so impressed with commissioned officers. "I want to get permission to go ashore for a few moments to see my parents, who live in Bay Ridge, sir."

"Major Wales," said Captain Balder decisively, "cannot be disturbed. You are dismissed."

Morrow got very white, saluted mechanically, about-faced, and marched out of the room.

For the next few days Morrow went about looking at the ground and not speaking to anybody, but gradually the news of Balder's actions got out. Hayes said that the little devil should have had his pants kicked for interfering with the major's business; some one else announced that he would make a better ribbon-counter clerk than an adjutant of a battalion of soldiers; Sergeant Ryan mumbled that he was a cold-blooded little fish, much more so than anybody as insignificant as he had a right to be; and Pugh vouchsafed that he wouldn't let little ol' Artie Balder be private secretary to his dog. Which all helped Morrow very little and the adjutant a great deal less.

After the convoy did arrive, eight days after the transport had landed in New York Harbor, the ships set forth for France. There were two other transports, a battleship of some description, and there was said to be a submarine—of which nobody saw the periscope, and in which everybody believed—leading the way. For the first day the ships kept within sight of each other, looking very small in the distance; but after that they disappeared as thoroughly as if they had been sunk. A rough, fallowing sea for the first two days out brought most of the men to the starboard side of the ship (the wind was blowing from the north). The entire sea appeared to be behind the transport, and each time one of the big, whale-like swells struck the stern of the boat the bow sank conspicuously down into the sea and the stern tilted up toward the lead-colored sky. It had but one effect on the men crowded below in the hold, where there was no air except that which was heavy and greasy with the smell of the ship's galley and the odor of more than a thousand half-washed men. To have found fifty men on the entire boat who would have cared if a submarine had shot a hole through the magazine would have been difficult, they were so seasick.

The officers were somewhat better off; they had individual beds upon the promenade-deck; the air was fresh; they could have their meals served in their rooms by their orderlies if they desired; they had bunks to sleep on, and some one to look after them generally. But it profited them little. They were not accustomed to the ocean, and in a continual rough sea it seemed very unlikely that any of them ever would be. Lieutenant Bedford came down into the hold but once, and his case was not unique among the officers. The men, however, were required to be present at every formation.

Well, this was the morning of the third day out, and I was lying near the bow on the main deck, propped up against one of those cast-iron spools they wind up the anchor with. I hadn't had any breakfast—I was glad enough to get away from that foul place into the air without bothering about food which I couldn't eat, and I felt that each coming minute would be a little bit more horrible than the last, when the bugle blew for submarine drill. Well, my position for submarine drill was up on the poop-deck, on the sea side of one of the life-boats. I was supposed to hold a machete in my hand and, at the signal, to cut the ropes and help let the boat down into the sea. When the bugle blew I got to my feet and staggered up the steps, weaving around like a drunken man. That life-boat which I was to stand by seemed to be at least a mile off, I give you my word, and I was sure I would never be able to get to it. But somehow

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I did—just before the second bugle blew. And there I stood, with one arm hooked over the side of the life-boat, my feet on the very edge of the deck, my other hand hanging on to my machete. My face felt as stiff as if it had been frozen, and each time the bow of the boat dipped down toward the sea I felt as if I should turn inside out.

I hadn't shaved since the day before we joined up with the convoy and left the harbor for the open seas, and my face couldn't have been washed more than once. Several buttons of my tunic were unfastened at the throat. . . . With my hair uncombed I must have been a ghastly sight.

We had to stand in the positions we had been given until recall sounded. Meanwhile the officers poked around the ship to inspect us. I was still standing there when Captain Balder came up on the poop-deck, wearing a dark-green uniform with red piping along the seam of the trousers and on the shoulder-straps. He wore a pair of brightly polished boots, with spurs, and he tried to saunter along as if he were walking on some avenue instead of on the poop-deck of a nastily rolling ship. But his face, that thin little face of his, gave him away. Anybody with half an eye could see that he hadn't enjoyed his meals very much either. It was as wan as a faded quince. Well, when he came up to me, what did he do but halt and eye me up and down, taking me all in in that frosty, sarcastic way of his. And while he was standing there, making me feel like some Russian immigrant, he reached in the pocket of his nicely pressed blouse and drew out one of those damned long stogies, which he very calmly lighted, and calmly blew the smoke into my face. I could have killed him on the spot. It was such an uncalled-for thing to do, the sort of advantage a small man would take over a bigger one when he saw the opportunity.

The transport landed in Brest eighteen days after it had sailed from Philadelphia, and we squeezed and folded ourselves into box cars and started off over the country toward the Vosges to go into training. It was pleasant enough in the fall of the year, and even the ridiculous practice of spending an hour a day lunging with pointed bayonet at an inoffensive sack of straw, thumping it with the butt of the rifle, slashing it broadside, and pricking it to pieces was to be endured. But with winter the high, barren hills were covered with a fine snow; the long, winding roads were frozen over, and into them the wagon-wheels had cut sharp ruts. You could march for mile after mile and see only small clusters of gray cottages, lying low against the frozen, snow-covered ground. On the streets paved with colorless bricks, down the gutters of which was emptied the sewerage, you might see no more than one person at a time: a woman with hands and wrists the color of underdone beef and part of a cotton petticoat tied around her chin and head, or an old man with a nose that looked like an icicle, coming out of one of the low houses beside which would be a monstrous, smoking pile of manure. Or there might be a plodding horse drawing a rickety, two-wheeled wagon. There would be the musty-appearing café and an ancient face peering out of the window as you marched past, and that would be all.

The roads were difficult to march on at best; some of the men had worn holes in their shoes and were unable to get new ones; other men had been given shoes, those heavy, hobnailed shoes that were large enough when you wore cotton socks but much too small when you wore thick woollen ones. Some of the shoes were of that straight kind issued to the English soldier, which may have been all right for the Tommies but which the dough-boy could not wear at all. Over this desolate country, where there was not even the sight of a tree, the First Battalion, in their long green overcoats which reached to their shoe-tops, their cold steel helmets, their pair of gas-masks, French and English, their combat packs on their shoulders, and the metal butt of their rifles freezing their fingers through their shoddy gloves, dragged out mile after mile of practice marching along the rutted roads which climbed one hill only to descend another.

One morning the men lined up in front of the tar-paper shacks in which they were billeted and which the French army had not used for two years, and started off down the road on a manœuvre. Major

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Wales had left to teach military tactics and the machine-gun at Gondrecourt, a school for American officers, and the battalion had got a new major in the absence of Wales. They marched along for about three kilometres, where they came to a crossroads. And there the new major, Adamson his name was, and his adjutant, Captain Arthur Balder, stopped their horses directly in front of the first platoon. The major drew a map from his pocket and began to look at it as if he had never seen a map before in his life. The men began to kick the toes of their shoes against the ground, to let their rifles slip from their shoulders to the ground so that they could warm their hands by clapping them together. Captain Balder continued to sit on his horse, which was slowly backing into the leading squad, prim as a little old maid in his big saddle, and with his mouth screwed up in a knot as if he had eaten a lemon. Finally, as the major continued to gaze at his map and Captain Balder's horse continued to back into the first squad, big Ellis, in exasperation, stuck his thumb into the flank of the chestnut and made a clicking noise.

Without turning around Captain Balder straightened still more in his saddle and cried out in his high, thin voice:

"Major Adamson, one of your men went tch, tch at my horse!"

Ellis guffawed loudly and the rest of the men commenced to laugh.

That was the last time I saw Captain Balder, for I contracted some unheroic illness, and when I was discharged from the hospital I was sent to another battalion. And it was not until five years later that I learned more about him. It was in New York, in March, and the rainfall, which I believed would exhaust itself in a mild spring shower, became a drenching downpour before I had walked three blocks. Through the meagre illumination of Broadway arc lights, pale in the wet night, I looked about for a scudding taxicab, but there was none to be seen, though I had noticed many when I left the theatre and stepped out on to the streets a few moments before. As I made out the sign-post of Fifty-seventh Street under the corner lamp, I recalled that within less than a block I would be at the armory, and if a light were burning in the tower window, I could as well go there as to go to my hotel farther up the street. Colonel Bartlett's room was lighted, and as I approached the large, semicircular brick entrance I fancied the warm fire, the bottle of Scotch, and the colonel sprawling in an armchair and dropping cigarette ash on the thick, dark-red rug.

Except for the ink and paper which I had not bargained for and which rested on the flat-topped table, the mental visualization of the colonel's contiguous surroundings was perfect. And above this scene of cigarettes, writing-material, a bottle and a siphon rose the colonel's large but compact shoulders.

"You should keep your windows darkened if you don't want late callers," I said.

The colonel's lively face was good-humored as he stretched out a large hand. "Dry yourself at the fire until I finish this letter, and we'll have something that will warm you up inside."

I crossed the room and stood with my back to the open fire, listening to the scratch of the colonel's pen on the crinkly paper. It was nice of him to have invited me to stop whenever I saw a light in the office of the armory. It was much better than going on and getting soaked to the skin.

"There, that's finished." The colonel breathed with relief. Writing was not easy for him. He stood up, and with two tall thin glasses before him poured from the bottle a quantity of liquor into each. "Come away from the fire; I hate to drink alone."

We drank.

"I was finishing up a letter to Balder when you came in." The colonel slowly drained his glass. "You know him, don't you?"

"I can't say that I know him. I didn't get close enough to him for that. But I know who he is. He was adjutant of the First Battalion, wasn't he? Little Artie Balder we used to call him."

"That's the baby," affirmed the colonel in his grotesque, out-of-date slang.

"Where is he now?"

"He's down at Washington with a soft billet at headquarters."

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Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

"Looking as if the weight of the whole world were on his shoulders."—Page 40.

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"So! Somehow I can't imagine him as still being in the service."

"What do you mean? . . . I can't conceive of him doing anything else." The colonel accurately aimed a stream of seltzer at his glass.

"Well, I never could think of him as a soldier. I always thought he needed a nurse more than a horse."

The colonel laughed. "He was a damned good soldier, though." And then, after a pause:

"You young fellows know everything in the world, that's the only trouble with you," Colonel Bartlett began. "Just wait until we polish off the rest of this bottle and then I shall try to tell you something." The colonel's blunt-edged fingers fumbled for a space among the cigarettes in the tin box on the table. He lighted a cigarette, inhaling deeply, luxuriously, then blew the smoke out of his nostrils in thin gray jets, which looked like the smoke of a fiery steed.

"I don't know whether you remember it or not, but I was down at Gondrecourt most of the first part of 'eighteen, trying to get some sense into the heads of those dumb, would-be officers. And I took charge of the regiment some time in the middle of July, coming up with Wales, who had also been down there and who was rejoining his battalion. We had a day's stop-over in Paris on the Fourteenth of July, and we saw the boys from the different armies parading under the Arc de Triomphe. It struck me at the time, the fact that we had a damn sight better-looking soldiers than the rest of the outfits, but that their uniforms made our men look like ragamuffins. Then we went on up to brigade headquarters, which was just outside that town where our men had that knock-down and drag-out fight with that Alabama regiment." He paused to relight his cigarette.

"I didn't see Captain Balder when I first came up, although I wanted to very much," continued the colonel. "I had known him for six or seven years—in fact, he was my lieutenant down in Santo Domingo. But I didn't have a chance to see anybody because I had no more than got turned around in the town than the corps commander called us all up to his headquarters for a conference. Well, of course, that meant only one thing, and I was glad it did, selfishly enough, because I hadn't been up to the front before except as observer with the British. When we came back we had the pleasant information that we were going to take another shot at the Heinies in a couple of days. I guess you remember it, all right."

I nodded. I did remember.

"The men had been pulled out of the line only about two weeks before, and I never saw such a demoralized lot in my life. Wales afterward told me that there were only about two officers in his battalion that were sober. The rest of them were running around like sunstruck antelopes, and one of the officers, who had been an old sergeant on the islands before the war and who ought never to have been promoted, was picking lizards from the trees, he had the D. T.'s so badly. I think it was all due to the bad example set by the regimental commander I relieved, but then that may be only my vanity. At any rate the day came for us to shove off for the front. I had the men lined up and sent down to the edge of the road outside of the woods they were staying in, to get aboard the camions. When the camions came, an hour or more late so as to give the Heinie air intelligence plenty of time to see us, we found that we were about one camion short to the company. Oh, the French are great on furnishing transports! Well, we got the men jammed in by some miraculous means or other and started off. I saw Balder just as my driver was taking the car up to the head of the line. He was sitting on the front seat of one of the camions with the French driver, holding his hands between his legs and looking as if the weight of the whole world were on his shoulders. 'Get off of there and ride like a gentleman, Captain Balder,' I signalled him. He looked over at me quickly and nodded his head, making a movement to get out. 'Oh, hello, colonel; I'm glad to see you, sir!' 'Come on, get in with me and leave your bewhiskered, dirty friend.' He thanked me, shaking his head. 'I've got to go back to the end of the line.' 'Nonsense, are you drunk, too?' I bawled out. 'No,' he said seriously, 'and that's the reason I can't go along with you.'

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Well, to make a long story a little bit shorter, I had to move along so as not to obstruct the traffic. Those French roads are so damned narrow that two bicycles can hardly travel abreast. So that's all I saw of Balder then. But I found out later from Wales that Balder had refused the nice fat cushions of my Cadillac because he felt it his job to follow behind the men and keep them from getting out and going up for a court martial in consequence.

He stuck the cigar in his mouth, and put a match to it.—Page 43.

"The camions stopped early the next morning at the foot of a long, winding hill, and the men got out. They were cold and they hadn't had anything to eat since the noon before, not even a warm cup of coffee. We formed the regiment into a column of twos and started up the hill; it was about six o'clock in the morning, I guess. As we got up near the top of the hill the sun burst over the trees, and from then on the men were warm enough, let me tell you. When I passed fat Captain Stahl I could actually see the cognac exuding from the pores of the folds of his fleshy neck. And the captain of your company, sir, looked like a ghost that had been dug up. A damned worried ghost, too, because Wales had given him a bawling out that he'll never forget, and I guess had put him under arrest for drunkenness in the front line.

"We marched all that day, and at night we lay down on the crest of a hill in attack formation. I called the officers around me in the little gully my orderly had found and showed them the plan of the attack. The First Battalion was to go over first; the Second was to be in support; and the Third was to move over to the left so that it would be half behind

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the infantry regiment which we connected with and half behind our own regiment. There was a level plain in front of us, according to the map, and I told the officers that we'd reach this plain in a column of twos, and that they were to proceed in that formation until they drew the enemy fire. Of course they were then to deploy. That's all there was to it. Our objective for the first day was a little town five kilometres away."

The colonel looked displeased, as if he were fighting the battle over and as if affairs were not what he thought they should be.

"We started off in the morning, myself accompanying the First Battalion to the edge of the plains. There I stopped, not wishing to get ahead of the tanks that were grunting and grinding into position in front of the infantry. In a few minutes I was joined by Wales, Balder, and the major of the Second Battalion. We got out our glasses and began to look around us, wondering why the Heinies didn't open up. The infantry was slowly advancing, much too slowly, for they were held up so that the tanks could get ahead of them. We found out why they didn't fire in about five seconds. They were waiting for the tanks to appear so that they could get the direct range on the infantry, not with their machine-guns, but with their artillery, their eighty-eights, those infernal shells that explode before you hear them leave the gun. And when the tanks poked their noses into sight the Germans opened up, the first shell striking about ten yards from where Wales, Balder, and I were standing, throwing the dirt in our faces and kicking up a big plume of coal-black smoke. Then a whole bunch of shells dropped ahead of us, commencing a raking barrage. I wanted to run and Wales wanted to run and Balder looked too scared to run, but there wasn't any place to run to. They were firing shrapnel above our heads and high explosive shells in front of us. They let up for a moment, and as soon as the T. N. T. cleared away a little I wiped my eyes and got out my glasses again to have a look at the infantry. They were still marching on in a column of twos, and Wales was dispassionately cursing because they hadn't deployed. While I was watching them the Germans began a steady machine-gun fire on our right flank, exactly on the flank of our infantry. One company immediately dropped into single file, but the rest of the men marched on in a column of twos. It was Bedford's company, and I heard Wales say: 'That's fine; Bedford knows his job.' And then, I'm damned if the company on the extreme right didn't suddenly halt and deploy in a straight line. That damned fool officer had literally followed instructions to deploy his men as soon as the enemy opened fire."

"Good heavens!" I said.

"Well, there the men were, about two hundred of them all lined up so that the machine-gun bullets could go in one man's side and come out through the side of the man next to him if it didn't strike any bones. And each spurt of fire would kill not one but twenty. 'My God, major,' I heard Balder cry out, 'look what Bemis is doing!' And before any of us had a chance to say a word he had left us and started through the barrage, his spindly legs taking him along as fast as he could go, and his head bobbing above the wheat tops.

"Well"—Colonel Bartlett stopped to dry the sweat which his vehemence had brought out on his forehead—"I thought Balder was gone for sure, and I turned my back so as not to see him fall. It seemed impossible that he wouldn't get hit by something. There were snipers shooting from that little town in front of us, machine-guns riddling our right flank, and high-explosive shells making a wall of black smoke in front of us. But the suspense was too great and I turned around to watch him. I saw a shell strike in front of him, and saw the dirt and wheat flying up into the air on top of the smoke. But in a minute I saw Balder again, hurrying along to the right of the line where the men were in the worst possible position they could be in. Another shell struck near him, and I expected him to fall down or to crawl on his hands and legs if he hadn't been hit. The German artillery could see him plainly, and thinking he was a runner they were spending their shells on him.

"I'll swear I don't know how he ever got there. But he did, and we saw him

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taking charge of the company, raising his arms, and blowing his whistle, and making them fall into sections in single file with one command. Then we saw the hand-grenade section make a dash in a right oblique toward the machine-gun nests. Oh, he is a wizard at extended order drill, and he would make a great drill-master if it weren't for his squeaky voice!

"And then the damned fool turned around and started back toward us, more slowly than he had gone. There was no reason for the squareheads to keep on firing at him, but they did fire over enough shells to make you think Balder was a whole battalion, or an ammunition dump or something equally important. When he got back to us there was a straight row of puffs of smoke between him and the German artillery where the shells had exploded. We all gathered around to talk to him, an unwise thing to do, for a shell came over, rattling in the air like an express-train, and bursted directly beside us. It knocked me flat on the ground, and when I got up I saw Balder sitting there, fishing in his tunic pocket for one of those long black stogies which he buys in job lots. He took one stogie out and looked at it with a kind of a puckered expression, because the cigar was broken near the middle. But he tore off the broken part very deliberately, stuck the cigar in his mouth, and put a match to it. After a couple of puffs he looked up at Wales and said in that high voice of his:

"'Major, don't you think you'd better have these things cut off? They are utterly useless to me now.'

"I looked at him more closely. He was sitting with his legs wide apart, as a young boy sits when he plays on the floor with toys, and both of his legs were bleeding. . . . He lost one foot at the ankle, and the other leg had to be amputated just below the knee."

You could march for mile after mile and see no more than one person at a time.—Page 37.

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A New England Education

WITH A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON IN CIVIL WAR TIME

BY EDWARD P. MITCHELL

[FIRST PAPER]

NOTE.—I have taken a wandering course from juvenilities through personalities perhaps to senilities, attempting neither to write a history of my time nor to make a treatise on journalism; but hoping that here and there some kind friends unknown may find something as interesting for them to read as it has been for me to remember.

E. P. M.

I

OFTEN the recollections of early childhood are pictures that do not move, unassociated scenes strangely selected by the tyrant management down in the subconscious. When recalled overhead these scenes are made to stand forth with startling distinctness, even to minor details; but it is a hopeless effort if you try to connect them with what had gone before and with that which followed.

So when I turn back to the prehistoric or legendary period of one unimportant existence I find this tableau, earliest of all, persistently recurring.

The child cannot be much more than two years old. He is on hands and knees upon the ingrain carpet of the so-called sitting-room in his grandfather's house in Bath, Maine; the house in High Street where he was born in 1852. He has been pushing along a little woolly lamb so contrived as to bleat in going. Above the sinful child and the untimely toy towers the awesome figure of his grandfather's nephew, the Reverend Jesse Page, of Atkinson, N. H., tall type of the uncompromising Puritan divine with the excessive nose of a Roman senator and the voice of an Ezekiel. He preached that morning at the Congregational Church. The pulpit tone is in his words and the wrath of Heaven is in his upraised finger as he menaces the woolly lamb and thunders: "Edward! Thou shalt not work, thou shalt not play upon the Lord's holy Sabbath-day." The child cowers and trembles, drops the innocent partner of his guilt, and still remembers.

The shades of John Calvin and William Farel, and the gloom-charged atmosphere of the Genevan church three centuries before, held undisputed possession on Sundays in that home, as in most of the respectable New England households throughout the fifties.

As the small boy grew he underwent an intensive education in the repression, one day in seven, of libertine proclivities as to sport and literature. The printed Sunday-school lesson for the afternoon class, "The Schoenberg Cotta Family," leaving dismal ideas on the subject of Martin Luther's activities, and the "Religious Section" of the *New York Observer* constituted the prescribed diet for Sunday. This well-intentioned weekly used to come by mail on Saturdays in two equal parts, "Religious" and "Secular." The family shears severed the two departments regularly on Saturday evenings after baked beans, and the "Secular," which the Reverend Doctor Irenæus Prime certainly knew was not addicted to sensational worldliness, went just as regularly into hiding until released by Monday's dawn. An exciting novel called "The Daisy Chain," together with "The Lamplighter" and similar works of imagination, permitted on week-days, was locked up in the bookcase in the room of one of my four maiden aunts. The unbound files of Mr. Bonner's *New York Ledger*, chock-

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full of Sylvanus Cobb and Emerson Bennett and the rest of that fascinating crowd, the numbers tied neatly in bundles and stored in clean flour barrels in the attic, to be the joy of many a rainy afternoon, became for twenty-four hours inaccessible except by stealth; as remote were they from hungry eyes as the Rockies or the Caribbean or the Castilian Sierras or any of the distant regions whereof their delightful columns told. Even the Rollo Books in blue, moral as morality itself, were rigidly prohibited, like the woolly lamb.

No doubt the same severity of censorship was experienced by tens of thousands of New England boys in my time, and not only by them but also by countless others in preceding generations; and not always on Sunday alone. Charles A. Dana told me once how he used to read "Thaddeus of Warsaw," standing on tiptoe before the pulled-open drawer where the forbidden book was interned in his mother's bureau, ready meanwhile to slam the drawer shut and skedaddle at the approach of footsteps on the stairs.

Likewise taboo on Sundays were certain books kept behind the baize-lined glass doors of the top compartment of the beloved old "secretary" on which these words of memory are now being written; tall structure of mahogany and curly maple veneer, with ancient brass-ring handles to the drawers and hinged desk lid that when open rests upon two sturdy side pull-outs, to me in infancy a mysterious and bewitching mechanical construction. As a creeping child I used to pull them out and use them to hoist myself up into temporary perpendicularity, years before I learned to climb the steps of literary culture with the help of the friendly occupants of the secretary's upper stories.

One well-remembered volume was an abridgment of the "Arabian Nights," sheep-bound like its next neighbor, the hymn-book, but otherwise so different with its copperplate pictures of the Little Hunchback, and Codadad, and the Enchanted Horse, and the charming princesses, and Ganem, son to Abou Ayoub, surnamed Love's Slave. Another, also in sheep, was a political, geographical, and statistical compendium of the United States, containing the Constitution up to the Twelfth Amendment and the distance between New York and Albany, with special attention to the District of Columbia, a novelty in governmental fabrics at the time the compilation was made. Diagrams like checker-boards in this book taught me that ten square miles by no means meant ten miles square. The Letters of Junius were there, shoulder to shoulder with Baron Munchausen illustrated by Rowlandson, and a small but variegated assortment of biography and fiction, ranging from the "Life of David Garrick" in two volumes, boards, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life among the Lowly," written by Mrs. Stowe in Brunswick, nine miles away from Bath, and published first in book form in the year of my birth—ranging from these to what was then to me perhaps the most engaging thing in the collection, the ungrown first edition of the "Life of P. T. Barnum, Written by Himself."

Yet am I quite sure of Barnum's election? For beyond "Sandford and Merton," British exemplars of desirable and undesirable youth for whom I never greatly cared, stood another Connecticut product, "Alonzo and Melissa: A Tale," lacking the title-page with locus and date and possibly the author's name, but apparently printed not long after the Revolutionary War. The inspiration was Richardson rather than Fielding; "Waverley" was yet to come, "Pride and Prejudice" was far in the future, Fenimore Cooper farther still; but behold an American novelist with something of Scott and something of Jane Austen and something of Cooper, romancing intrepidly if naïvely of love and adventure and actually showing the spunk to introduce the great Doctor Benjamin Franklin not only as a loquacious character in the story but even as the determining factor in its plot. Let me tarry a moment over this early favorite. It was the first formally constructed novel I ever read. Here is the book itself, with its once familiar pages unopened by me for two and sixty years. How stately and yet candid the promise of the preface!

"It is believed that the story contains no indecorous stimulants; nor is it filled with unmeaning and inexplicated incidents, sounding upon the senses, but im-

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perceptible to the understanding. When anxieties have been excited by involved and doubtful events, they are afterward elucidated by the consequences."

The scenes of "Alonzo and Melissa" were laid in New London and in some unidentified region of western Connecticut near the Sound. I wish I might mention a few of the involved and doubtful events afterward elucidated by the consequences, but must content myself with one passage from the remarks wherewith Doctor Franklin, in philosophic converse with Alonzo, then a revolutionary prisoner escaped from London to Paris, offered consolation for the supposed death of the beauteous Melissa in America:

"'Was it the splendours of beauty which enraptured you? Sickness may and age must destroy the symmetry of the most finished form—the brilliancy of the finest features. Was it the graces of the mind? I tell you that by familiarity these allurements are lost, and the mind left vacant turns to some other source to supply vacuum. Besides, the attainment of your wishes might have been the death of your hopes. If my reasoning is correct, the ardency of your passion might have closed with the pursuit. An every day suit, however rich and costly the texture, is soon worn threadbare. On your part, indifference would consequently succeed; on the part of your partner, disappointment, jealousy, and disgust. What might follow is needless for me to name; your soul must shudder at the idea of conjugal infidelity. . . . . After all, my young friend, it will be well for you to consider, whether the all-wise dispensing hand of Providence has not directed this matter, which you esteem so great an affliction, for your greatest good and most essential advantage. And suffer me to tell you, that in all my observations on life, I have always found that those connections which were formed from inordinate passion, or what some would call pure affection, have been ever the most unhappy. Beware, then, my son, beware of yielding the heart to the effeminencies of passion. Exquisite sensibilities are ever subject to exquisite inquietudes.'

"Franklin paused. His reasonings, however they convinced the understanding, could not heal the wounds of Alonzo's bosom."

Yes, better and nobler even than P. T. Barnum's perseverance was the constancy of Alonzo's bosom, and a happy child I was when Melissa turned up alive in Charleston, S. C., in the best manner of the best-sellers of the eighteenth century.

Elsewhere in the house, in quarters thoroughly explored as I became older, were the ponderous quartos containing the "Chronicles" of both Froissart and Monstrelet, and the imposing long row of the Cyclopædia of Abraham Rees, that vast but inviting British brother of the Japanese Ko-ji-dan, or Treatise on All Old Things. With gratitude I recall the big square pages and the illustrative plates wherein I found fully explained and depicted a somewhat archaic system of shorthand writing, which was mastered with some difficulty by diligence. The study of stenography was pursued in after-years with more modern text-books, but it proved, probably by my own fault, of no practical use whatever during fifty years and more of incessant newspaper work.

Elsewhere, also, were my father's copies of "Don Quixote," of Dickens complete to that time, of J. Ross Browne's whimsical travel narratives, of Lieutenant Derby's immortal "John Phœnix," of Macaulay, of Hallam; and, of valuable service that I could not estimate till much later, the bound sets, from the beginning, of the good *Knickerbocker Magazine*, rich with a hundred such delectable offerings as its translation of Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème"; of *Harper's*, both monthly and weekly, with Bulwer and Thackeray and Porte Crayon and George William Curtis, and in the back of the magazine those most diverting forerunners of the modern serial comics; of *Putnam's Monthly*, too short-lived in both of its two incarnations, containing in the earlier series the articles that attempted to identify the Indian missionary Eleazer Williams with the lost Bourbon prince who might have been Louis XVII but for well-known historical events. This sensational discussion, referred to by Major Putnam in his memoir of his father, had for me at the time an interest almost personal, inasmuch as there was a stoutly maintained tradition

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in our family, originating in I know not what process of genealogical research or impulse of royalist yearning, that the Reverend Eleazer was a distant relative of ours.

Up in the attic, besides the barrelled *Ledgers* of Robert Bonner and the Porter's *Spirit of the Times*, reposed no end of numbers of *Yankee Notions* and *Nick-Nax* and *Vanity Fair*, the last-named supreme in its field; all carefully bundled and ready for release whenever the hunger for mirth became urgent. I was too young, of course, ever to have known Artemus Ward, that is to say, Charles Farrar Browne, either in our native State of Maine or in New York when he edited *Vanity Fair;* one of his artist associates, Henry L. Stephens, whose foxes and geese and other animals reached the highest grade of humorous delineation, I did come to know slightly about 1875.

Finally, on top of the bureau in the spare room of the house that has been spoken of, there stood, or rather lay in sequestered dignity, the two big volumes of Josephus's "History of the Jewish War," with sumptuous martial and architectural engravings, and a ponderous family Bible, strangely enough of no assured Sabbath status, since it included between the Old Testament and the New the books of the Apocrypha, sought by us children with purely secular eagerness on account of Tobit and the Fish. May I be forgiven the partial catalogue of these ancient companions? They were of my earliest and best-loved friends.

Such were the week-day privileges and Sunday restrictions as to prose. Intercourse with poetry was limited on the Lord's Day to Doctor Watts's Hymn and Psalm Book, which I was permitted to take from the rack in our family pew in the Winter Street church, and to peruse as a special concession during a protracted or hypertheological sermon. Attendance on divine worship twice a day, often plus the evening prayer-meeting in the "vestry," it scarcely need be told, was obligatory in the case of every youngster able to be out of bed. The services sometimes lasted for two hours or more, morning and again afternoon, and the noon intermission was brief. How many times did I toddle, led by affectionate hands, up the plank sidewalk of the steep Winter Street hill, a diminutive unit in the decorous procession on its way to cold Sunday dinner; and how often did I fail to find thoughts suitably expressive of my dread of the too imminent descent of that hill, after the cold dinner had been partaken, and the return to those hairy, drab-colored pew cushions!

And now quite enough of the New England Sabbath of threescore years ago.

II

THE movies of that period were active and ubiquitous in the shape of the old-fashioned panorama. It warms me yet to think of young Expectancy seated in the front row in Columbian Hall, waiting for the curtain to go up, at one of the exhibitions of this obsolete form of entertainment. When the curtain did rise, unveiling the painted canvas in an oblong framing lighted from in front by gas or kerosene lamp reflectors; when the picture began to move slowly from the spectator's right to the spectator's left, accompanied by the music of a piano or melodeon and sometimes by the strident protest of creaking machinery out of sight, with staccato explanations from the gentleman with a long stick, Expectancy settled back in his bench with a sense of æsthetic contentment produced by no other spectacle, not even by the circus or the annual spring parade of the town Fantastics.

Possibly the fascination of the show was due in part to its continuously flowing presentation. I recall a feeling of disappointment when the otherwise engaging Panorama of the Life of Christ proved to be merely a succession of panelled views, each independent of the others; this was not the orthodox method of panorama painting.

Banvard's Mississippi came our way, of course, with its half-mile of rather monotonous scenery. Doctor Kane's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin made a more lasting impression by its delightful sequence of turbulent seas, icebergs, ice-imprisoned ships, Esquimau men and dogs, close-ups of walruses and polar bears. For many years a vague recollection that this panorama ended with a vessel entering Havana Harbor

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past the Morro Castle perplexed me. Cuba is on the way neither to nor from Baffin Bay and Grinnell Land, but obviously in quite an opposite direction. Afterward the mystery was solved by the discovery that Elisha Kent Kane visited Havana in 1857 and died there. So I concluded that my recollection was right, after all; the Morro and the palm-trees must have been introduced by the artist to commemorate the explorer's death amid scenes in striking contrast with his arctic experience.

Dearest to me of all these moving pictures was the great panorama of Broadway. Had I not by that time beheld its wonders with my own eyes? The truthful representation of New York's Main Street started at South Ferry, swerved around the Battery to take in Castle Garden, regained the highway at the Stevens House and proceeded northward to a point considerably above Canal Street, perhaps even to Union Square. It exhibited in succession Trinity Church and churchyard, the towering spire being left to the imagination for dimensional reasons. St. Paul's, likewise sadly abridged in altitude, the Astor House, which not many years before had been criticised for having been built too far up-town for the hotel business, the sumptuous Taylor's saloon near Franklin Street, the Broadway Theatre at Broome Street, and so on with faithful depiction of the intervening structures, even to the shop signs and the thronged sidewalks and jam of omnibuses and other vehicles. Why, you might be walking up Broadway yourself as the canvas rolled on! Then the course was reversed and came down the east side of the street, ending somehow at Fulton Ferry, with the good people of Brooklyn hastening home to dinner and the trucks laden with supplies for Brooklyn crowding the gates.

III

Of my first visit in 1857 or 1858 to the New York of perhaps nine hundred thousand people my recollections are few and dim. They are limited to the iron balcony outside the windows of our room in the Girard House, still open for business as the Cosmopolitan Hotel at the corner of Chambers Street and College Place, the infinite charm of Ridley's little white candy shop across the way, and the big railway shed just above, where the Hudson River passenger-trains trundled in and out.

Of the second visit, really beginning my acquaintance with the city that was to be a home during the greater part of life, I can fix the date by a letter affectionately preserved and docketed as a memento of the ripening age of seven:

"New York, March 31, 1859.

"My dear Mother: We arrived safely at New York yesterday morning. We had a pleasant trip from Boston. Crossed the Sound on the steamer 'Connecticut.' Visited the Egyptian Museum yesterday and saw a great many curious things. We saw several mummied persons and three mummied bulls. I also saw some mummied cats and crocodiles. There were some wood cats there. I wish A—— had one to hold in her lap. They had glass eyes and are very quiet cats. I went to Genins with Father and ordered a new cap made for me.

"This evening I went to Barnums Museum and saw the Play of our Irish Cousin."

Buchanan was President. Lincoln had recently finished his joint debates with Douglas in Illinois and had not yet delivered the two later speeches in Ohio which marked the last oratorical station but one in his predestined course to the presidency. Louis Napoleon was waging the Franco-Italian War. Hawthorne was in Italy, writing "The Marble Faun."

Memories of old conditions and half-forgotten names are stirred by this small note of early travel. Transit by water between Boston and New York was by the Norwich route, embarking at a point on the Thames River just below that town after a railway journey of five and often six or more hours by way of Worcester; or from Stonington, reached by way of Providence. The Bristol, afterward the Fall River line, came later into my experience. There have been several *Connecticuts* plying the Sound; I am not sure whether this *Connecticut* ran from Norwich or Stonington.

The museum referred to was the collection of Egyptian antiquities gathered by

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Doctor Henry Abbott, an English physician who had lived twenty years in Cairo.

Genin was the hatter at Broadway and Fulton Street—afterward, if I am not mistaken, farther up Broadway under the marble St. Nicholas Hotel—who won fame and achieved a nation-wide advertisement for his hats with what would at present seem the inconsiderable expenditure of $225 for first choice at the auctioning of seats for Jenny Lind's concert in Castle Garden. The cap he constructed to meet our important order is yet visible in a quite archaic portrait. It was built of gray velvet with a flat octagonal top, braided from each angle to a tuft at the centre, making the superficies look like a pie cut for serving; while on thick cords there depended to below the visor line two magnificent flossy tassels. Rollo might have worn this cap. It was my pride and joy when I carried it back to Maine, but I shudder to think what a lad would incur nowadays if he should display anything like the celebrated Genin's concoction in a quarter where boyish spirits overleap restraint.

The old Seventh Ward is now a superheated melting-pot. At the time of this visit to relatives there—they were dwelling in Henry Street or Madison or Monroe, I am not sure which—it was a neighborhood of prosperous respectability and quiet refinement that made it a favorite place of abode. Rutgers Institute, of which my uncle was the president, had not yet moved up-town. Doctor Krebs was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church close by. Street after street in that region east of East Broadway was lined with comfortable brick houses, antedating the period when Belleville sandstone took possession of the town. Overlooking pleasant back-yards, some of the residences had verandas at the rear, outside galleries of one, two, or three stories in the manner of Charleston or New Orleans. The shopping district for the well-to-do Seventh Warders was not far away—Paris modes in Catherine Street, good markets in plenty, an interminable row of fashionable milliners in Division Street, great dry-goods stores like Ridley's and Lord & Taylor's in Grand, with Arnold & Constable in Canal just west of Broadway.

One evening I was escorted on what seemed an endlessly lumbering omnibus ride across the city to Broadway and, after a transfer, up that thoroughfare to Laura Keene's Theatre between Houston and Bleecker. The play was Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin." It had been running then for five or six months and was yet to hold its place in public esteem for many months to come. "Our Irish Cousin," which my foregoing letter mentions as having been seen a few days earlier at Barnum's Museum, must have been an imitation or travesty of the dramatic sensation of the day. I can remember nothing of the "Irish Cousin," except the physical appearance of the moral lecture-room in which it was performed. And I am sorry to confess that the celebrated production at Laura Keene's, wherein that peppery artiste was supported by two great actors previously known only in minor parts, namely, young Joseph Jefferson as *Asa Trenchard* and Edward Askew Sothern as *Lord Dundreary*, left few impressions as to actors and acting so distinct as the blazing gaslight letters "Laura Keene's" across the front of the theatre when we entered, or the crowded condition of the down-town omnibus when we came away, with the passengers struggling to poke the coins in their fingers up through the round hole leading to the driver's seat on high.

Yet I have a faint picture—I think I never saw the play afterward—of *Asa Trenchard's* manly face and bearing, and of *Dundreary's* silly little tripping gait and magnificent silky side whiskers. The inquiry "Can you wag your left ear?" somehow lingers. How far the elder Sothern's best rôle had then been developed by him from its original insignificance is a question for more learned historians of the stage.

Contrary to a quite prevalent popular belief, neither Jefferson nor Sothern was with Laura Keene when her company played "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theatre on the night of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Both were abroad at the time; Sothern during a continuous absence of ten years from the United States, while Jefferson had just sailed or was about to sail from Melbourne after his four years in Australia. Laura Keene,

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actress with an unparalleled experience, dramatic and historic, married John Lutz, her manager, and died in 1873 at Montclair, N. J. There is a farm, still known as Laura Keene's farm, where the actress used to summer after the Civil War, in Fairhaven, opposite New Bedford, not many miles from Joseph Jefferson's grave at Sandwich.

IV

Our family moved the hearthstone from Maine to New York in September of 1860. I was eight. We had not been established long in the new home in Fifth Avenue opposite the grim gray Croton Reservoir, where the Public Library stands, before I was exploring the surrounding territory. In the waste land that is now Bryant Park I dug with success for nuggets of molten glass, relics of the Crystal Palace. The neighborhood consisted largely of vacant lots, with here and there a completed dwelling, or row of dwellings, pioneers of far-flung city development invading the void.

My first experience of the perils of metropolitan life also decided me to arm myself. Three dollars, the total contents of the savings-bank, were secretly invested at a Fourth Avenue shop in a broad-bladed bowie-knife with a lovely red-morocco sheath. Both Edward S. Ellis and Captain Mayne Reid had convinced me by word of print that such was the type of weapon best adapted for all-around usefulness. The bowie-knife when in commission was concealed beneath my jacket.

One day in October the Reverend Alfred Morse, of Minnesota, husband of my father's sister Esther, convoyed me downtown to witness the arrival of the Prince of Wales. The good missionary clergyman certainly did not understand the awkwardness of his small charge's clamberings when boosted into a City Hall Park tree somewhere on the land now occupied by Mullett's dismal post-office, and across the way from the present Syndicate Building. However, I was soon perched above the heads of the sidewalk crowd, clutching a branch with one hand and my dagger, through two thicknesses of cloth, with the other. The band boomed by, then the escort and the carriages; just as I have since seen numberless approaches of distinguished visitors to the place of municipal welcome. The young Albert Edward, travelling in America under the style of Baron Renfrew, like his grandson sixty and more years after, rode in a barouche and graciously dispensed smiles and bows in acknowledgment of the plaudits. To my eight years his nineteen seemed to make a full-grown monarch. Facing him, if memory serves, was the Prince's mentor, the Duke of Newcastle, bearded, of serious visage and wearing a plumed chapeau. Of course I did not know, up in my tree, that, as Lord Lyons wrote to Secretary Cass a few weeks later, Queen Victoria had sent over her son and heir for the express purpose of proving "to the President and citizens of the United States the sincerity of those sentiments of esteem and regard which Her Majesty and all classes of her subjects entertain for the kindred race."

But the signal, outstanding event of the day was my own achievement in descending the tree accompanied by the hidden blade without exciting the least suspicion on the part of the police. Newcastle got the Garter; I lost my most prized decoration.

Ignoble, so far as is known, was the end of the bowie-knife's career. In a moment of indiscreet ostentation it was displayed to Jim, our furnace-tender, after pledging him in the privacy of the coal-chute not to inform either of my parents. The wise Hibernian expressed boundless admiration of the purchase and begged for the loan of the weapon; he said he was contemplating an excursion that night through a most dangerous locality on the West Side to call on a lady he knew. Need it be said that the precious weapon was confided to Jim, as by one bold spirit to another, not to be seen again by its purchaser? Or that there was never appeal to authority up-stairs for its restitution?

That earliest year of mine in the city seems ten times longer when looked back upon through the telescope. Events were moving swiftly toward the great crisis in the republic's history. Three months after the jocund visit of the Prince of Wales the first shot of the Civil War was fired at Commodore Vanderbilt's ocean

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yacht, the *North Star*, while she was heading to Fort Sumter with reinforcements for Major Anderson. I was taken to see the hole in the *North Star's* port bow as she lay at a Hudson River pier after her return to New York. A few months later I was watching, day after day from our windows through the morning mists, the stacked muskets and bivouac fires along the cobblestones of Forty-second Street and the Belgian blocks of Fifth Avenue, where the tall fellows of the New England regiments, detrained between the two engine-houses at the upper end of the Park Avenue tunnel, were heating coffee and warming doughnuts before marching down-town on their way to the front.

V

I WAS ten years old, with curiosity omnivorous, when the dispenser of lucky chances to meritorious youth gave me my first and only portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the living man. The trivial incident left a picture of him as vivid now as at the time. Possibly the narrative of a visit to Washington and the White House in 1862 may be worth while.

This was just after the disastrous second battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, as Confederate history styles the engagement. An uncle of mine, an uncle by marriage, was Doctor Henry M. Pierce, then president of Rutgers Female Institute, next to which we lived in the block of castellated dwelling-houses in Fifth Avenue between Forty-first and Forty-second Streets. Doctor Pierce happened to be greatly interested in the development of improved methods for the care of the wounded. Whether his system of ambulances and stretchers belonged to the activities of the Sanitary Commission, the Red Cross of that period, or was independent war work on his part I do not now remember. At any rate, he had contrived appliances of first aid which were believed to be far in advance of the then existing practice, however crude and archaic they might seem alongside of the modern equipment of war surgery.

It had already been my privilege to attend a demonstration of the new ambulance and stretcher system in the Academy of Music at Irving Place and Fourteenth Street. The great opera-house was thronged with spectators holding free tickets; but I am sure nobody present could have been more thrilled than myself at the representation of a desperate combat, with its rattle of musketry and boom of heavy artillery and glare of red fire and clouds of copiously produced and highly pervasive battle smoke that obstinately refused to respect the footlight frontier. The stage was strewn with dead and wounded in blue and gray. Then Doctor Pierce's improved ambulances entered the scene, shiny in new varnish and drawn by cobs smartly caparisoned in new harness. Doctor Pierce's skilled stretcher-bearers descended rapidly with their improved stretchers and picked up the supposedly mangled unfortunates, deposited them in the improved ambulances, and, accompanied by spirited applause from the deadhead audience, drove off to the imaginary field-hospital somewhere in the wings. In less time than it takes for the telling the battle stage was cleared of its welter.

After this exhibition in the Academy of Music, perhaps in consequence of it and its coincidence with the distressing sequels to the second Bull Run, Uncle Henry obtained an appointment for a certain morning at nine o'clock at the White House to explain his ideas to the President in person. He was good enough to take me with him. The journey was crowded with events that recorded themselves indelibly upon the gray matter of an impressionable boy of ten. In the early sixties the night express to Washington proceeded by the old Camden and Amboy route, with a long ferriage from Manhattan at the start. The train we took at Amboy was de luxe in the novelty of its accommodations, for it boasted a diner and a sleeper.

The diner of 1862 was a baggage-car, retired from heavy work on account of long service in the transportation of trunks, and bare as to its interior except that it was furnished in the middle with an oblong counter around the four sides of which the patrons ate while seated on high stools, as in some railway-station restaurants of the present day. From the inside of the oblong the viands were served by colored waiters in white jackets.

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If memory does not betray me, the bill of fare of the diner on the Washington express of threescore years ago consisted chiefly of oyster stew, pie, crullers, and coffee.

The sleeping-car, regarded by all passengers as the crowning achievement of railway enterprise in the way of provision for sumptuous travel, presented on entrance the appearance of an ordinary day coach. That, indeed, is what it really was, although it carried the germ of the subsequent Pullman. When the porter—or was it the brakeman?—made up the berths, as I observed with astonished interest, he turned over every alternate seat-back, dividing the car into a series of compartments or near compartments. Then in each section he fitted from seat to seat a base of boards thinly upholstered and arranged thereupon the sheets, blankets, and pillows. A slightly longer platform, similarly padded, rested on the backs of the car seats and formed the upper berth. Finally, the porter or brakeman hung around three sides of the sections a flimsy and dingy curtain of some cotton stuff; and lowers and uppers were ready for their occupying snoozers.

The lesser height of the lower berth yielded rather cramped and stuffy quarters, especially for a large body; the upper was therefore the preferred location. My ticket called for an upper. As I watched the progress of the making-up, farther down the car, my uncle was engaged across the aisle in earnest conversation, undoubtedly about ambulances and stretchers, with a gentleman who wore gold spectacles and had very curly hair and a statesmanlike diameter. The gentleman was listening to Uncle Henry's remarks, but at the same time was viewing the preparations for slumber with an expression of countenance that registered more or less of apprehension. By and by Uncle Henry beckoned to me.

"Neddy," he said, "I want to introduce you to Governor Andrew. He has the berth under yours. I don't think it will be quite comfortable for him. We were asking each other if you would be willing to exchange with the Governor."

I assented with enthusiasm, not so much, I fear me, out of devotion to the Union cause, or the policy of emancipation and the employment of colored troops which Andrew was then urging upon the President, as because that shallow dark shelf had the fascination which anything cave-like exercises upon the small boy. Mr. Andrew's face immediately became tranquil. He could not have thanked me more warmly if I had offered to raise and equip at private expense a regiment to help out his State's quota. I went to sleep down-stairs wondering a little what was going to happen if the planking above me gave way in the night, and was not at all exalted by any consciousness that I was enabling the distinguished war governor of Massachusetts to arrive at the capital without impairment of his dignified rotundity of person.

The governor beamed on me through his glasses when Washington was reached. In a shabby hack all three of us rode together along a wide avenue lined with insignificant brick structures, residences and shops alike of inexpensive aspect. The street was almost as deep in mud as it was laterally imposing; for far in the future, then, was the beneficent Tweed of the Washington pavements, of whom I was to hear and know so much in *The Sun* office when Boss Shepherd was endeavoring to drag Mr. Dana away from New York for trial in the District of Columbia courts on a charge of criminal libel; an attempted rape of jurisdiction prevented at different times by decisions of the federal judges Samuel Blatchford and Addison Brown, in the latter case on the arguments of Elihu Root.

Ahead of us as we rode was the Washington Monument, then perhaps about one-third of its full growth and looking like a fat copy of one of the truncated towers of a town in north Italy. Willard's of that day was a hostelry of unpretentious exterior, provincial in scheme of entertainment, but housing in instalments from time to time an impressive representation of the patriotism of the North, as well as of its profiteering enterprise. Uncle Henry, trailing me, used to wander from room to room and swap ambulances and stretchers with this, that, or the other subject of interested or disinterested promotion. One evening he nearly crushed the end of a finger while

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manipulating the heavy model of a spherical cannon which Norman Wiard, the inventor, was pressing upon the attention of the War Department. Whether Mr. Wiard ever succeeded I do not know, nor did I ever discover the principle of ballistics upon which a cannon should be shaped exactly like a cannon-ball; nor, again, whether his solid sphere of steel ever developed, like General Miles's once ridiculed testudo, into an engine of warfare comparable to the testudo's great-grandchild, the potent tank of the World War. All I know is that Uncle Henry politely dissembled his dissatisfaction with the Wiard innovation in artillery, wrapped his pocket handkerchief about his non-combatant finger and without waiting for an ambulance led me hurriedly back to our own apartment, where he cursed awhile and then proceeded to translate from the second book of "Les Misérables," which had recently come over from Paris in paper-covered parts. Thanks to the Wiard gun, I made early acquaintance with little Gavroche and his enchanting home in the belly of the plaster elephant on the site of the Bastille.

Those were days, as may be imagined, crammed full of beatitude. Under my own steam, I used to roam through the straggling hotel with a particular fondness for the mysterious chapel which the process of extension along Fourteenth Street had included in the establishment. At other times I would sit in the office and gaze with awe upon the swarming officers in uniform. Once my uncle took me up to the Capitol. Congress was not in session. The chamber of the House of Representatives had been converted into a temporary hospital for the wounded arriving daily from General Pope's army. The floor of the House was closely packed with cots. As we walked among them I saw the doctors removing a stained bandage from one poor fellow's forehead. There, above closed eyes and a face graying already at the approach of the end, was a black ugly hole in a circle of inflammation upon the temple. It was strangely simple and definite—physically as simple and obvious as Uncle Henry's blackened finger-nail; but I scarcely realized what the round, ugly hole meant.

Several times in the old Willard, and many times in its grandiose successor, as through a lens at focus I got close-up figures of great personages of the Civil War and of national politics. Of the Willard memories that persist in outstanding, two more shall here suffice. Three years after the first visit I went back to that hotel in tow of my father, an indefatigable collector of autographs, coins, memorabilia, curios of all sorts. Something of that propensity must have been inherited by me, but nothing of his systematic thoroughness in the practice. This sojourn at the inn of Messrs. Sykes, Chadwick & Co. occurred a few weeks after the culminating events of the war and a few weeks before the grand review in Washington of the victorious armies. Sheridan's cavalry had rejoined Meade's army south of the James. Jefferson Davis had been captured by his pursuers under General James H. Wilson. Grant, with the instinctive delicacy of a gentleman, had delegated to General Joshua H. Chamberlain, of Maine, the honor of receiving Lee's gallant sword. The commander-in-chief was at the capital, established in Halleck's old office in the War Department. Willard's was crowded with officers of the high command. I saw Grant there, and Sheridan; the third of the great trinity of military success, General William Tecumseh Sherman of the march to the sea, is not identified in my recollection of the assembled leaders. Immense was my father's satisfaction when he procured a dinner menu for Wednesday, May 10, 1865, setting forth in bronze ink the chef's programme for the day, beginning with cove-plant oysters and promising the guests in a queer blending of good English and indifferent near-French such things as "Fillet de Bœuf, pique" and "Assorted Vegetables" down to "Petit pastry au Gelée" and coffee; the entire prospectus being displayed under the more or less Orphic legend "Still so Gently." But what gave interest and value in my father's eyes to this menu was its joint indorsement, in close juxtaposition on a blank space opposite the "Epigramme d'Agneau" and the "Assorted Vegetables," by "U. S. Grant, Lt. Gen. U. S. A.," in his acutely angular autograph, and "Phil. H. Sheri-

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dan, Maj. Gen., U. S. A.," in the sprawling scrawl or scrawling sprawl characteristic of that hero's chirography.

It was either during my next visit to Washington and Willard's at the time of Grant's second inauguration as President or on some later occasion that while descending a public stairway in the hotel I could not help catching a delicious glimpse, through the brightly lighted transom of a room on the floor below, of a plump gentleman clad only in his nightgown and his spectacles, vigorously gesticulating and addressing earnest remarks to a full-length cheval-glass which had been pulled out into the middle of the apartment to assist in the performance. If this moving picture of oratory in the making was of 1869 date, then George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, must have been rehearsing his maiden speech in the House, for he took his seat there on March 4 of that year. Inasmuch, moreover, as this Demosthenes in privacy shared only by his mirror and by me was of venerable appearance, bearing a wonderful resemblance to Mr. Pickwick in nightshirt and gold specs, I am inclined to believe it was Senator Hoar I thus beheld.

To return to that first visit. When the appointed morning came for the ambulance interview with Mr. Lincoln we walked over to the White House. The negro doorman must have been new to his job or mistaken about the President's intentions, for he led us by a circuitous route through what seemed an endless series of apartments. He then threw a door open and stood aside to let us enter.

It was a small room. At a small table in the middle of it sat Mr. Lincoln all alone, facing us and eating his breakfast. At the opening of the door he raised his eyes and gazed at the unexpected comers. The large hand holding the fork that carried what both Uncle Henry and myself remembered as a considerable cargo of Boston baked beans remained suspended for several seconds midway between the plate and the half-open mouth toward which the fork was in transit. His expression, rather sad at first sight, changed quickly to surprise and then to mild annoyance. Lincoln was at that time in the indigo depths of anxiety concerning the war situation; but both of his involuntary guests at the threshold of the private breakfast-room could have testified that the burden of responsibility had not affected his appetite or diminished the fork's load of baked beans.

Of course there was dismay on the part of the blundering attendant, with half-articulate apologies from my uncle, followed by a hurried withdrawal of the intruders. We were conducted to the proper antechamber and in due time and due form Uncle Henry was summoned by Mr. Hay or Mr. Nicolay for the interview on ambulances, a conference in which it was not my fortune to participate. Nor can I say if Uncle Henry's errand to Washington had results beneficial to the Union wounded.

Hundreds of representations, graphic and plastic, I have seen since then, depicting Abraham Lincoln in almost every conceivable pose of body and almost every imaginable mood of soul. The print from that instantaneous exposure, however, has never faded. Whenever I think of the greatest American, it is first as an extremely tall man with a sad, surprised countenance, seated at breakfast, with beans half-way between starting-point and destination.

(To be continued.)

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Impressions of a Small Texas Town

Sketches and Notes by Perry Barlow

The drug-store at Fosber is a veritable social club without requirements or dues, where one may drop in for an afternoon of checkers or join in the usual discussions of local and national issues. A lounging-place for idlers or those temporarily unemployed, it is the centre of local interest, where news is first relayed and the jokes are the best.

By reason of its convenient location and hospitable atmosphere it serves as headquarters for those who have no business address. Almost any native who is not actually engaged during the day can be found at the drug-store or hailed from there.

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There is no compromise in the make-up of "Uncle Luke" Stevens. He either stands enthusiastically for an issue or he snorts his disapproval in a most colorful and picturesque manner. He is one of the few local veterans of the Civil War who boasts the status of a buck private.

Regardless of the changes in national administration, Mr. Nagle has been postmaster for over twenty-five years.

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Doctor Walters, capable physician and riveter of arguments, is reputed to have swallowed a fly to prove that no ill results would ensue—and as usual he came out triumphantly victorious.

Ed Swan, "trader and trafficker" and man about town, has a mechanical turn of mind. Handy with tools, he can build things, and repair watches, musical instruments, and small machinery. A hand-lettered sign in his yard states that here saws may be sharpened and picture-frames made.

The youngest Shields boy, pace-setter of styles among the young bloods, operates the local tailor-shop.

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Tides

BY HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

THE crows that had been disturbed by the noise settled down again in the small brown patch of cultivated earth, the sheep lowered their faces into the grass again, the cow walked slowly, with bell tinkling, toward a shade-tree, and the waves pushed the pebbles up the beach and sucked them down again.

The island was quiet once more, back to normal as if nothing had happened, and Nina, sitting on an old bait-box, began to pluck the feathers from the now headless chicken. She had a large burlap sack on her lap and she stuffed the feathers into it as fast as she could. The wind sometimes blew a few away, and they floated off into the bright sunlight or were blown against the wire netting around the little garden. Then the tan face would pucker up and the lips would move with muttered words.

When the chicken was at last yellow, naked, and skinny, Nina reached into the pocket of her blue jumper dress and drew out a huge, black-handled knife, covered with fish scales, and began to clean the chicken. She was careful to drop all the inside into the little rusty tin pan on the ground beside the box she sat on. She cleaned the knife by running the blade between the folds of her skirt. Then she got up, carrying the chicken and the burlap bag in one hand and the tin pan in the other, and walked quickly to the back door of the house. Before she went in she stood in front of the crooked mirror tacked up on the shingles, stared at herself for a second, then spoke in a soft voice, saying simply: "He's coming to-day." Then she dropped the bag and the tin pan on the washstand under the mirror and went outside.

The sheep raised their heads from grazing as the screen door slammed shut, the crows called to one another, the cow whisked her tail and shook the bell round her neck, and the waves sucked the pebbles down the beach.

"He is coming to-day." The stove was hot and the little room stuffy with steam and smoke. Nina stood over the stove watching the corn float around in the boiling water. Yellow ears ever moving. "He loves good corn. This is good corn. I always give him what he loves."

On the wooden table near the sink were piled beans, peas, and a few potatoes, the peaty earth still clinging to them. There was a small keg of lumpy sugar and a dirty bag of salt. Flour was spilled all over the table and on the worn wooden floor, some of it tracked to the corners of the room.

Above the table on the plain boarded wall were hung an old kitchen clock, a lamp with smoky chimney, and a calendar with the picture of a blond girl in summer fluffles drinking Coca Cola from a glass with printing on it: "We Sell It. Nash and Son, Bangor, Me." The months as they passed had been torn away by a hand that seemed glad to do it. And now September was marked off with a pencil in heavy lines as far as the 20th, and the 20th was Sunday. There were two circles around it and a clumsy arrow pointing to it.

Nina went back to the stove, opened the oven door, and pulled out the chicken, just beginning to sizzle. She dipped her spoon into the juice and poured it over the breasts sticking up out of the pan. It sizzled louder. When she shut the oven door a bit of blue smoke floated up to the ceiling. She smelled it and smiled.

For a moment she stood there and watched the blue smoke coil and float about the room. As she followed it her eyes fell upon a jar of tobacco, its red

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label covered with dust. She ran across the room and took it down from the shelf. It was her father's—but he would not be back for many days. So she dusted it off and put it on the table. Jim would like that little touch.

Soon she had the little table set. Her place would be by the stove so she could reach the food easily. It was the same place she had always had—for the weeks and weeks she had been alone—but to-day it seemed different. She was setting the table for the first time in her life. "His place will be here, not opposite me—but beside me—father always wanted to sit opposite me." She placed the knives and forks evenly; she almost measured them.

She took the extra spoons out of the old jelly jar and put them in the many-colored flower-vase that had stood empty on the shelf so long. Then she changed her mind and put the flowers in the vase instead, and looked at them for a long time. "I see them every day, but they're nicer to-day. Jim don't see flowers often—I guess he loves flowers—he called me one." She arranged the few wild iris so that they looked like more—they were hard to pick and very scarce and grew only in the swampy places on the island.

Just then the beans boiled over and she ran across the room skipping and laughing. "Boil over, beans! Boil over! He is coming to-day."

She skipped about the room—told the dish-rag—told the mangy broom—told the old clock—that he was coming to-day. "And only in half an hour, clock—half an hour the tide will be high and he will be half-way down the river—over the mud flats and coming to me—to me!"

She ran through the door to the only other room of the house, her bedroom, except when her father was there; then she slept in the kitchen. The room was tidy but very lonely. One window, facing the east and a pile of lobster-traps, let in all the light there was, except where the wall boards did not join or where the chunks had fallen out of the patched places. Under the window was a built-in bunk with gray blankets and a many-striped mattress. By the bunk was a little box with a candle and a few matches on it. Nina ran to the box, lifted it up and pulled out a letter from under. Then half singing and half humming she walked around the room reading the letter.

"Dearest—oh, dearest," she sang, "I am coming to you on the 20th of September. The ship will be in port for two days at Millbridge. I can get off on the second day, that's the 20th." (Here Nina sang loudly, "That's to-day. He's coming to-day.") "We leave port on the ebb tide of the 20th and that's not until 4:00, so I can be with you until 2:30, giving me an hour and a half to row back, but I can make it. I'm sure of coming, but if I don't show up after the tide is half out it's because the skipper will want us to shove off early. Oh! Nina, I will be so glad to see you again . . ."

Nina ran to the kitchen door. "He's coming!" But it was only the cat, which had upset its saucer of milk. She came back to the stove and pulled out the chicken. It was nice and brown. The potatoes on the side were roasted to a thick brown skin; all was boiling and sizzling. She pushed the corn to the back part of the stove and shut off the damper. She looked at the clock and laughed. Here was dinner all ready and she had twenty minutes to spare, because he could not possibly cross the flats at this low tide. She remembered how she had started the dinner even yesterday. She made cakes and pies yesterday. She got up early to-day and boiled down berries. She had cleaned everything almost a week before. Everything else mattered not; even the fence she had promised her father to build around the new garden she forgot. It was only half done. And now—everything was ready. Everything—she looked around, proud, anxious, waiting. Then her eyes fell on the spoons and her tan face puckered up and she shook her brown fists at them and dumped them into the old jelly jar again.

"Everything is ready and he's coming in a few minutes."

At the stove she pushed back the rest of the pots and pans, opened the window, dashed out of the door, scattering the chickens in all directions, and skipped down to the little pebbly beach.

She sat down on the warm stones and played with them, watching all the time the waves as they broke higher and higher

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up the beach. The tide was more than half in. She looked off toward the mainland in the direction of Millbridge and the Strout Island Narrows.

"He ought to be crossing 'em now. It's high time, Jim. You'll let my chicken spoil on me, will you, Jim?"

And the waves sulked up higher. In the cove the waves do not break as they break on the outboard side of the island, in great curling, green masses. In the cove they seem to "flop," as Nina said, and when they recede they draw the whole beach with them. All the little stones go tumbling down into deep water. The waves suck them out. It sounds like a great steam-engine raking the whole beach up and down. Her little rowboat, tied to the mooring, was still heading toward the entrance of the cove, where the tide came from. It swayed back and forth with the ground swell. She could always tell which way the tide was going by the boat.

Nina suddenly remembered the chicken and jumped up. Then, running and falling on the loose stones, she sang gaily: "Oh, Jim, don't spoil my chicken, but hurry along, hurry along!" At the door she turned back and looked over the blue of Strout Island Narrows. There was a black spot on the blueness a short way from shore! For a moment she couldn't get her breath. "Jim!" Then she looked again and saw that it was only Old Pogy Ledge sticking out of the water. She walked slowly into the kitchen. The oven door was open. She looked at the chicken. It was getting a little dry on top. Then in each pot she dropped a large hunk of butter.

"He loves a lot of butter, and . . . he's coming to-day."

She sat down at the table in her place and rearranged the flowers. For a second she puckered up her face. Then she smiled and said in her clear voice: "Now, Jim, if the chicken is cold it's your own fault. Your own very fault for being so slow. Why, a body might think that you never held an oar in your hand the way you rowed. And you a sailor. Shame!" And then she knew what Jim would say: "Aw, Sweet, listen, you know that I got here as soon as I could." And then she would forgive him and, because he looked so sweet and sorry, she would come over and kiss him—then they would laugh and go back to eating again. As she sat there now she could see the whole thing, and she smiled and reached out a hand. It touched the flowers and for a moment she seemed dazed.

"But the chicken, Jim—" And her voice seemed so empty in the stuffy room. So she flicked off some crumbs from the table and cut a piece of pie, tasted it and approved with licking lips. "He loves blueberry pie. I can hear him, 'Um, Nina, how *did* you do it?'"

She went outside to the washstand and looked at herself in the mirror. She fixed her hair. "It's yellow hair; he says he loves it. It's mine, and he is coming to-day."

Down at the beach the waves were still sulking in and out, sucking the stones down. The little boat, her rowboat, was still at the mooring swaying to and fro with the waves; it seemed to her that it was quite like a lazy cow. She looked at it steadily for a moment. Suddenly she realized that it had moved. It was now facing away from the entrance of the cove. The tide! And Nina ran to the water's edge. The tide! And the stones were wet where the water had been.

"Oh, Jim!"

She looked out over the blue toward the Narrows; nothing there but Old Pogy breaking in the tide. She looked up and down the beach. She ran to the rocks that stuck out in the water a way. Behind these was the only other place on the island where a boat could land except the beach.

Here she stopped. Then, smiling wisely, she began to crawl on her hands and knees to the big boulder. She pointed a finger at the rock and called sharply, "Jim Donaldson, come out of there," and the wind blew the yellow hair about her eyes. Then, "If you don't come out, Jim, I'll throw a rock at you."

For a moment she stood pointing. Her hand fell to her side and slowly she walked around the boulder.

"Jim, please, where are you?" She leaned against the rock for a second, closing her eyes. Then suddenly her face lit up and she ran all the way up to the house. In front of the mirror she fixed

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her rumpled hair and smoothed down her dress. Then firmly she walked into the house, saying calmly, "Welcome, Jim; you hid your boat somewheres and you came . . ." She stared at the calendar. There was the 20th marked off with the two circles and the arrow pointing at it. She looked behind the table, she looked in the closet in her room, she looked in the loft.

She ran out of the house and down to the beach. There was a long wide strip of wet pebbles left by the tide. She saw her boat tugging away at the mooring. And beyond, 'way beyond all the lonely blue water in the Narrows was Old Pogy, all bare and sticking up out of the mud, and beyond that was more mud, all the way to the channel by Millbridge.

"But he *is* coming to-day." Nina ran back to the house sobbing: "Jim, Jim, you *are* coming. Oh, Jim!"

The screen door slammed shut. The crows that had been disturbed by the noise settled down again in the small brown patch of cultivated earth, the sheep lowered their faces into the grass again, the cow walked slowly, with bell tinkling, toward a shade-tree, and the waves pushed the pebbles up the beach and sucked them down again.

The next day Nina began to work again on the fence around the new garden.

Unfettered Eagles

BY EDMUND LESTER PEARSON
Author of "Lilies and Languors," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

TOM BAILEY, one of the four veritable boys in American fiction, spent an exciting Fourth of July some time, I fancy, in the 1840's. Few persons who remember the events of the day recall the fact that the Honorable Hezekiah Elkins, at one o'clock, mounted a platform in the middle of the Square, and delivered an oration. To this, however, the Honorable Hezekiah's "feller citizens" did not pay much attention, as they were too busy in dodging the squibs which were thrown among them by boys posted on neighboring house-tops.

In Missouri, in a village called "St. Petersburgh," another boy, about this same decade, tried to help celebrate his country's birthday. This boy was Tom Sawyer, and for him the Fourth of July was a failure. There was a downpour of rain, no procession, and the greatest man in the world (as Tom supposed), Mr. Benton, an actual United States senator, proved an overwhelming disappointment, for he was not twenty-five feet high, nor anywhere near it. That is all we are told about Tom Sawyer's Fourth, but I know perfectly well what Senator Benton was doing there: rain or no rain, he delivered an oration, just as the Honorable Hezekiah Elkins did in Portsmouth, in spite of the bombardment of squibs. Neither fire nor water, heat nor gloom of night could stay an American statesman in the performance of this duty. I have found Joel Barlow, author of "The Columbiad," at it in Hartford as early as 1787, while there are extant at least four other Fourth of July speeches made on the same day, when this country was not yet in its teens. But 1800 was the time of great beginnings; from that year till 1876 the Independence Day orators worked so industriously that the thin pamphlets which preserve their eloquence are enough in number to fill half a dozen five-foot shelves, while the dust that gathers on them is symbolical of their listeners'

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throats in those happy and thirsty days. Not that the Centennial Year saw the end of these speeches: my brother-in-law tells me that he listened last Fourth of July, by radio, to a speech delivered hundreds of miles away—but why he listened he did not explain.

AN
ORATION,
DELIVERED AT
DOUGLASS, *July 5th*, 1802.

A half-title page.

Sometimes it was a test for the aspiring young politician, sometimes a treat for the community, when a distinguished veteran chose to take the platform and call, in the usual manner, upon the venerable name of Washington, or set the soldiers of Valley Forge tramping again through the snows. Not all of these speakers prodded the American eagle into raucous screams, nor did they invariably, in the course of the address, tear the azure robe of night and set the stars of glory there. At Hanover, N. H., in 1800, the speaker was a junior at Dartmouth College, and only eighteen years old, but, as his name was Daniel Webster, it seems that the local committee were fairly perspicacious. Edward Everett, Josiah Quincy, Richard H. Dana, John Quincy Adams, Charles Sumner, Caleb Cushing, Robert Y. Hayne—these were some of the distinguished men who at various times acceded to the requests of the committees, and favored their audiences with an hour or two of polished rhetoric, which was certainly dignified, even if to-day it looks intolerably dull.

There is something about so much unrelieved oratory which makes us shudder; makes us wonder again if this nation is especially and viciously addicted to it. Such has been the charge. It is strangely significant to find, in Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," that nothing which North America had in the way of trials for these two brave spirits seems to have filled them with profounder gloom than the dreadfully long speeches inflicted upon them by their Indian allies. Is there something in the air or climate of the continent? It is absurd to suppose so; long-winded speechmaking is not unknown across the Atlantic, nor is bombastic oratory rare in Europe. But is it not odd that the French and the English soldier each felt that he was undergoing a new and grievous form of torture as soon as he came to be entertained by the aboriginal Americans?

Anthony Trollope condescends to praise Emerson for a speech he heard delivered in Boston during the Civil War. "To the national eagle he did allude. 'Your American eagle,' he said, 'is very well. Protect it here and abroad. But beware

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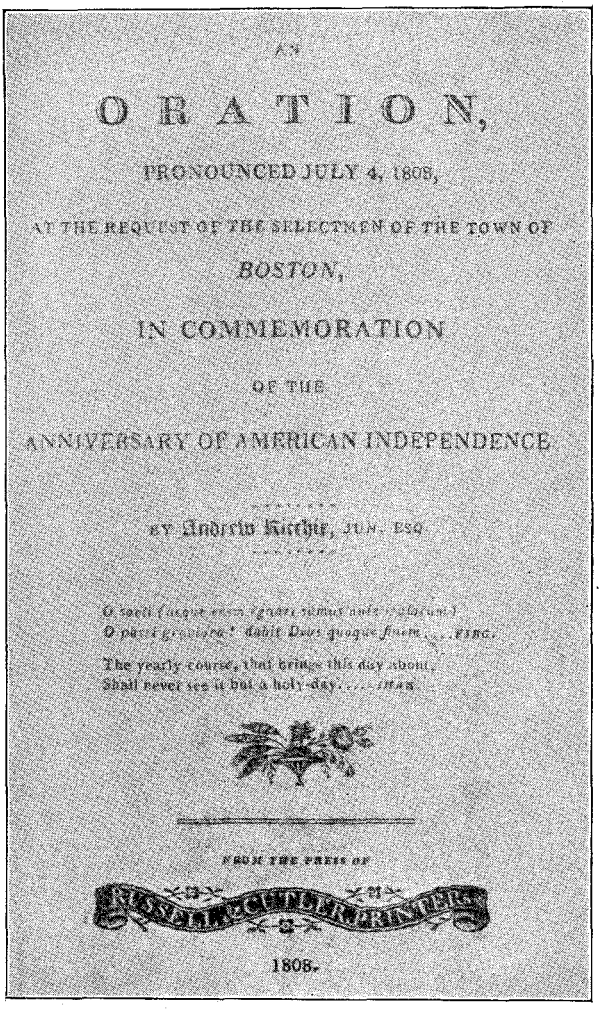
of the American peacock.'" In such speeches "Fluid compliments and high-flown native eulogium are expected. In this instance none were forthcoming." And there are, of course, some wise reflections in James Bryce's book. Of the Fourth of July oratory he wrote, "the speaker feels bound to talk 'his very tallest.'" But he adds that buncombe had begun to subside by the time of the Civil War, and that the reaction toward simplicity was strengthened by the example of Abraham Lincoln.

The most dignified orator would seldom forego an allusion to current politics. During the period of 1800 to 1814, when some of the most alluring of these speeches were printed, the Emperor Napoleon, usually called "the tyrant Buonaparte," came in for various unfriendly remarks, and the occupant of the White House, if he was of the opposite party from the speaker, was described as a despot of very similar breed. But this is conventional, and our boasted national sense of humor always halts hereabouts. We may surely expect to hear, and soon, that Mr. Calvin Coolidge bears an intimate resemblance to the Emperor Caligula, if not Tarquinius Superbus.


AN
ORATION,
PRONOUNCED JULY 4, 1808,
AT THE REQUEST OF THE SELECTMEN OF THE TOWN OF
BOSTON,
IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE
ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
BY Andrew Eliot, JUN. ESQ
O sacri (usque enim genere nemus undique glorum)
O patria gratum! dabit Deus quoque finem. . . . VIRG.
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day. . . . SHAK.
FROM THE PRESS OF
1808.

A typical title-page.

After the speechmaking was done, there was a pleasant little interchange of compliment, which is almost always printed somewhere near the title-page of the Fourth of July oration. Here is a specimen:

Douglass, July 5th, 1802.

At a meeting of a large number of Gentlemen of this, and the neighboring towns, convened to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence.

VOTED,—that the HON. BEZALEEL TAFT, AARON MARSH, BENJAMIN ADAMS, EZRA WOOD, jun. DAVID BATCHELLER, and the HON. SETH HASTINGS, Esqrs. be a committee to wait upon the REV. JOHN CRANE, and present him the thanks of this meeting for his spirited and patriotic ORATION, delivered by him this day, and request a copy of the same for the press.

BEZALEEL TAFT,
Moderator.

Douglass, July 5th, 1802.

GENTLEMEN,

WITH your request I readily comply. I beg leave to add, that the honor, which you confer upon me, in the polite attention, you have now paid me, cannot fail of deeply interesting me in your happiness, and also in the prosperity of the large and respectable assembly who listened

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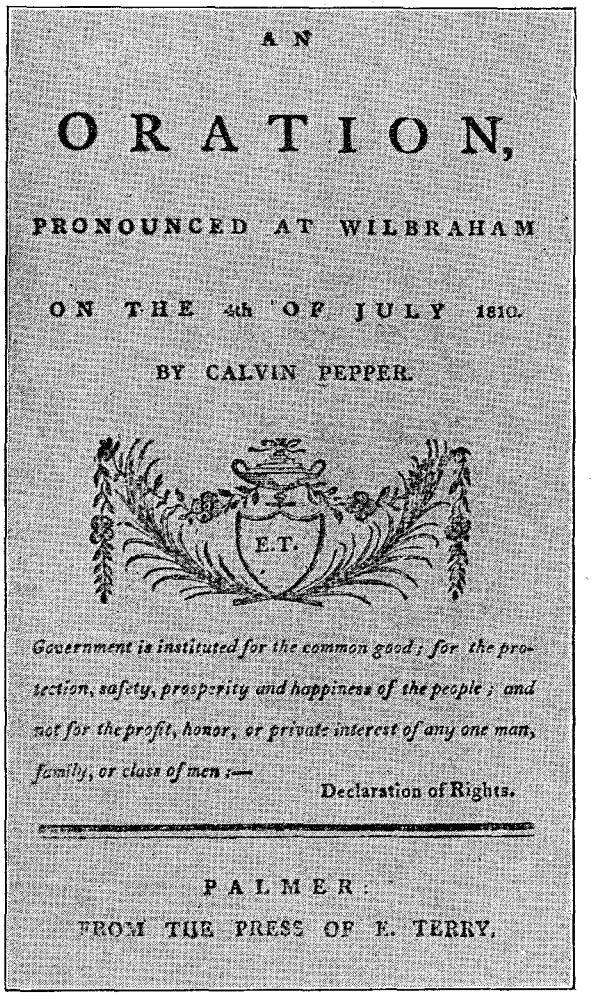
to the speaker, with decent and almost profound respect.

Gentlemen, I am your obliged
and most humble servant,
JOHN CRANE.

Mr. Crane's oration was given at Douglass on Monday, July 5, and printed by


AN

ORATION,

PRONOUNCED AT WILBRAHAM

ON THE 4th OF JULY 1810.

BY CALVIN PEPPER.

E.T.

Government is instituted for the common good; for the protection, safety, prosperity and happiness of the people; and not for the profit, honor, or private interest of any one man, family, or class of men:—

Declaration of Rights.

PALMER:

FROM THE PRESS OF E. TERRY.

Daniel Greenleaf at Worcester, Mass., on the 16th. The printer, in liberal fashion, threw in the cut on the half-title page, not as a portrait of the speaker, but merely as an appropriate embellishment. It will be noticed that the letters of the committee and the orator are dated the same day. In our time the compliments might have been summarily disposed of by telephone; at another time, later than 1805, an exchange of letters would have done it. In this instance, I prefer to believe that the Honorable Bezaleel Taft and the others did actually present themselves at the parsonage, with their resolution in hand; that the Reverend Mr. Crane thanked them, and begged to be allowed to retire to his study to prepare a suitable reply; that he added his wish that they await him in the dining-room, where his wife and daughters would have the honor of offering them some refreshment—a bowl of cold rum punch; and that the Honorable Bezaleel, the Honorable Seth, and the others, did so await his return, and passed a pleasant and profitable quarter of an hour. After this, Mr. Crane rejoined them with his stately little note, reminded his wife that she had forgotten the plum-cake, and sent his daughter Dorcas to fetch it.

Robert Y. Hayne was eminent enough in his day, but the place he occupies in American history is what is known in the variety theatre as the "straight man" or "feeder." Nobody knows what he said, on a certain famous occasion, but every one knows what Daniel Webster said in reply. In St. Phillip's Church, Charleston, S. C., on July 4, 1814, Mr. Hayne spoke to the '76 Association. Grandiloquent he was, too:

FELLOW CITIZENS!

OUR COUNTRY at this moment exhibits one of the most interesting spectacles, the world has ever seen. A spectacle, so august, so splendid, so sublime, that it must be grateful to the sight of God and Man. Millions of freemen now croud [sic] the temples of the Most High, and offer the incense of gratitude on his holy altars. Ten thousand voices, now chant "A nation's Choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown." . . .

In what then, my countrymen, does your superior lot consist? Does the verdure of your fields delight the eye? The vineyards of France and of Italy display equal beauty. Are your mountains the objects of your admiration? Visit that unfortunate, though magnanimous people, who once like ourselves triumphed over

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oppression, and in the Glaciers of Switzerland you will behold nature in all her grandeur and simplicity. . . .

In a few moments, however, he let them into the secret: "The United States of America is the only free country on earth." Much may be forgiven Mr. Hayne, however. We were at war when he spoke, and the war was soon to take an unpleasant turn with the capture of the city of Washington.

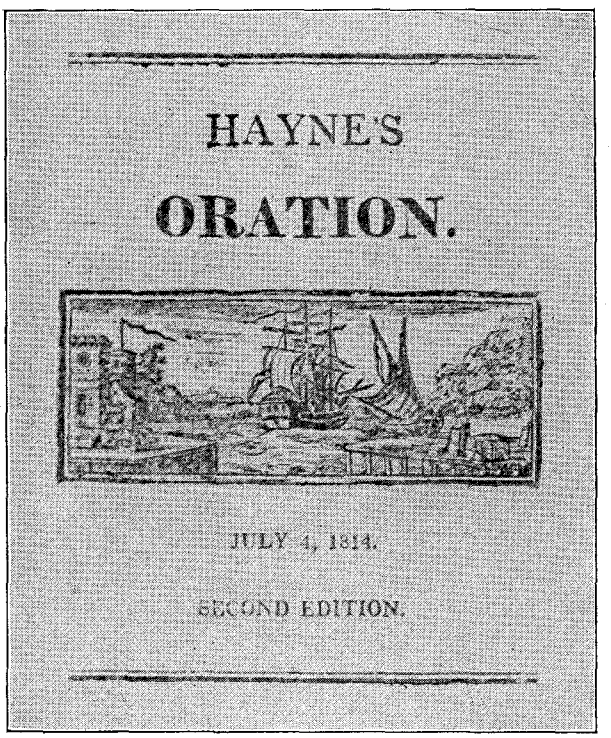
Four years earlier, on July 4, in St. Michael's Church in Charleston, one Hext M'Call addressed the American Revolution Society. The printed copy of his address which I have seen has been annotated by a critic with a pencil. "Let our harps resound the grateful theme," suggests Mr. M'Call, "let us bow at the altars of religion and patriotism, and 'GOD, even our own GOD, shall give us his blessing.'

'Such honor, Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.'"

But the critic is not pleased. He remarks, on the margin of the page, "here is not a happy co-incidence. Sacred and profane allusion ought not to be so immediately blended." When Mr. Hext M'Call refers to the distance between America and Europe, remarking that the God of nature had destined us for the happy pursuits of peace "by separating us from the old continent by a wall three thousand miles thick," the gentleman with the pencil acidly observes, "not a very correct figure." He relents at the sentence "If we would be heard, we must speak from our cannon—if we would be felt, we must draw our swords!" This, says he, is "very fine." But when the orator refers to the memory of Grotius and Vattel, and says that "The hydra policy has arisen from their grave," the annotator suggests "its Den" in place of "their grave," and justly adds that it is "not fair to make this Hydra spring out of the graves of those great men."

Sonorous were the words with which the Reverend Doctor Hooper Cumming greeted the assembled firemen of New York in the Bowery Church, July 5, 1824.

Auspicious Morn! which witnessed the noblest declaration that ever issued from the lips of patriotism. Auspicious morn! which gilded the manly brows, and dilated the benevolent bosoms, and strung the sturdy nerves of Jefferson, and Adams, and Franklin, and Sherman, and Livingston. Auspicious morn! which heard three millions of freeman exclaim, "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." Oh! it is good to be here. I congratulate you. I rejoice with you. I can without misgivings call you brethren.



Doctor Cumming's condescension was as magnificent as Pooh-bah's. And, although it is not apparent that the clouds of war were lowering, he closed by an offer, in the case of invasion, to serve as chaplain for the embattled firemen, "a Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other."

The Fourth of July oration had aroused printed satire at least as early as 1859. In that year there was printed at Greenfield an "Address by General Herr Von

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Louis Kershoot, Poem by Jared Theophilus Sacksphellow, delivered before the Hardscrabble Yeomanry, July 4, 1859." It has the usual thanks of the committee, the request for a copy for the press, the orator's reply, and the speech

"Liberty-loving Patriots of this Great and Glorious Republic:

"One hundred years ago the spot where we now stand was located elsewhere. . . ."

Satire is criticism, and unintentional satire is the keenest. Fourth of July

The Fourth of July Orator.
From "Mose Skinner's Centennial Book."

and ode themselves—all in broad burlesque.

Rather better is "Mose Skinner's Centennial Book," published in Boston in 1875 to anticipate the flood of rodomontade which was arising for the year 1876. In one paragraph the author writes: "Any person who insinuates in the remotest degree that America isn't the biggest and best country in the world, and far ahead of every other country in everything, will be filled with gunpowder and touched off." And Skinner's mock oration, given at "Byetown," Vt., in 1875, begins thus:

oratory burst into its full flower at Rome, Tenn., in 1859, on the eighty-third anniversary of American Independence. On that day, Edwin H. Tenney, attorney-at-law of Nashville, made the chief address. There was a prayer by Reverend Ira W. King; the Honorable Alfred L. Bains read the Declaration of Independence. There were also "speeches in the evening" by Messrs. Caruthers, Harlan, Elliott, Payne, Robinson, and others, but these "are not reported." Anything which could have been said was an anticlimax after Mr. Tenney had finished. He opened with these words:

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Venerable, my Fellow Citizens, on the brilliant calendar of American Independence, is the day we celebrate. Venerable as the revolving epoch in our anniversaries of freedom is this avalanche of time. Venerable as the abacus on the citadel of greatness, thou well-spring of hope. Homestead of Liberty, we venerate thy habitation. Monument of immortality, we adorate thy worth. Pharos of ages, we hail thy glimmerings mid the cataracts of life. Almanac of our country, we would utter thy welcome with reverent awe. Our towers and our battlements, our flags and our heroes, yea, garlanded navies, decorated armies, and unfettered eagles, sleepless at the approach of thy footsteps, have welcomed thee. The clap of thy welcome booms along tesselated lawns, frescoed arbors, and lipping rivulets; while the surges of eloquence join the music of freedom.

As he warmed up to his work, he took up the neglect of sepulchral honors for Revolutionary heroes:

Samuel Adams lies unmarked under a Boston sidewalk. William Wirt has not a slab, though he rests in the embrace of a grave-yard at Washington. Baron Steuben is hid without a rock, yet it bespeaks for New York a reckless posterity. If we go to the heights of Abraham we look for General Wolfe—but where? If we go to Kentucky we hunt for the comrade of Washington, faithfulest, truest, but not a willow to tell that John Champe was ever there. If we return to New Hampshire and sit by the remains of the hero of Bennington, we revert with disdain, though not a worm now parades round his desolated sepulchre. If we want to see Ethan Allen, who did business for the "great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," we find that a mound of bulrushes and bullets is the last memorial of Ticonderoga. Three of our Presidents lie unhonored; but we will make but one more allusion to national neglect. Yet traitorous should we be to the beatings of liberty should we gargle this scene.

Then he advances to the Mexican War:

We pay thus our dues to seventy-six; but we see in this assembly the Mexican soldier. You have a mortgage on our sympathies, for your cerebellum has been steeled at the bellows of liberty. This gray-headed flag, the genial proffer of a Carthage heart, once splendid and significant, wiping so often with the limber neck of its gentle bird, your chameleon forehead, stitched with glory, and hemmed with magnificence, eloquent with Webster's great sentiment, 'mid the stars and stripes, that now flap the gales of a grateful country,—Ah! its history from the old training day, now sorry with scars, airy from bombshells, and bored with bullet holes, all redolent of victory, hued with blood from Palo Alto and Monterey, is your eulogy. Heroes of Tennessee! Champions of Mexico! That old silk flag—powder-burnt, shot-worn, its eagle sleeping, and its stars still twinkling, can you ask for a better eulogy?

We ought to know more of Mr. Tenney. What were his antecedents and his subsequent history? Did he go to Congress, and if not, how could he prevent it? Under whom did he study oratory? How did he get that way?

I have discovered no answer to these questions. One thing only has come to my knowledge of him: he addressed the Young Men's Association at Great Bend (no less) on May 12, 1858, and he spoke on "The Romance of Reform." The committee referred to his speech as "able and eloquent," and he assented to the usual request for a copy to print. The Young Men evidently loved language as such, for Mr. Tenney was in the same form which characterized his effort a year later at Rome. Here is a bit of his best at Great Bend:

Such a theme needs no epitasis.—It needs no amphitheatre with its Ignatius irritating the lions to accelerate his glory.—It needs not the intellect of an Origen—the inflexibility of a Laurentius—or the suavity of a Pionius for its apodosis.

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Style

BY W. C. BROWNELL
Author of "Standards," "Criticism," etc.

III. PRESENT-DAY USES—ART AND LETTERS

SUBORDINATION to sensation of both sentiment and style is not peculiar to ourselves but general, no doubt, in the modern phase of art and taste. In Paris, where one would think style inveterately established, and even in quarters there where it was most salient, it has quite notoriously and riotously taken, as it were, a holiday. This, longer apparent in plastic art, is now also shown in the drama, which, as regards style, furnishes "the acid test" in both art and the life it mirrors. One hears, for instance, that they now rant at the Français; indeed one divined it here a year or two ago; and it is easy to recall days when excess on the stage there produced murmurs of "*charge!*" and subdued but heartfelt ejaculations of "*non! non!*" in the house. Curiously enough, Mr. Norman Trevor, the actor, recently back from an English visit, is reported as saying of the English stage: "It has deteriorated in respect to both plays and acting. There is an overzealous attempt to be natural, resulting in underacting, and a great deal of apathy all around." *Multum in parvo* surely in its bearing on the relation of naturalness to style. I remember Sarcey occasionally holding the actor up to his art in the same way, notably Fèbvre, too, whose underacting was decidedly *stylé*. In Paris, however, the tendency to revert to routine is, in general, in the direction of style. Our own tendency is away from it. In the matter of style French infidelity is due to stimuli of a transitory nature; with us, as no doubt with the English, whose traits and tradition we, naturally, so largely share, coldness to it comes rather from fatigue in the struggle to hold an unfamiliar pose. The normal in one case pulls toward style and away from it in the other. We associate distinction with reserve, the French with development. We have an instinctive partiality for storing energy, they for using it; we prefer the sense of power, they the functioning of force; while therefore we are always affirming character, they are constantly exercising mind, and (like the Greeks) incline to the architecture, as we (with the Romans, rather) to the engineering, of expression.

Our distrustful feeling toward style thus proceeds in part, no doubt, from a natural bias in favor of the restricted order of beauty proper to a Quakerish taste —such as, for a striking example, is attested on a large scale by the æsthetic aspect unifying the city of Philadelphia, still the pride in this respect of its founders' descendants, among whom our social standard is, perhaps, highest. And the hostility to style into which at the present time our distrust has apparently deepened, is, I suspect, to some extent reinforced by the drab and spare strain in our conception of refinement. This view, through regarding art as artificial and associating something Babylonish with beauty, results in imaginative poverty and the absence of æsthetic standards in the inescapable circumstances that imperatively call for them; Penn at court cut but a poor figure before Charles uncovering in his stead. And such æsthetic asceticism tends automatically to accentuate the ideal of naturalness that has possessed itself of the various fields of our thought, feeling, and conduct, and—to use the kind of style to which we are not hostile—"lock, stock, and barrel." Certainly the field of art and letters is as conspicuously controlled by this ideal at the present time as that of personal and social activity, and accordingly is as plainly ruled by the sensationalism implicit in a naturalistic philosophy culminating in a cult of heterodoxy and a heterogeneous

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practice. Despite exceptions of note everywhere, despite a noteworthy general capacity (as if that were enough!) exhibited in writing as writing, and despite a technical level in many cases higher than often reached hitherto (the number of practitioners having enormously increased), the average novel must succeed in being "gripping," the average fine-art exhibition something with more "snap" than the merely admirable, the average essay "vital" or "devastating," the average poem "dynamic," the average play "thrilling." There is an occasional flaw showing a momentary shift but no steady breeze in the direction of reaction. One of the most pungent of present-day critics recently complained of our prize performance in letters, the short story, that it had sacrificed philosophy to "punch" and delivered its punch with mechanical rigidity —a blazing indiscretion from the popular point of view and one calculated to cheer the conservative with the rosy prospect if not of the revival of philosophy in the short story at least of the decline of punch. But the agencies interested in prolonging its present "rubber-stamp" rigidity are discouragingly numerous. They do, to be sure, conspire to give one a sympathetic comprehension of the current attitude towards Victorian rigidities. If, as the French adage has it, one is never so well scratched as by one's self, one is never so easily rasped as by others. Remembering this, all that Victorian survivals could justly say to their censors in extenuation of their own varieties of commonplace would be, "Strike, but read me." Perhaps, too, that would be an unreasonable request to make of readers who, doubtless in self-protection, read only each other—with the retributive result, however, of belittling Howells, say, while extolling Mr. Dreiser. Probably Mr. Dreiser provides more thrills.

Thrills clearly are among the dearest desiderata of the day, despite their tendency to undermine tone and leave the victim not, to be sure, Hamlet's "passion's slave," but as surely a passive instrument to be played upon as "upon this pipe." Sensation itself thus appears distinctly limited sensuously. Its upper reaches, "calm and free," where the elevated and the exquisite wait to be experienced are left much unvisited. The test of it is thrill. The general public would quite generally echo the succinct formula used by a representative "girl of the period" in telling a remonstrant mother "where to get off": "If a thing isn't a thrill it's a bore."

And the test of thrill is intensity; that of intensity being all you can stand. Critical "reactions" of this kind, accordingly, correspond in value to those of the hysterical child touching a hot stove with tentative finger. The contented sigh of the Paris bourgeois, as he settles himself into his seat at the Français of a Sunday afternoon, expectant of the pleasure to be derived from the *beaux vers* of the repertory, breathes a different order of beatitude. Our stage may avoid such rant as there may be at the Français, declamation not being in any case its strong point, but the stampede of our theatregoers by the Russian agonists furnishes striking evidence of our preference for being played upon to being played to. Russians themselves, so vividly depicted in Mr. Gherardi's so happily-entitled fiction, "Futility," would doubtless quite generally have echoed the sentiments of the member of this company who, taken by an American actor to an American theatrical performance, and invited to give his impressions, replied unenterprisingly that he found the attempt to get any futile, as he didn't understand what was said on the stage. When, however, without understanding what is said on the stage one can hear it from the street, a new element is introduced. The performance ceases to be pure pantomime, which stimulates in composure the spectator's imagination, and becomes pantomime plus the noise which, disconcerting receptivity, can only hypnotize the sensibility. The noise, combined with some of the drama and much of the action, produced a curious effect, delight or dismay according to taste, but certainly chiefly sensational. Meantime, the admirable art of the players, if conspicuous enough to "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm" in a way which the elect could savor, could hardly by itself have "thrilled" the general. Even the elect demand more stimulant at the theatre than formerly. A successor of Winter and Wheeler and Dithmars, dramatic

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critics of olden times, who wrote about the play and its performance, finds the greatest merit of an otherwise almost wholly charming play to have been the success of the heroine in filling him with real fear that she would succeed, in spite of restraint by a couple of other actors, in throwing herself out of a window, and producing in him, accordingly, delicious sensations—which must be indifferent to the reader.

The violence that Mr. Kerr couples with our humanity is observably infiltrating our taste in many directions. It is curious to see it associated so amicably with the featureless placidity of our excellent newspaper writing. Banished from the style it riots in the substance of this, sometimes paying lavishly for the privilege. The best newspaper talent we have records a prize fight in Wyoming, to do which, obviously, it is necessary to go there. Substance the most extravagant in the way of opinion and emotion, informs statement of the utmost composure. Ships were never scuttled in a milder manner. Confronted with what calls for concentrated effort, even energy quails, sidestepping ordered emphasis. Impudence itself is clearly too inadvertent and absurdity apparently too genuine to be effectively presented. Paradoxes are innocently proclaimed in the amiable but unwitting guise of platitudes. The tawdriest thinking clothes itself in the plainest garb, and what is so happily called "piffle" pleads for a hearing on the ground that prattle is not pretentious. In such unquestionable shape does the reincarnated ghost of Victorian "smugness" walk. Fundamental good nature is everywhere regnant. Self-satisfaction produces it in abundance, and we have thus found a way of all being very kind, and also in many cases very brutal at the same time. Universal tolerance prevails, according perfectly with complacence. The complacence is sometimes colossal. "We shall let slip by in charitable silence the centenary of George Eliot," observed the editor of one of the Literary Supplements on that occasion; a remark that Arnold, who divided the stylistic savagery of his time between "freaks" and "violences," would probably have catalogued under both heads. One visualizes the genial author of it revolting from Victorian "tightness and oppression," and, amid the "storms, clouds, effusion, and relief" of a freer age, tapping it out on his typewriter almost absent-mindedly. There is no vitriol in the contempt expressed for dignitaries felt to be "has-beens," and incapable of further harm; as Fields in one of their skits used to say to Weber, who complained of neglect: "You don't look neglected, you look forgotten." But their successors, after crowding them off the board, yet await the ordeal prescribed by *Punch's* Milesian drill-sergeant: "Prisint arrms! Heavens, what a prisint! Step out here and look at yourselves!" And if in the contempt of these for their predecessors there is no acerbity, neither is there any moderation; excess has become fairly instinctive and impulse despotic. "So long as no bones are broken," one almost hears the literary exponent of the Zeitgeist's present temper exclaim, "the wincing of the weakling and the aversion of the dilettante *are* negligible. The bloom of life may take care of itself as it can. Manner, after all, merely veils matter, which alone has meaning. We are after the fruit, not the flower. Let us say so with manly candor, leave off playing tin soldiers with the elegances of expression and recommend to those who still affect them the mandolin instead." Indeed I borrow this last injunction from one of the most authoritative, shall I say? at any rate most engaging, voices among the newspaper daily prophets—so different from those that discharged the same function among the Hebrews. Even those that persecuted Saint Paul for a particularly fine quality of what—including far inferior grades—we now call "liberalism," would stare at the charge of a recent "columnist" of distinction that this apostle was guilty of "taking the fun out of Christianity"—an assertion containing, as Voltaire said of the title Holy Roman Empire, three mistakes, and recalling the criticism of an eminent writer's use of a large "M" for Mahometanism, and a small "c" for Christianity as "an apparent attempt to contravene the judgment of ages, betraying an imperfect conception of the relation of means to ends." The motive, or whim, of this rather conspicuous aside of "current comment" appeared, however, more

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clearly in the sequence, explaining that what was particularly exasperating in Saint Paul's offence was its "ineptitude," adding that Judas at least got paid, and betraying in its excess, one would say, the desire both to give and in giving to receive a sensation of an unusually acute order. Sensation, no doubt, acquires an extra edge through the perversion of uttering an enormity as a commonplace, but the point beyond which the sensational becomes the shocking is difficult to determine, and it can hardly be maintained that the shocking would lose even half its grossness even in losing all its evil.

The vice of sensation giving and seeking from an æsthetic point of view is that nothing can be made out of such an unmapped country as sensationalism. It is the home, or habitat, of pure whim. In the domain of the fantastic one thing is as good as another, because all are meaningless. The sensation which has succeeded to the Victorian sentiment, so mechanically nowadays reproached with conventionality, is all too incapable of conventionalization, having no pattern nor the potentiality of any. The character of a cause is negligible when only effect, any effect, is desired. Drugs do not interest laic analysis. Of course the desultory is distraction, and there are times when what Emerson called the almanac style is exceptionally diverting and newspaper flotsam suits us better than the "values" of literature, or for that matter of life. But, having these latter values in mind, one concludes that sensation will have to become, as Daisy Ashford would say, "less mere" before it can be utilized as either inspiration or material of the importance possessed by sentiment. It calls for the discipline of measure and restraint in any case, and concentration through style upon its effect may be commended to it, since effect, indeed, is its goal. It is irrational that the present day should not perceive the advantage of systematizing the expression of its emotional exuberance through the application of such a universal principle and the agency of such a universal language as style furnishes for just its need—its dire need—of lodgment in any mind it may desire to impress. And whatever his success with the public, filing his own sensibility to an extra edge, instead of exercising it in ordering and animating its artistic material, is plainly perilous to the moral balance of the artist in proportion to the degree of acuity reached. Intensity of gaze—also a trait peculiar to the "modern" artist—may easily be carried so far as to induce neglect of what is outside of its focus, but that is a trifling handicap beside the concomitant excitation of nerves and emotions which irritates and enfeebles the whole nature and hamstrings constructive effort.

"Dear laws, be wings to me,"

prayed Alice Meynell to the laws "of verse" which, if they did not "in the highest empyrean have their birth," were yet eminently not begotten of the present lawless generation of "mortal men." And Mr. Yeats, whose interest in style I have already illustrated, has a reference to that tragic figure, John Davidson, which vividly, if indirectly, characterizes the futility of much present-day sensational extravagance, content to "express itself," though expressing little else, casually rather than in style of any characterizable sort, serried or spacious, stately or severe. "With enough passion," he says of Davidson, "to make a great poet, through meeting no man of culture in early life he lacked intellectual receptivity, and, anarchic and indefinite, lacked pose and gesture, and now no verse of his clings to my memory."

Nothing could be more succinctly suggestive of the value of cultivating style than this truly sapient sentence. And poets, with or without enough passion to be great—a qualification probably ignored to-day by the most prosaic—as well as our numerous writers in all kinds who, in lieu of eschewing, incline to cultivate, the "anarchic and indefinite," should realize what therein they sacrifice. If, on the other hand, they have the receptivity which the age's profession of open-mindedness would argue general—except as regards the worth of its own inheritance, which it has so largely declined unexamined—they should recognize the value of "pose and gesture," frankly studied, if only to make naturalness seem natural. Even the natural bent for "a kind of felicity," admitted by Bacon in the idealization of nature, and such as delights us now and

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then in quite elementary cases—a native talent for pose and gesture comparable, say, to an exceptional singing voice—is none the worse for development. And this is how the matter should be looked at rather than, as is usual, the other way around of considering only the impossibility of developing such a gift without the germ to start with. Shakespeare, whose "most distinguishing characteristic," according to Carlyle, was "superiority of intellect," would doubtless more than another have smiled assent to the line in Ben Jonson's tribute declaring:

"For a good poet's made, as well as born."

And Mr. Max Eastman, an expert in these matters, as well as an authority on the sense of humor, having written a book about it, suggests the ingenious compromise: "An artist must train himself up to his own level." But, as I happened to read recently in M. Landormy's "History of Music," Bach did even better by "all his life long" copying and recopying the works of the masters, and, says the author, "as a result of paying respectful homage to their knowledge, raised himself above their level"—a slow and tedious process, however, to commend to a generation satisfied with the simple and much speedier expedient of deeming its forerunners' level lower than its own. Professor Brander Matthews's essay inculcating The Duty of Imitation contains many instances of successful results from the persistent discharge of that obligation, but none more remarkable than this effect of impregnation by indirectness, which doubtless has much to say for itself, though it certainly had good luck in being taken up by Bach. The training of the subconscious, whereby habit becomes a second nature, is beyond question a practical discipline; Delacroix copied as protractedly and profitably as Bach can have done, and reading, rightly chosen and steadily pursued even if not studied, as well as increasing one's store of acquisition must have a suggestive influence upon his style.

But undoubtedly one's own powers must fundamentally be developed by themselves in active consciousness, with whatsoever guidance by suggestion or exercise in imitation. And in the matter of pose and gesture, where nevertheless artificiality is the arch enemy, even the effect of spontaneity, surely the trump card of naturalness, can only be secured by study. The converse of Sheridan's remark about easy writing being hard reading may, in many cases, be less exact than the remark itself, but in so far as easy reading demands seeming spontaneity, it requires either studied writing or extraordinary good fortune. It is, perhaps, not less difficult, and certainly more fundamental, to clarify than to color what one writes, but to achieve style by accomplishing both and, through the art that conceals art, endue the result with the effect of spontaneity, is harder still. Writers who learn how to do it in their sleep are few—though famous. The secret of the successful who do not is doubtless that, when the centre of the target is hit, hitting it seems to the observer easier than missing the target altogether. Vicissitudes of trial and error, the method doubtless assigned to man when the earning of his bread and its laboriousness originally became his destiny, are not visualized by the onlooker. The normal—or whatever our intelligence takes for it—is our only standard; consciously or unconsciously, we can have no other. Where we deem it attained we unconsciously assume it to have been reached by the direct normal route. Experience, that seasoned traveller, knows better—knows how often one has to stumble in, or stray from, the straight and narrow way, and, entering beckoning by-paths, to find oneself in Doubting Castle and the clutches of Giant Despair (and eke his dread consort, Diffidence!) ere reaching at last the Celestial City.

One of the most useful services that the cultivation of style could render the present day, and one quite within its competence as the friend of both parties, would be to mitigate the quarrel between the followers, respectively, of character and of beauty, which if not a standing is a smouldering one and is just now particularly active in both letters and art—the terms "life" and "art" having, for the moment, in the literary field, displaced the old ones. Mr. Middleton Murry, an authority in these matters whom I have already cited, speaking for a

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coterie of importance, one judges, represents the cleavage as having, in London, reached an acute stage in which he and his friends take the side of "life," deserting the banner of "art" in a notably whole-souled way. There is normally, no doubt, some such temperamental relation, not inconsistent with occasional coolness, between the two as that between love and duty prevalent in the Victorian era, sympathetically celebrated by the Victorian laureate, and now, perhaps, having been settled on naturalistic principles, no longer of interest. We already know of the present-day value set upon "life," the breezy view taken of it as a great improvement on conduct, its satisfaction in circumstances in which it can, as it were, pinch itself and realize that "this is the life." Art among ourselves is thought to wear, at times, an abandoned aspect—as who should say of Ariadne deserted by Theseus yet unconsoled by Bacchus. And possibly the kind of life that, to some extent, in her stead has found favor in our sight may, at times, have found so much less in hers as to lead her on her side to sulk a little. Yet the lifelong tie between art and life will probably not be permanently disrupted by an absolute divorce, even in the domain of fiction, in which they are certainly at present on abnormally frigid terms. Fiction is, doubtless, the field Mr. Murry has in mind—no one apparently, so far as current letters is concerned, having any other there, hardly even the poetry which, though its practice is so popular, singularly eludes mental retention. It seems only yesterday that, in England especially, both critics and practitioners of fiction were particular to refer to it as an art, sometimes in the tone of intimating that it was the only live one, as indeed its astonishing preponderance makes it seem. Mr. Percy Lubbock has certainly also demonstrated that it includes a prodigious degree of craftsmanship. On reflection perhaps that supplies one motive for purging it of art in favor of "life." A craft connotes apprenticeship —often so tedious to talent.

Nevertheless the normal relations between life and art may easily have been less fundamentally disturbed than the neighbors, as I suppose the critics may in this instance be called, have been inclined to believe. Invasion of the precincts of art by much of the life hitherto successfully kept out of them has, undoubtedly, created some scandal, but nothing so serious as the open-armed welcome it has received from the critics would lead one to suppose, and the situation may yet prove quite temporary. The normal relation between life and art may conveniently be called the intimate and inveterate one belonging to the marriage of material with meaning. Art may permissibly now and then take a holiday from interpreting and revel as effloresence, but life can never cease to be potential artistic material. If it ever excusably seems meaningless, then for art that is its meaning—meaning on which it is less pleasant than profitable to reflect, and which for that reason perhaps is so often banished from the modern bosom, already actively predisposed to take unto itself the uninterpreted raw material instead. But the exile of art from that haven would not irreparably impeach its claims to unseverable fellowship with its legitimate substance any more than a similar ejection would those of philosophy. "Like it or not"—as Stevenson would say—art will always arrange and animate, as philosophy will always examine and explain, the data furnished them by life. It is true that life is a larger thing than art, and that it has features which, practically considered, art may better interpret by imaging and illustrating in their own spirit of irregularity and of haphazard than by a more perfect foreshortened synthesis. It is only in theory that the microcosm can always focus the macrocosm into an adequate interpretative parallel. But this is plainly a matter not of art or no art, but of different technical methods. Each was very markedly employed by Thackeray, for instance. One may take his choice between "Esmond" and the others of the quadrilateral, as Taine did, rejecting all but "Esmond" as satire; as if, for that matter, satire were not art. But one had better choose both.

The effectiveness of the looser method appeared strikingly for the time being in the fiction of early French naturalism. At first the garishness of Zola's early books seemed to light up phases of life, as Thackeray said Fielding did a rogue "like

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the flash of a policeman's lantern," and with such piercing vividness, secured by extended parallel presentation rather than the customary focussing of selection, as to produce the illusion that art had fled. Beauty was so plainly absent that one failed to note the companion theretofore so constantly in her company. The illusion was deepened by the flagrant novelty of encountering in an art form exactly and exclusively this kind of material—this order of "life." But "custom and use"—aided, one should always acknowledge, by Jules Lemaitre—later disclosed the fact that the fugitive was life rather than art. The reader has since had a surfeit of naturalism as a substitute for reality. Perhaps it was its inner unsatisfactoriness that led Zola himself to end one of his later books with unwonted eloquence and feeling: "*Tout n'est que rêve!*" Of course reality has to pass through the menstruum of the artist's mind, however little alembicated in the process. Having just read those masterpieces of our own fiction, "The Landlord of the Lion's Head" and "The Son of Royal Galbrith," I remember remarking, on some occasion of meeting their author, that his earlier books, though more romantic, seemed to me quite as real. "True," assented Mr. Howells; "only, when you are young life seems more like a fairy story to you." And "seems" must suffice us. Nobody really knows how it really is. But it ought really to seem "as represented."

If, on the other hand, either the "epic" exaggeration or the cataloguing reproduction by art of the commonplace, the inconsequence, and the incoherence of life, or the dilettante artistry essentially detached from life, is what Mr. Murry bases his aversion upon, it is quite possible to "feel what he means." Even so, however, to express his meaning by a radical renouncement of art in general is to darken counsel. To encourage style would be far more salutary than to renounce art. And, indeed, I have dwelt so long on this characteristically contemporary blanketing of art by "life," and on the naturalism rather tardily but systematically modifying the realism of our own fiction, because it is precisely and obviously style, with its continuity and coherence that, permeating technical treatment, both topical and textual, should lift this fiction on the whole to a higher plane, viewed either as craftsmanship or as art. If we are not to have these agreeable qualities and their kindred as attributes of concrete substance in fiction, we shall be grateful for the pleasure they afford us, as abstractions, in arranging the pattern of the action, the position of the pieces, and the interplay of their relations, not to speak of the textual beauty of the libretto. There is certainly life enough and of enough pungency in the fiction of Maupassant, for an egregious instance, to show the compatibility of the worst of life with the best of art—the acme of art as art, in fact, and art too of which the central element is style.

It is, then, surely needless to abandon art out of loyalty to life, even the "life" by which—as so often happens with us since we selected for adoption that particular strain in French fiction, and whenever the word is used with unction—mainly misbehavior is meant. Indeed in this case art is particularly needful to fiction—at least, in the long run. "There comes a time, no doubt," Mr. Lubbock rather unaccountably makes a foolish character say, in his delightful "Roman Pictures," "when we turn to life itself, to the book of the heart, rather than to an imaginary picture of it, however sincere; a mere novel then loses its hold on us, and we reach out after our kind." The requirements, in other words, are twofold: the novel must be something more than sincere as portraiture, and something more than "mere"—art, that is, as well as life. But the words quoted may be taken to imply the deeper meaning, that we incline most to turn from art to life when art is heartless—something different, I imagine, from what Mr. Murry means. When it is not heartless (and not "mere") it is itself "the book of the heart," and, at need, a comforting equivalent for "our kind." And when is it not heartless? When it has itself at heart "the dim beauty at the heart of things." And when it has, it can not only "hold" us, but hold us on the highest plane through the signal instrumentality of style in the sympathetic service of this beauty. It was not for nothing that the powers who preside over the destinies of

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literature, among the multifarious points of view of the Great Tragedy so multitudinously treated in fiction, should have reserved "the soul of the war" for the author of "A Son at the Front"—a title of happy equivalence to this its true theme—and the writer most distinguished among our fictionists for achieving beauty through style.

To-day one can hardly use the word beauty without feeling a little self-conscious. One needs the courage of chivalry in the face of cynicism—it has so few friends. What indeed it is so often arrogantly conceived to suggest—the insipid, the inane, the superficial—deserves so few. Most phases of modern plastic, even more decidedly than literary, art take toward beauty a frankly supercilious attitude, viewing it at best as antiquatedly irrelevant—as much in the same case with its ancient copartners, goodness and truth, all three rather flat and fetichistic. Nature, too, is no longer, as heretofore understood, an inspiration but a realm in which to "peep and botanize," to find "volume" and "significant form." Having ceased to entertain sentiment in the soul, the modern movement has sought the development of "sensibility" as a substitute, but plainly a sensibility whose satisfactions must be largely "personal," since it so often confines itself to depicting nature as no doubt it can be seen but is not looked at. Its customary aspect is sacrificed to abstractions, and in two main directions. In one the artist endeavors by persevering concentration to capture the treeness of the tree, say, the skyness of the sky, the particularity of the particular place, the individuality of the individual—physically, of course, as a model and, it is to be understood in his interest, with but incidental, if any, reference to his moral personality. In the other, and at the opposite pole of intention, the artist uses the figure freely to depict (or, more strictly, licentiously to symbolize!) something invisible and immaterial, such as, say, music or motion. Between the two there are naturally more shades than easily distinguished distinctions. Speaking of one of them—probably—M. André Lhote, a genuine authority whom it is difficult to refrain from citing at length, observes sympathetically, being himself a painter: "His open window is deformed in a manner which is not in the least arbitrary, and the town gently topples into the room." This, he explains, is in accord with "a formula" he has himself used, "which aims at reconstructing the interior mechanism of sensation." Thus, even since Bergson, it appears, "the mechanistic view" persists.

"Art still has truth, take refuge there,"

sings Arnold, summing up Goethe. But surely Goethe would have felt the insecurity as a refuge of truth that topples, however gently, and perhaps have decreed it not art at all—at least, not his kind.

Symbolic art has, no doubt, its interest; in any case, the interest of sport conceived as science, or, it may be, science treated as sport. Much of it, to be sure, may recall Johnson's remark on Shenstone's landscape gardening: "Perhaps a sullen and surly spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason." There is unquestionably a tendency in the sportiveness of "modern art" to create sullen and surly spectators; and the side of it that produces gloom in the serious makes gaiety in its presence seem ghastly even to the flippant. It is interesting to speculate as to what Muybridge, who saw his discoveries as aids to representation, would think of Matisse, who presents them as a substitute for it: Lot's wife, say, in mid-transformation into her pillar of salt instead of, as we know her, either before or after taking her backward glance, and as only the camera could see her. Portraying invisible transition, though securing rhythm by falsifying rhyme and reason, destroys the integrity of the dancing lady dislocated for the purpose. Nature is caricatured out of its concreteness in order to achieve the abstractness of arabesque. The result in this case has a certain rudimentary degree of style, in virtue of rhythmic continuity of line, devitalized, however, by the grotesqueness of its distortion. But the normal relations of style and significant substance are clearly inverted, style, though beautiful in itself, as in arabesque, being an instrument through which substance that has sense acquires beauty also. If she is otherwise meaningless it was hardly worth while to butcher the dancing

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lady to make an arabesque holiday—aside from the fact that even butchered she does not make a very good arabesque, being, after all, more or less there herself and, so far as she is, being sorrowful to look upon. And there is still less reason to acclaim this sort of thing as the art of the future. M. Marcel Sembat ingeniously settles the question of Matisse by asking us *à brule-pourpoint* whether he has talent or not. Certainly he has talent. But because "Alice in Wonderland" is probably sure of immortality no one ever suggested that its vein marked out the line of subsequent literary development. Of course there is a difference: Alice is inimitable and Matisse is not; but imitability does not, in itself, insure indefinite imitation—at least, imitation wide-spread and prolonged enough to promise definite adoption. *Many* more Matisses would probably cause a *pre*-impressionist resurrection.

The natural result of scrapping concrete embodiments of imagination, sentiment, beauty, and taste as stale conventionalities and substituting for them materialistic abstractions, as sources of artistic inspiration and targets of technical achievement, is that the wildest exaggerations are, in fact, saturated with the spirit of the prosaic, the literal, and their derivative, the humorless. Much of the art of the day, fleeing contamination by the conventional, and as terrified at the bogy of beauty as Orestes pursued by the Furies—incidentally a theme handled by Bougereau in a manner farther beyond its reach than beneath its contempt—or, as Mr. Santayana represents it, vicariously "penitent" for preceding art, has lost touch with the concrete through the confused notion of presenting us with stark abstraction of one kind or another as itself a concrete. Thus, it endeavors to represent what, existing only in idea, it is impossible to imagine in form. Obviously, therefore, what if anything it does represent is something else. Essentially this something else is caricature, the inevitable bourne of the pursuit of character in contempt of beauty. If, too, simplification is an essential antecedent of simplicity with style, its exaggeration is caricature. Avoidance of commonplace that is agreeable, or of even the exceptionally beautiful if familiar, tends inevitably to acceptance of the distorted. Caricature accordingly is prone to enter as an element even into expression that it does not completely characterize. It is, of course, an art in itself that has only recently burst through its limitations in defiance of its own circumscribing principle. This principle in plastic art is the same, I should suppose, that governs the use of irony in letters: the principle that the point of view must be plain, however subtle the treatment. The court to which it appeals must be satisfied as to its identity. Yet in a good deal of "modern art" not only is the public deceived, but the artist himself is apparently deluded and, not voluntarily essaying caricature, functions in unconsciousness of an apparent talent for it.

But the beholder, who is not deceived, finds it no palliation of a mystification that the mystic himself should be mystified, knowing that if he were trained he would be enlightened. That he is not appears not only in the looks of what he produces but in his claim, not that his production is entitled to consideration as an interesting variant, but that its proper destiny is to supplant preceding art—as, for instance, electricity has so largely supplanted other power. For him his art, even if ostensibly an aberration, is really the apogee of art—exception being made, perhaps, of that practised by the primitives of his own line of evolution, or of exotic crudities equally distant from the stage which æsthetic evolution has reached to-day. To the conservative to have what his traditions and disciplined practice commit him to considering a combination of unconscious caricature and dilettante affectation, exalted above his own production in defiance of his own principles, is exasperatingly incomprehensible. "Amuse yourself with caricature if you like," he feels like adjuring the newcomer in his realm, "but why not appreciate what it is that you are doing? In that way you will do it better. Raffaelli, in inventing the term 'characterist' for himself and his school, certainly did not contemplate *your* succession. But express caricature aside, in the name of rational representative art abandon the delusion of replacing the results of orderly growth by irruptive fantasticalities. Realize that

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these belong in a class by themselves. As for resurrecting the superseded rather than adapting the surviving past, at least recognize this disposition as a special taste without claims to replace the taste properly belonging to our own day and generation, and neither to a preceding stage of our own, nor to any stage whatever of a wholly different, development." To this one suspects the answer of the "modern" artist would be practically that of the railway official at the ticket window in a French *revue de l'année*, who to the citizen threatening to complain of his insolence, vouchsafed: "All right, complain as much as you like. That's your rôle. It's your rôle to complain and mine to insult you."

So far as style is concerned it is not singular that the simplicity which is the result of simplification should, accordingly, have been so largely overshadowed by the umbrage of naturalness, flourishing in unadulterated unregeneracy in the garden of art and letters as well as in the surrounding country. On the other hand, naturalness being at best but undeveloped personality, there is some confusion in the modernist's psychology. It is certainly not sufficiently recognized by those who, viewing art as pure self-expression, and abandoning its representative function so far as possible, have not merely simplified but systematized and even standardized their simplification, that the order of self-expression they have in mind, being voluntary and determined (and in many cases determinedly like that of some one else), rather than inevitable and inadvertent, is not for that reason more personal. It is, in fact, so disproportionally technical as to suggest the automatic, and even in conception is more common to the crowd of its own practice than was the art of its most conventional forerunners. These wore a decidedly looser garment, and, in the nature of the case, each was more himself, having neither theory nor technic susceptible of such explicit definition and therefore of such concerted exploitation. What M. Lhote proclaims as a "formula" they would have decried as a "trick." They were hard on "tricks." Their own bag of them was not plethoric. The "secret of Titian" was notably simple, being merely superimposition, and I remember Winslow Homer saying that about all a pupil could be taught was how to set his palette: "Begin with white and get along down to black." Only as contrasted with absolutely objective representation can modern art, being exhibition of theory rather than manifestation of temperament, be rightly called self-expression. One has only to think of such temperamental variety as within the limits of essentially the same theory the greatest artists exhibited, to be impressed by the contrasting and astonishing temperamental similarity virtually existing between present-day exponents of all current theories. Tintoretto's painting against the light, and Claude's "setting the sun in the heavens," as Ruskin conceded, were not theories of art but temperamental extensions of practice. Temperament, in fact, which would in many cases no doubt justify, is oftenest imperceptible in, "modern art." Yet in the eyes of its adherents it is its main raison-d'être. In most cases certainly the self seems to have been absorbed by the "school" it affects, now into an ecstasy of strenuous and essentially academic effort, now into a harmonious nirvana of identity submerged in sympathetic association. The self, indeed, as subject or source, has disappeared and subsists only as agent in this extraordinary theoretic systematization—as part, so to say, of the personnel of the particular creed or craze of which it is a partisan. This order of self-expression, therefore, seems so little truly personal as, equally with that naturalness which is altogether unsimplified, to resemble less the pursuit of an ideal than the functioning of an instinct. In a sense, thus, even a cynic about beauty might, if logical, be persuaded that, æsthetically, mankind, revolting from formalism, is becoming brute—*bête*, at any rate, as the untranslatable French word expresses it.

There is, however, one might guess, more future for the strain in "modern art" which devotes itself to the objective abstract than for that which studies subjective distortion of the concrete to the end of illustrating some notion, itself of possible interest only because thus intricately conveyed. The curiosities of optics can hardly be expected to prove of permanent interest in art; science is too distinctly a different field, and the doc-

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trine of divorcing appearances from reality in order to convey a more vivid sense of it—a blessing brightening as it takes its flight—practically declined into the trituration of symbolism long before current extravagances ran it into the ground. But intensity of scrutiny to the end of sharpening sensibility ought to lead in future to some order of æsthetic system, and finally to a generalizing synthesis infusing with its own spirit the structure of a nature more closely observed, and beauty come into her own again—bringing with her from exile those commanding synthetic forces, imagination and sentiment, in her train. And since abstractions are already in vogue, the cultivation and practice of style should be a short cut to this consummation, style being an abstraction in the interest of beauty, instead of independent of it, being, in fact, itself a potent element of beauty in all art expression.

"Modern art," essentially analytic, has no congenital feeling for style. So far as I can recall, it has rarely essayed, not to say achieved, a great—or even a large—picture, has never produced an important piece of elaborate monumental sculpture, has never included a building, properly so-called, among its characteristic edifices; and if it has not it is precisely because its theories prescribe practice in a region where the writs of style do not run and its principles are not considered. Quite specifically, therefore, style, successfully pursued, should ameliorate "modern art" by supplying its helter-skelter of items and episodes with organic order, regularizing the eccentricities of its rhythm, naturalizing its artificial intensities and elevating its grosser naturalisms, and, in fine, enduing its constructive fragmentariness with enough of its own essential continuity to create for it a genuinely expressive ensemble. And exactly what the selective co-ordinating pressure of style should aid its recovered sentiment and imagination to create is such an ensemble as Emerson indicates in his searching observation: "The charming landscape I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape." Fewer fields and more landscape is what lovers of beauty, as distinguished from Miller, Locke, and Manning, would be glad to get from "modern art." Nothing valuable would thereby be lost if in this way, and coincidentally with this gain, it lost some of that special appeal which excludes it from general esteem. Such discoveries in nature as attend the practice of art it is the mission of art to popularize, and not to maintain in esoteric mystery. Besides, nature's secrets, like her obvious aspects, are not art until made so, and for this purpose style is an unrivalled alembic.

To an Amiable Little Boy

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

I MAY forget the dates of wars,
  Whole dynasties of kings,
The Seven Wonders of the World,
  And many other things.

But while I live—and it may be
  Long after I am dead—
Your fingers clinging close in mine,
  Your scrubby little head,

Full of such friendly, merry thoughts,
  Your eyes, with great tears wet
Held bravely back—these are the things
  That I shall not forget.

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New Notes and Old in the Drama

1923–1924

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

Author of "Contemporary American Plays," "National Ideals in the Drama, 1922–1923," etc.

PLEASANT and profitable as the theatrical season has been to producer and to playgoer, it holds even more encouragement for the playwright. I have been accused of being uncritical in my appreciation of our native drama, both new and old, and I have been delighted therefore at certain of the events of the past year which have, all unconsciously, risen in my defense. Walter Prichard Eaton, for example, has been demanding of me quite sternly why I did not insist upon American playwrights writing upon American themes in a manner that was not "derivative." And then Mr. Eaton writes a charming play upon Queen Victoria in which at least some of the history was derivative from Mr. Strachey's life of that epic rather than dramatic sovereign! But what pleased me most was the way in which "Fashion," the sterling American comedy of the forties, has been filling the Provincetown and the Greenwich Village Theatres and proving how well an American gentlewoman could write a play in the days when, we are told by those who are perhaps informed upon other matters, we had no drama worth recording! Even the mistaken stage direction which deliberately burlesqued the comedy and omitted some of its best lines could not conceal the vitality of its characterization and the brilliancy of its dialogue. Fortunately one actress had the good sense to play her part as straight comedy, and the charming interpretation of Gertrude which Miss Morris gave would have delighted Mrs. Mowatt herself. As I watched this serene performance, made more difficult by the group of caricatures among whom she was forced to act, it seemed as though the fine spirit of the dramatist and actress was speaking, across the eighty years, of a womanhood that America once knew.

It is of course with the new notes that we are most concerned in this survey, which can hardly be a review of the season, but which is rather a discussion of the tendencies of play-writing, both native and imported, of the past year. But on looking back over the season it is another revival that impressed me most. Amid the bewildering variety and richness of the theatrical offerings of an extraordinary year, Walter Hampden's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" remains supreme. Part of the triumph belongs of course to Rostand and part to Brian Hooker's translation. Here is romantic drama, frank and unashamed, without a shrinking desire to be confused with classic art, willing to be judged by its quality of unquenchable youth; here is the play of the magnificent gesture. And how magnificently Mr. Hampden plays the part! My memory of Richard Mansfield's portrayal of Cyrano in 1898 serves only to emphasize Walter Hampden's right to his unquestioned supremacy. Mansfield gave a finished interpretation of Cyrano; Hampden *is* Cyrano. That is the difference. Watching the well-directed performance, one lived for a time in the France of chivalry; even the boasting of the Gascon fire-eaters had its racial gallantry. It is a great satisfaction to those who have followed Mr. Hampden's contest of years to see him established, appropriately at the National Theatre, in an unquestioned artistic and popular success.

The success of "Cyrano" and the failure of "Pelléas and Melisande," notwithstanding Miss Cowl's fine performance, illustrates the delightful uncertainty of the theatre. I reread "Pelléas and Melisande" just before witnessing it, and it seemed dramatic, but on the stage it became a series of dialogues without action.

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Romantic drama should not bend its energies toward repression of emotion; it should leave that to classic drama. Its province is expression—to the limit of art. Mystery it may have, but not mystery of motive—the mystery in "Pelléas and Melisande," instead of driving on the passion, rather gets in its way. Romance must have confidence in itself, too; it must be played without the suspicion of the tongue, either of the playwright or the actor, being in his cheek. Miss Zoë Akins's "A Royal Fandango" failed for that reason; it was only a superb cast which avoided the same pitfall in Molnar's "The Swan," for, after two brilliant acts, the Hungarian dramatist seemed to chuckle at the audience and indicate that this analysis of royal emotions was really only the pricking of a bubble. It was interesting to see how Otis Skinner injected the romantic spirit into a play which is based on the greatest satire on romance in the world's literature. "Sancho Panza," in Mr. Skinner's hands, became the epitome of the romance, not of chivalry but of common sense.

There are many ways of bringing romance to the stage, and three times this year playwrights have borrowed the lustre of a great historical figure to establish a dramatic motive. It happened that I saw "Queen Victoria" and "Robert E. Lee" on successive evenings, and the comparison between a play on an English queen by two American playwrights and a play upon a great American general by an English dramatist was quite instructive. Mr. Drinkwater had the better theme, but Mr. Carb and Mr. Eaton wrote the better play. In the first place, they took the trouble to study the career of their heroine and emphasized the few dramatic moments of that static force in English history. Then the Equity management did the casting well, so well indeed in the part of Prince Albert that he almost ran away with the play. From the point of view of popular success that was a pity, for to the American public Prince Albert is a forgotten form, and even the eloquent plea of Disraeli to the erring young Edward to emulate the marvellous virtues of his father fell on cold and unresponsive ears. Mr. Drinkwater, on the other hand, failed to seize the highest moments of Lee's career, and some of his statements concerning the formation of the Confederacy can only be described as extraordinary. But to stage the one battle of the play at Malvern Hill, which to an American audience is lost in the swamps of memory, and to neglect the invasion of the North, was fatal. And the ending was elegiac, not dramatic. What a scene could have been made of Lee's career as president of Washington and Lee University; there his message of reconstructed patriotism might have rung truly. But perhaps the only conclusion is that, despite "Abraham Lincoln," Mr. Drinkwater is really not a playwright.

The question as to whether Mr. Shaw is a playwright has long ago drifted into the impregnable harbors of opinion. His "Saint Joan" is irritating and provocative because, whatever else it may be, the central character is not the real Joan of Arc, and the play is not a well-constructed one. Marion Crawford, in his excellent little book on "The Novel," reminded novelists, and the lesson is equally pertinent for playwrights, that historical characters can make them ridiculous more easily than the author can perform the same service for the dead hero or heroine. The absurdities of Joan's mannerisms, such as her slapping the Dauphin on the back and calling him "Charley," do no harm, of course, to the real Joan. When the entire conception of a character is at fault, trifles do not matter. Joan of Arc was an epitome of the moving force of the Middle Ages, the force of faith. She won back France because she made Frenchmen believe in something higher than their personal fortunes, because she gave to the Latin-Celtic race a symbol, half human, half divine, which the Latin could venerate, and a leader whom the Celtic clan could follow to the death. Instead of this incarnation of the spirit which loses all thought of itself in the glory of a great cause, Mr. Shaw presents us with an apologist for individualism, a twentieth-century critic of the three institutions which Mr. Shaw dislikes most—the army, the nobility, and the church. He is so much in love with this interpretation of Joan that he keeps her off the stage for an entire scene while he gives us a lecture on elementary history in which he solemnly

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repeats the theory that the growing spirit of nationalism was an enemy to the three institutions above mentioned. The stubborn facts of history, which have shown clearly how at least two of those forces have used the growth of nationalism for their own advantage, mean nothing to Mr. Shaw; and perhaps it is not worth while to argue about his historical knowledge. So far as the drama is concerned, this scene could be cut out entirely, and the Epilogue, in which Joan chats with her persecutors and a modern gentleman who looks like a bootlegger, is so absurd that nearly every one gives it up in despair. The only really dramatic moments occur in the trial scene, and here Mr. Shaw has borrowed enough from documentary evidence to mitigate his own contributions. The real Joan is allowed to speak for a few moments, and the sympathy of the audience goes out to her. Generally speaking, the casting of the Theatre Guild was poor, the Earl of Warwick being a notable exception. It is a tribute to the historical character that the spirit of the Norman peasant saint, as interpreted by Miss Lenihan, shone through now and then and saved the play. For in the dramatic litany, at least, St. Joan is greater than St. Bernard.

It has been a happy chance that playgoers in New York have had an opportunity to compare the pseudo-mediævalism of Mr. Shaw with the true spirit of the Middle Ages in "The Miracle." Here the spirit of faith rises triumphant over human illness in the cure of the Piper, in which the vast throng that fills the cathedral are participators in the miracle through the strength of their faith and hope. The story of Megildis, the nun who leaves her post of sacristan in her desire for adventure and human love, and who returns to find that the statue of the Virgin has become alive and has taken her place during her absence, has often been treated in literature. Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote his "Sister Beatrice" in narrative form in 1877. Since then Maeterlinck's drama of "Sister Beatrice" and John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun" have been the best-known versions of the story. But in none has the theme been treated more artistically than in "The Miracle." Much controversy has raged over the question as to whether the wanderings of the nun are actually supposed to take place, or whether they are figments of her imagination. Fortunately, Doctor Karl Vollmoeller, who wrote the scenario, has indicated that the miracle and its consequences are not dreams in his conception and treatment of the story. In fact, it would be difficult to understand how any young nun could have imagined, even in dreams, the horrors of the career that begins when the robber Count snatches her from the arms of her knightly lover. The misery, in fact, becomes too intense for our sympathy and we cease to believe in it. That is the only unfavorable criticism of "The Miracle" that in justice may be made. The structure of the cathedral, so simple, yet so noble, the sumptuous color scheme of the banquet hall in which the Count and the Prince play for the prize of beauty, in fact, all the stage-settings, are almost beyond criticism. And it is a comfort to know that they are the work of an American, Norman-Bel Geddes. The human spectacle, directed by Max Reinhardt, is quite as striking. Seldom have masses of human beings been so well directed, to produce drama through the sheer force of mass effects. For practically nothing is said, except a prayer at the beginning of the miracle and the appropriate "Our Father" from the nun's lips in the moment of her last peril. It is not only in the large effects, however, that the direction shows its power. The miraculous cure of the Piper and the vivification and return of the statue of the Virgin are executed so skilfully that that nice adjustment made necessary when the supernatural becomes actual is quite preserved. And the musical motive of the Piper has all the fascination of youth and springtime in it. It is sin, of course, to which the nun goes, but it is sin without the modern sordid taint, sin without suggestiveness, and if the great drama begins with the motive of faith, it ends with the even greater motive of charity.

If the idealistic portrayal of the past has been so successful, the realistic dramatization of the future has had its triumphs, too. "Outward Bound," the most artistic of the English plays that have come to us this year, is the work

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of a new playwright, Vane Sutton-Vane. Students of our theatre come across the name of Sutton-Vane as a writer of melodrama thirty years ago. This was the father of the present playwright, who is still in his thirties, and has had a varied experience as a soldier, actor, and dramatist. "Outward Bound" is his third play, the others being unsuccessful; and it is a question whether the third would have been produced if the author had not put it on the stage at the Everyman Theatre in London, painting the scenery himself. The theme is a dangerous one—the dramatization of the next life. The passengers on an ocean liner who meet in the smoking and card room gradually become aware that they are dead. Types, redolent of reality, from the university graduate who has made a wreck of his life to his own mother, who has remained a charwoman that he might rise, include a rich business man, a snobbish woman, a clergyman, and two "half-ways," lovers who have committed suicide. The most surprising thing is the way the deepening terror proceeds by means of comedy. Through it all runs the note of experience in the steward, who has made the voyage thousands of times. As Pryor, the young man who first suspects the truth, demands of him their place of destination, he answers quietly, "Heaven, sir," and then as the curtain descends on the first act: "And hell, too. It's the same place, sir." Naturally, the test of such a play is the treatment of the future life, and it is wisely only indicated. The Examiner, who inspects the passengers when the boat stops, is a human being. Perhaps the high point in the play is the moment when the old charwoman realizes that she is to have her son to take care of, even if he never knows. Of the ending of this play, I am not so sure, but the acting of Leslie Howard and Miss Margalo Gillmore leaves little to be desired. In fact, this cast, which includes Dudley Digges, Alfred Lunt, J. M. Kerrigan, Lyonel Watts, Miss Beryl Mercer, and Eugene Powers, might carry almost any play, especially if it should have the stage direction of Robert Milton.

The success of "Outward Bound" illustrates a significant tendency in the theatre. It is a concrete example of the play written without regard to a particular actor, but whose production is a joint triumph of playwright, cast, and direction. The electric sign over the Ritz Theatre simply bore the name "Outward Bound," another herald of the day when "the play's the thing" will once more become a fact. The freedom of the playwright from the necessity of shaping his work to suit the characteristics of a particular actor or actress is coming, if it is not already here; and it is one of the necessary steps in the development of real standards in drama. It only needs a glance at the advertising page devoted to the theatres to see how the stars are fading. But notwithstanding public and private laments over the future of the stage, I do not agree with those who claim we are not developing a new generation to take the place of the old. I may be wrong, but I believe that the general level of competence is far higher than it was ten years ago. At that time I fancy at least five of the cast of "Outward Bound" would have been "starring," surrounded by a mediocre company. To-day they are interpreting parts so well that the characters seem to have been written for them, by a playwright who was probably unaware of their existence.

Another striking example of this tendency is Laurence Eyre's romantic period play, "The Merry Wives of Gotham," which was written first, I understand, for Mrs. Fiske, but which became a vehicle for Miss Grace George and Miss Laura Hope Crews. I can hardly imagine any one making more out of the parts of the twin sisters than Miss George and Miss Crews did, and it seems a pity that a play with such charming scenes as the last, in which the sisters part without actual recognition, but with the birth of a spiritual kinship, should have been marred by the absurd scene in a den which savored of that wild West Side of New York which it took the ability of Augustin Daly to make bearable. Mr. Eyre is not exactly a "new note" in the drama, but he is one of the few representatives of the spirit of romance among contemporary American playwrights.

It has not been in romance, if one employs the usual meaning of that term, that the American playwright has shone

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this year. Studies of real life in North Carolina, in Kentucky, in California, in North Dakota, in Philadelphia and New York, and in the "middle west," have been the inspiration of the plays, at least twenty in number, which are worthy of discussion. For some years the attention of those interested in the future of our drama has been attracted to the work of Frederick Koch, of the University of North Carolina, who has inspired the students of that university to write and produce plays dealing with their own people. It has been our hope that some day he would bring the real folk drama to the metropolitan stage so that thousands could see this significant development of a national art. But while there is no immediate connection between his work and the four plays of the mountaineers which have been produced this season in New York, no one can doubt that the success of the Carolina Playmakers has turned the attention of playwrights to this field. Of course it is not altogether a new thing. William Gillette and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett had painted the North Carolina farmer folk in "Esmeralda" in 1882, and as far back as 1846 I find a record of "The Hoosier at the Circus," "a comedy dealing with the mountain whites of North Carolina and Georgia," being put on at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia. It is a native mine of dramatic material, for the people are primitive, the interrelations of families lead to feudal conflict, and the very narrowness and limitation of their lives bring about that state of society where the good or evil fortune of one affects all the rest.

Miss Lula Vollmer, the author of two of these plays, "Sun Up" and "The Shame Woman," which, at the present writing, have been running for eleven and six months respectively in New York, is a native of North Carolina. As a girl she wrote plays, one of which was put on at New Orleans when she was only twenty years old. During her ten years' residence in Atlanta, Georgia, she had at least one play produced on the professional stage, and when she became the treasurer of the box-office of the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, she had already written "Sun Up." It was suggested by a story she heard in May, 1918, of a Southern boy, who, upon arriving in camp, exclaimed: "Air this hyar France?" She dramatized this note of provincialism, but, as the play grew, the boy became overshadowed by his mother, the widow Cagle, and in her became personified the hereditary opposition to that dread abstraction, the law, which had killed her husband and wished to take her boy from her, to fight in a quarrel too remote for her sympathy. The play was written five years before it was put on at the Provincetown Theatre by the Players Company, an independent group of producers, and though it has moved twice it is still attracting appreciative audiences. In this conflict of love and duty, between the widow, finely interpreted by Miss Lucille La Verne, and the boy, whose devotion to his native land is expressed without display, Miss Vollmer has produced a play which can rank with any of the foreign productions of the year.

Her second play, "The Shame Woman," while more conventional in the form in which it is produced, is another tragedy which it pleased the casual critic to call a melodrama. "Sun Up" closed on a note of exaltation, in which a mother's love passed beyond the limits of life to commune for a moment with the spirit of the son she had lost. In "The Shame Woman" Lize Burns dies on the scaffold to keep from her own lifelong stain the adopted daughter who has been betrayed by her guardian's earlier seducer. Miss Rittenhouse as Lize, Miss Dupree as her mother, and Miss Gerald as Martha Case, the midwife, gave three remarkable interpretations of character. Martha Case, the brooding figure of implacable fate, is as striking a creation as anything that the Russian stage has evolved.

The artistic and popular success of these two plays raises one insistent question. Here is a playwright, one of the staff of the Theatre Guild, which claims openly that it cannot secure satisfactory American plays. Why did not this powerful organization produce "Sun Up" instead of "The Adding Machine," a play which was an artistic disgrace to our stage? If there was no one in the Theatre Guild who could appreciate "Sun Up" before its production, why did not the success of that play lead the management

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to secure "The Shame Woman" instead of the peculiar foreign products it pleases the Guild to exploit?

The third play of the North Carolina mountaineers is a comedy. Hatcher Hughes is no novice in the drama, but he comes into it with a university association, representing that other avenue from which the drama has a right to hope so much. In "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" the central character is a curious mixture of religious cant and jealous passion, who, in order to win the girl he desires, revives a slumbering feud between the Hunts and the Lowrys and nearly brings death and ruin upon them both. Mr. Hughes evidently knows his people—the hold that evangelical faith has over the women of both families, the unreasoning impulse of the feud, the triumph of common sense in the eighty-year-old grandfather, all are ably interpreted by a well-chosen cast selected by Augustin Duncan. But, after all, it is the creation of character that is the acid test of drama, and Rufe Pryor will remain long in the memory as a human portrait, convincing and enduring.

It is the creation of a character, also, which is the contribution of Percy MacKaye's comedy of the Kentucky mountains. "This Fine-Pretty World," like the plays of Miss Vollmer, saw the stage under the auspices of an independent group, the devoted band of drama-lovers, who, under the leadership of Miss Helen Arthur, have made the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street a home of significant art. Theatrically, "This Fine-Pretty World" was the least effective of the four mountain plays. This was not due to the superior dramatic qualities of North Carolina, for the difference in the races is slight, at least on the stage. But Mr. MacKaye has been so intent on faithfully reproducing the dialect of Kentucky that his first scene is difficult to understand. The trial scene is real comedy and the character of Beem Sprattling, queer compound of villainy and imagination, who prefers jail to the responsibilities of life, is original and convincing.

The other studies of American life have not emphasized local character so definitely. Serious plays like "White Desert," Maxwell Anderson's study of the effect of the Dakota prairie upon four men and women, was a failure notwithstanding some fine acting, and in "Children of the Moon" the interest lay not so much in the California setting as in the powerful study of the family insanity of the Athertons, based on old Judge Atherton's delusion that he can see life and beauty in the moon. Our stage has seldom witnessed a more tragic climax than that of the second act when young Jane Atherton, the judge's granddaughter, fights for her love and her reason against the malignant influence of her mother. The acting of Miss Florence Johns in this part and the remarkable performance of Miss Henrietta Crosman as Madame Atherton, representing the constant watchfulness of common sense over the fatal weakness of the family, will not soon be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to see them. This is the first long play of Martin Flavin to be performed, though several of his one-act plays have been produced. Mr. Flavin is a native of California, studied at the University of Chicago, and after leaving college attempted with some success to make a living by short-story writing. But according to his own statement he could not support himself and at the same time produce work up to his standard, and he deliberately postponed creative writing until through success in business he could afford to write as he pleased. It is pleasant to record that this stage has apparently been reached, and if Mr. Flavin can give us other plays with the originality of motive, the power of characterization, and the significant conversation of "Children of the Moon," he will enrich the American drama in the field in which it needs most to be strengthened, that of the serious play.

"Children of the Moon" forms a striking contrast to the two Italian plays dealing with mental disturbance, Pirandello's "Living Mask" (Henry IV) and Fausto Martini's "Ridi Pagliaccio," adapted by David Belasco and Tom Cushing as "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." The former proved too deficient in action, falling far short of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," which was in some respects the most striking play of the season of 1922–23. The remarkable acting of Lionel Barrymore and the excellence of

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the Belasco production could not make a great play of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," though it drew a sympathetic picture of the clown who will not take alms of affection if he cannot have the free gift of love. The Italian playwrights, especially Pirandello, made the mistake of analyzing too minutely the mental disturbance of the characters. For drama, insanity may provide a striking motive, but it must be a lurking shadow, an impending doom, not a scientific phenomenon. It is for this reason that Mr. Flavin has written a better play than either of the foreign dramatists.

The stage is the place for paradoxes, and it seems as though it were unfortunate for a playwright to write too good a first play. When Gilbert Emery's "The Hero" was produced in 1921, it was recognized by the discriminating as one of the finest bits of dramatic writing that had been seen for at least a decade. While "The Hero" had only a moderate run, "Tarnish," Mr. Emery's second play, has occupied the Belmont Theatre since October 1, 1923. While probably not on the whole as significant as "The Hero," it is a worthy companion to it, for it is based on the universal motive of the triumph of love over circumstances, over doubt, and over human weakness. The central character is that of Letitia Tevis, a young girl whose strong yet delicate personality is set against a background of a complaining mother, a dissolute father, and a lover whose past rises concretely in the person of Nettie Dark, the manicure girl, the active cause of what might have been a tragedy. Mr. Emery has been accused of forcing a happy ending, and I seem to see in the stage directions of the printed version an implicit defense of his final scene. Tishy has said good-by to Carr because she finds out that he, like all the rest, is tarnished. Then Mrs. Healey, the Irish charwoman, finds her in tears and comforts her.

"There's a lad on the stairs out there," she says. "I don't know what you said to him, but if you love him, keep him, for there's nothing worth the keeping in this world but love. . . . My God, they're a poor lot, the men, all of 'em, and dirty, too—but the thing is, darlin', to get one that cleans easy."

The stage directions explain that Tishy forgives him because of her love for him which will not let him go. But no one who has seen the performance of Miss Ann Harding can need any explanations. In this, her first part of importance, she has already won a place for herself as an actress of rare distinction. The entire cast, in fact, forms another illustration of the high level of the stage to-day. But, after all, Mr. Emery provided them with a play based on the old unities of time, of place, and of action, portraying a life that is familiar to thousands of the inhabitants of New York City by means of a conversation that preserves the necessary compromise between the language of literature and that which is actually spoken by human beings. The play is not a melodrama, it is a comedy in the sense that Balzac wrote comedy, but it rises above the usual stage comedy because the material is not made sport of, it is treated seriously. The sympathy of the audience goes out completely to the high-hearted woman of twenty-three, who squares herself to meet the blows of circumstance, quietly and with dignity and to the onlooker with infinite pathos. But it is not only that Letitia Tevis exists—the important thing is that she exists only in America.

If an almost perfect cast has contributed to the success of "Tarnish," "Children of the Moon," "Sun Up," and "Outward Bound," the failure of Eugene O'Neill's "Welded" is partly to be attributed to the miscasting of that play in the two leading parts. It is only when one reads the script and sees the possibilities of the play that the insufficiency of the acting of Miss Doris Keane and Mr. Ben-Ami becomes apparent. No one who admires Mr. O'Neill's work as I do would place "Welded" among his greatest contributions—with "Anna Christie," "The Emperor Jones," or "Beyond the Horizon"—but there is a dramatic idea in the play, the conflict between two souls whose power to torture each other is measured only in the terms of their great mutual passion. Of the essential quality of the lines, however, Miss Keane at least seemed to be unaware.

When the American playwright invokes the comic spirit it usually springs from the satire which grows out of the scrutiny of social institutions. Marriage continues

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to be the institution most frequently studied, not with the searching analysis of "Welded," but in its more obvious phases of domestic satire. Yet from that initial situation there developed out of the fancy of Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Connelly one of the most delightful of the season's plays. "Beggar on Horseback" is hard to define —there is in it material drawn from romance and from real life; for their methods the authors have employed idealism, symbolism, and impressionism. But through it all runs the unifying thread of the resentment of the artist, the man who can *do* things that no one else can do, at the tyranny of the two Molochs of "uniformity" and "efficiency." The framework was furnished by a German play, "Hans Sönnenstossers Höllenfahrt," by Paul Apel, but I have been assured by one of the joint authors that merely the idea of the journey through dreamland was borrowed. Indeed, one familiar with the work of Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Connelly hardly needs to be assured of their originality, for through all the vision of the musician, Neil McRae, who sees his future if he marries into the rich family of the Cadys, their unmistakable blend of humor steadily shines. Mr. Cady, who manufactures "widgets," takes Neil into the business, and Neil is tossed from one stenographer to another in the vain search for a pencil, in the clutches of the modern efficiency system that makes more impediments to progress by separating the individual from his job than the old decentralized business ever conceived. Even better is the scene of the four prison cells in which are working the greatest living novelist, poet, painter, and composer, the latter being Neil himself. Neil is condemned to composing music for lines like

> "You've broken my heart like you broke my heart
> So why should you break it again?"

Then comes the most memorable line in the play. Neil in desperation tugs at his cell door and finds that it opens easily.

"Why," he exclaims, "it was never locked!"

The dream is remarkably like a real dream; it has the peculiar assertion of verity combined with the uncanny revelation of self-scrutiny and of the observation of others that is the experience of competent dreamers. It was excellent judgment that entrusted the interpretation of this character to the delicate and intelligent art of Roland Young.

Probably the most realistic study of married life was "The Show-Off," in which George Kelly made his first success in a long play. Mr. Kelly has been known as an actor and a writer for the vaudeville stage for some time, and indeed "The Show-Off" began as a one-act play. I had the pleasure of seeing it in its earlier form at the "Plays and Players" in Philadelphia last spring, and Mr. Kelly's skill in building up the central character of Aubrey Piper without apparent padding is one of the most impressive features of its expansion into a three-act play. The picture of life in a side street in North Philadelphia is absolutely veracious, and the domestic satire is quite searching, but it was the character study of the young husband who is continually boasting of his unrecognized abilities that redeems the plot, with its melodramatic ending. It is this subconscious tragedy of the ever reaching for the unattainable which secures the slowly gathering sympathy of the audience for the boaster. Mr. Kelly recognized that one can allow all the other characters on the stage to make fun of the hero, but if the heroine and the audience are with him, the play succeeds. Sympathy, too, goes out to Mr. Pitt in Miss Zona Gale's play, although the construction is weak. Miss Gale dramatized her own novel, "Birth," in writing "Mr. Pitt," and while the novel bored me, the play made an appeal through the remarkable acting of Walter Huston. Here again was a soul striving for something better, though Mr. Pitt was as inarticulate as Mr. Piper was blatant. But the play did not build up well; after a fine climax in the second act, it went to pieces. Miss Gale is, after all, a novelist.

It could not have been the episodic nature of "Mr. Pitt" which prevented its popular success, for the episodes provided some of the best moments of the play, and I never realized how much the chattering women of a small town had in common with a Greek chorus until I saw "Mr. Pitt." And in "The Potters," which is a series of episodes, J. P. McEvoy has scored one of the popular hits of the sea-

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son. Plot there is none, but the audience revels in the scenes from the subways, restaurants, Pullman cars, oil lands, and back porches, just as they turn with avidity to the newspaper columns out of which the play grew. Mr. McEvoy is a Chicago man, and the Potter family came to life in the columns of *The Tribune*. I believe the success of the play was due partly to the clever mechanism which provides for the quick replacement of the twelve scenes by a triple stage, two sections of which are being made ready while the third is visible, and which preserves, through its small size, the reality of the Pullman car and the modest flat of the family. But even more important is the character of "Pa Potter," who represents in his brave if misdirected efforts the constant struggle of thousands of mediocre Americans to provide for the family for which they are responsible. The family in this play are more aware of the responsibility than of the authority that should go with it. The relation of children to their parents is not studied as skilfully, perhaps, as it is in another popular success, "The Goose Hangs High," in which Lewis Beach has painted entertainingly a contrast between the standards of the older and younger generations. Mr. Beach presented us last season with a grim tragedy of family life in "The Square Peg." While there was more logic in the motive of that play, it failed because there was really no one on the stage for whom the audience could be brought to care. He has learned that a play is not necessarily strong because it is unpleasant, and the redemption of the younger generation from its unconsciously selfish attitude toward the older is quite natural.

In his growing absorption in problems of marriage and the relations of the family, the American playwright seems to be forgetting that a good love story has a legitimate place on the stage. In the season's early days, Mr. Lawrence's two light but clever comedies of love pleased large audiences and introduced a new playwright whose work has at least promise. "In Love with Love" was especially charming as a comedy of youth, and its picture of a girl who is more in love with the state of love than with the men who inspire it was drawn from real life. It is one of the few plays in which love has a joyous note. In "Tarnish" it is set against the background of family dishonor, in "Children of the Moon" of family madness, in "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" and "The Merry Wives of Gotham" of family feud, in "The Potters" and "The Show-Off" of family opposition. But from the moment Miss Fontanne and Henry Hull came on the stage, "the frank Muse of Comedy laughed in free air."

I realize most keenly the richness of the past season when I come to the list of native plays which space forbids me even to mention. Nor can I enter into the question of Miss Cowl's interpretation of Cleopatra or Mr. Hackett's of Macbeth. I am always grateful for an adequate presentation of Shakespeare, for his art is so contemporary that it constantly reminds us of the futility of dogmatism in the drama. If "Queen Victoria," or "The Potters," or "Beggar on Horseback," or "The Shame Woman" are episodic and decline to be forced into regular acts, why, so were the products of the greatest of dramatists. He constantly teaches us that freedom is the essential atmosphere of art.

Freedom and originality, not mere peculiarity and difference. A season which introduced seven American playwrights of promise to New York, which revealed the dramatic possibilities of our primitive American scenes, which brought back one fine comedy from our dramatic past, one glorious romance from the theatre of France, which provided for us the most striking of the contemporary productions of England, of Hungary and Italy, and which gave us "The Miracle," is, as I write this, not even yet complete. Out of many memories rise most clearly the widow Cagle's vigil through her long night of grief, Tishy Tevis's face as she finds her lover in Nettie Dark's apartment, Jane Atherton's defiance of her family taint, Neil McRae's release from the cell of commercialism, Mr. Pitt's promise to himself that he *will* break through, the passing of Mrs. Midgett into the other world, Tito Beppi's countenance when he sees Luigi and Simonetta in each other's arms, Cleopatra's gypsy-like fury when the messenger of disaster grovels at her feet, and, most vivid of all, the death of Cyrano de Bergerac.

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The Faithful Image

BY HAMILTON M. WARREN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY TOWNSEND

THE overheated train rumbling out of the junction reminded MacAllister of a feverish child forced into action against his will, He watched it cough through the murky twilight until the raw January mist had swallowed its asthmatic thunder and its pale, unwinking lights. There was no sign of the connecting train.

MacAllister damned the service and his luck, took half a dozen brisk turns up and down the platform, and suddenly espied relief in the person of a lone taxi-driver leaning dejectedly against an ancient cab. He eyed the pair dubiously, half wondering which was serving as support. At length he strolled over and accosted the man.

"I say," he asked; "are you waiting for any one in particular, or will you run me over to the campus?"

"Dollar 'n' a half," was the succinct answer.

MacAllister shrugged resignedly and climbed awkwardly in, scarce settling himself before the thing was off with a protesting snarl and a final aguish lurch.

"The inn," he directed, "and don't hurry."

The driver, taking him literally, coaxed the complaining ruin at a pace which gave MacAllister an opportunity to observe the general plan of the campus. It lay huddled in a hollow a full mile west of the village itself, with the tower of the graduate college looming up like an obelisk set in an enormous granite base. Approaching closer he saw that the tower was indeed the centre, making the hub of a wheel from which the low dormitories and recitation halls radiated like spokes.

The cab rattled through and slithered to a palpitating stop before its destination. MacAllister paid the man and entered. He made his way to the desk through a smoke-filled lobby reeking with college atmosphere imparted by the absurd postage-stamp caps of a group of freshmen and a seeming universal tendency toward knickerbockers on the part of the older men. The few commercial travellers and guests were, like himself, conspicuous by their stiff collars and regulation clothes. MacAllister gave his name to the clerk and went at once to his room.

Entirely without self-consciousness he subjected his pier-glass reflection to a rigid scrutiny. His close clipped mustache, high forehead, and lean, too prominent jaw radiated that meticulous freshness peculiar to Englishmen. MacAllister shifted his position so as to get the effect from every angle. Impersonally, as though he were touching up a wax figure, he made some slight changes in his attire, substituting a sombre necktie for a less conservative one and concealing the corner of a handkerchief showing above the breast pocket of his coat. He decided that his clothes would do. The dark serge contrasted well with his thick, blond hair and the fit was good, particularly good across his heavy shoulders. Satisfied, he washed and went down to dinner.

He ate sparingly, not by reason of a sudden attack of nerves but rather as insurance against any sensation of logginess. The service, however, was poor and he noted with some annoyance that it was a quarter to eight by the time he had finished. Returning hastily to the lobby he captured a telephone booth from a student with a long-distance gleam in his eye, and managed to get his connection promptly enough. The voice answering his ring was tinged with a slight Gallic accent.

"Allo," it said.

"Hello," said MacAllister; "is this the residence of Doctor Jules Renaud?"

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"It is," came the answer, and with it, for the first time since leaving New York, MacAllister was aware of an accelerated heart action. It was not nervousness, merely keenness, the sensation of a seasoned athlete digging in on his marks.

"Good!" he said. "I should like to speak to Doctor Renaud if he is at home."

"The name, please?"

"MacAllister, Professor Hugh MacAllister of Oxford."

There was a short wait, broken by a pleasant bass at the other end of the wire.

"Doctor Renaud speaking."

"Good evening," said MacAllister. "This is Hugh MacAllister of the faculty of Christ Church, Oxford. I am talking from the inn here in the village. I have a letter for you, Doctor Renaud, from Doctor Ernest Channing, in charge of the department of archæological research of Christ Church. I made several ineffectual attempts to get you on the telephone yesterday and as I'm merely passing through on my way out West, a bit rushed, you see, I came out on the chance of catching you and being able to present it this evening."

"I should be delighted to receive both the letter and yourself, Doctor ——."

"Not *doctor* yet," MacAllister interposed.

"Professor MacAllister, then; but will you pardon me if I ask a rather unusual question?"

"Surely."

"Very well. Can you tell me why 'Tom' is struck fifty times at five o'clock?"

MacAllister smiled. "I cannot," he said; "because 'Tom' is struck one hundred and one, and not fifty, times, one hundred and one being the number of students originally forming the Christ Church College student body. Right?"

"Quite!" laughed the bass. "I'm being very careful since my recent notoriety. The press, you know, stops at nothing and ambitious reporters have tried to interview me by resorting to the most amazing subterfuges. I must confess to suspicion of a trick; accept my apology."

"None necessary, sir; I appreciate your reluctance to discuss it just yet. May I call, then, about eight?"

"Fine!—better yet, I'll send my car around to pick you up."

"That's very kind. I'll wait."

The waiting was a matter of some ten or fifteen minutes, and MacAllister passed the time conjuring up mental pictures suggested by Renaud's voice. He would be a massive man, he decided, with the proverbial Latin nervousness sitting rather strangely on a heavy build. MacAllister could not remember having seen his photograph. As long as the function of the press is to give the public what it wants, pictures of popular lightweights will continue to crowd out the features of mere savants. He was still pondering the thought when he arrived at the Renaud home. A servant bowed him into the library and Renaud's presence.

MacAllister's first impression revolved around the fact that he had made a fairly accurate guess as to the man's physical attributes. He was tall although not particularly heavy set, but the Latin strain was apparent in his every move. Quick in his gestures, with a nervous habit of twisting his long straggling mustaches, and combing a full beard with a peculiar downward motion of his hand. As to age, MacAllister judged him to be about twice as old as he was himself, around sixty. Renaud's English was flawless.

"A very great pleasure," he said warmly, taking MacAllister's hand. "It's been years since I last saw Channing, and it's doubly pleasant to hear from him through such an emissary."

"Thank you, sir," MacAllister said simply. "As for me, I'm sure that I'm envied by every newspaper man in the country, not to mention thousands of scientists and laymen."

"Tut, tut," Renaud laughed; "they'll all have a chance to see the stuff and write their stories later. At present I'm too busy making out my reports."

"Perhaps, then," said MacAllister, "the letter, the purport of which I happen to know, won't be so very welcome; I mean in view of your not having finished your reports."

He delivered it with the words and Renaud, making the customary apology, slit the flap. While he was reading MacAllister surveyed the room.

It was a strange, almost bizarre place,

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patently a reflection of the life and varied experiences of its occupant. Rare tapestries adorned the walls and primitive weapons, scowling shields, and menacing spears glinted evilly in the half-light thrown by the blaze of an open fire. The high wainscoting grudgingly gave back the play of dancing flame like a sombre pool reflecting the gyrations of an impish sprite. Rich Oriental rugs, Kulahs, Kashans, Saruks, and Khorassans, covered the floor, lending an atmosphere oddly at variance with that imparted by the ancient instruments of war. On the mantel-shelf and the tops of the long bookcases were curious assortments of icons, tear jars, bronze mirrors, Sung vases, all the driftwood of adventure's seas. The whole effect was one of incongruous harmony; a discord, weird yet strikingly effective.

Renaud refolded the letter and looked up with a smile.

"Doctor Channing has apparently forgotten," he said, "what is more or less well known here in this country. I refer to my disinclination to lecture. That was really at the bottom of my severing connections with the university here. They insisted, and I suppose rightly, that I carry two or three courses personally, whereas I desired to supervise only. As it turned out it was very lucky for me that the break came when it did, otherwise I should not have been able to head this last expedition.

"As far as this particular proposition is concerned I shall have to have the advice of my partner."

He stepped to the threshold of the room and called in his musical bass, "Marie!"

"Yes, dad?"—the answer, coming from a distance, carried the same rich quality of tone which distinguished her father's voice. It produced an odd effect upon MacAllister. Without seeing her he felt that he could visualize the girl with a certainty transcending mere supposition, as though her voice were the embodiment of her personality. When she entered he was rather more annoyed than gratified to note that his mental visualization had been nearly perfect.

She was tall and just missed being beautiful. The lovely grace of her slim figure gave promise of a charm which an ascetic cast of countenance repudiated. Only her mouth partook of the warmth associated with her race. Except for that, her Latin blood was manifest more in her coloring, the jet-black of her hair and the dusky glow of her skin, than in any one particular feature or pronounced racial characteristic. MacAllister prepared to be bored.

"My daughter, Marie—Professor MacAllister"—Renaud made the introduction with just the faintest show of pride. MacAllister acknowledged it with a bow and the usual commonplaces.

"Mr. MacAllister brings us a surprise, Marie," Renaud continued. "Doctor Channing of Oxford has been kind enough to extend an invitation to me for a visit some time in February. He seems to feel that I might care to announce my discoveries under his auspices in a series of lectures before the archæological departments of Oxford and Cambridge."

"That would be wonderful, dad! And then you could take me to Paris; you know you've been promising to since before the war."

"The woman of it," Renaud laughed. "That's——"

"And the trip would be just the thing for Paul," Marie interrupted.

"My son," Renaud explained. "He was gassed and has never fully recovered." He turned again to his daughter. "Perhaps you're right, *chérie;* but we'll have to consider it carefully. I'll write Channing in the course of a week or so. Meanwhile, perhaps, Mr. MacAllister would like to see the—well, shall I call it 'loot'?"

"Rather!" said MacAllister; "it's an unexpected pleasure and I—I feel highly honored."

"Not at all; you deserve some reward for having cut in on your vacation to the extent of bringing me the letter. Naturally I rely upon your keeping it quiet. Outside of the members of the expedition you'll be the first to see them. It's really a remarkable collection and, of course, tremendously valuable."

"Scientifically speaking or from a monetary point of view?"

"Both, although the press exaggerated the latter. I suppose if they were placed on the open market merely as jewels a

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hundred thousand would cover the value, but newspaper accounts varied from a million and a half to three millions. Absurd, isn't it!"

He led the way to his den on the floor above, and, stooping down, threw open the door of a light safe. It was a flimsy affair and seemed to MacAllister entirely inadequate for the keeping of such a treasure.

"Aren't you running a risk, having it here in the house?" he asked.

Renaud smiled. "Not exactly. The estate is fairly honeycombed with special police. Perhaps you wondered why the chauffeur came to the door with you when you drove up a while ago. If he hadn't you would have been stopped before you'd taken a step inside the walls."

"That's better," MacAllister admitted. "I was thinking that you were putting a tremendous amount of faith in human nature if you were relying solely upon this small safe for protection."

"I couldn't afford to. These specimens represent an expenditure of over a million dollars in money and two years in time." Renaud reached into the interior and pulled out a large shelf, something like a jeweller's tray. It glittered with gems curiously set in intricate and, to MacAllister, meaningless designs.

"The first discovery of Toltec precious metal working," Renaud announced, "and a key to their culture which should revolutionize our idea of the race. Exquisite, aren't they! The scientific value, of course, lies in the settings; the stones are good, but nothing out of the ordinary."

"Wonderful work," MacAllister acknowledged, "and, without knowing much about it, I should say a tremendous achievement on your part. What's your estimate as to their age?"

"Not so very old, archæologically speaking. The Toltec empire only flourished for about three hundred years, reaching its height somewhere around the eleventh century." Renaud smiled. "I can hear the echoes of the furor this will make, now." He slipped the tray back into its niche in the safe and followed MacAllister down to the library.

Marie rose as they entered. "I've just finished Doctor Channing's letter," she said, "and I warn you, dad—'Beware the Ides of March'—we'll be in Paris before the fifteenth of the month. If you'll excuse me I'll go up and break the good news to Paul."

"Not so fast," Renaud laughed. "Seriously, Marie, don't mention it yet; you're much too precipitate." He switched on a piano-lamp. "Can't we have some music before you go?"

"I guess so," she agreed; "provided you and Mr. MacAllister will promise not to sit up half the night discussing archæology."

"No danger," said MacAllister. "In the first place I know very little about it, psychology is my subject, and secondly I fear that unless I reach that sleepy inn of yours before eleven I shall be locked out."

"The inn? My dear sir, you must stay with us; I'll be horribly chagrined if you refuse." Renaud touched a button and summoned a servant. "Have Pierre get Professor MacAllister's grip at the inn and put it in the south room," he directed.

MacAllister spread his hands in a gesture of pleased resignation. "You're more than kind; I feel that I'm imposing, but of course I'm delighted to accept."

"Wouldn't think of having you stay at the inn"—Renaud dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand. "Come, *chérie*, now for the music." He leaned back in his chair in an attitude of pleasurable expectation as Marie seated herself at the piano.

In the soft light of the lamp she complemented the tone of the room. Her aristocratic features, so exquisitely patrician, gave her a distant and unapproachable air blending perfectly with the atmosphere lent by the coldly gleaming weapons on the walls. She sang the wild "Song of the Valkyrie," and the bright shields rang with the eerie notes. With scarcely a pause between she swung into Carmen's "Habañera." Her whole being seemed to vibrate to the passion of the aria. Gone was the triumphant timbre of her voice, and in its place there came the very acme of abandon. It swelled up to a crest of pure emotion, drenching the room in a flood of fierce voluptuousness. Her slim figure, dusky coloring, and droop-

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ing, almost sensual mouth produced an effect in perfect harmony with the more luxurious aspect of the room. The transition was so startlingly effective as to cause MacAllister to break into involuntary applause. "Bravo!" he cried, and immediately hated himself. Abruptly, Marie changed to Gounod's "Ave Maria." She finished the chaste anthem and sat for a moment apparently still under its ecstatic spell.

"There," she said finally; "now I must be going. I'll see you both at breakfast," and without waiting for their thanks she swept out of the room.

For a moment it seemed to MacAllister as though the library had lost something of its human quality. He shook off the mood with a muttered exclamation of disgust and turned to Renaud.

"Miss Renaud sings well," he said.

"Yes, her voice is not so bad," Renaud replied. "She's had offers from a dozen or so concert managers." The gentle sarcasm made MacAllister feel foolish. He was on the point of apologizing when Renaud changed the trend of the conversation.

"Tell me about your work at Christ Church," he said. "Are you lecturing or doing preceptorial work?"

"Neither, thank heaven!" MacAllister answered. "I'm in the research department; studying the psyche of animals."

"Indeed! Fascinating, I imagine."

"Very. Just at present we're investigating the theory that the dimensionality of space depends upon the psychic apparatus of the observer. For instance, we understand space to be three-dimensional. Perhaps it's because our psychic apparatus consists of three forms; sensations, perceptions, and concepts. Supposing there were a fourth, would space then appear to us as four-dimensional?"

Renaud shrugged. "How can you ever prove it?"

"You can't; at least not yet. But if you can show that to a being possessed of only two forms of psychic receptivity space is *two*-dimensional then we'd be justified in assuming the first hypothesis to be correct. Do you follow me?"

"Vaguely."

"Well, that's exactly what's been proven. The higher-type animal is a two-dimensional being and it lacks concepts. We know that it lacks concepts because it lacks the faculty of speech or an equivalent means of communication. It takes the concept to recognize three dimensions simultaneously. Looking at this house directly from in front you have to *think* its depth while at the same time retaining in the mind its height and breadth. The animal can't do that; lacking concepts it views the world as two-dimensional. To the animal the third dimension is motion. Think what that means."

"I can't," Renaud admitted. "Leaving the subject for a moment, tell me—where does the soul fit in with these theories? After all, doesn't the fundamental difference between man and the animal lie there?"

MacAllister duplicated Renaud's shrug. "It all depends on what you call the soul," he said. "The difference between man and the animal lies, to my mind, entirely in the fact that man possesses concepts and the animal does not. If you want to call that 'soul,' all right."

Renaud shivered. "Ah, you philosophers," he said; "how harshly you put it! Let's phrase it this way. In man there is a divine spark, a something breathed into the fibre of his being; you'll admit that—eh?"

"I'll admit the difference and say it's due to concepts," said MacAllister stubbornly.

"Concepts?" Renaud cried. "You tell me that the difference between me and my dog lies solely in the fact that I can sense the third dimension as a property of solids while the dog sees it as motion; that only because I understand that this rug and that rug are both rugs, the same thing, I'm different from the tomcat, who doesn't recognize the relationship?"

"Exactly; fundamentally speaking. Your idea of this divine spark is thousands of years old and at bottom it's fostered by conceit. I'm not being personal, you understand; by *you* I mean any one and every one who harbors the same idea. You like to think of yourself as sort of bearing the impress of God's rubber-stamp. 'There,' says God, 'Plunk! I've stamped a man.' It's a

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From a drawing by Harry Townsend.

"Wonderful work," MacAllister acknowledged.—Page 91.

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little bit absurd, don't you think? Where did this spark come from?"

"Well, where did your concepts come from—eh?"

"They evolved with the race."

"Precisely, and that's where the spark came from; it evolved with the race. Perhaps there were millions of years during which it was entirely lacking but eventually it came into being to stand as convincing proof of a divine plan behind the universe."

MacAllister tried hard to suppress a smile. "And back in those millions of years," he said; "there wasn't any divine plan then?"

"But certainly. The spark, I say, was evolving as man evolved. Eventually it reached a definite point in its development where it might rightly be considered as the divine fire in man. Until then it was a germ, a germ *divinely planted* in our prehistoric ancestors ages before man became aware of it."

"Beautiful!" MacAllister said rudely. He forgot his mission, forgot courtesy, forgot everything but the fact that this Victorian-minded old Frenchman had challenged his theory; would replace the foundations of his philosophy with a doubtful structure built of sloppy sentiment. Renaud broke in upon his revery.

"Proof—you want proof—eh? Tell me—have you ever heard of a man lacking this spark; a man to whom honor, love, shame, patriotism, duty could not appeal?"

"Hundreds of 'em," MacAllister answered. "The things you mention, what are they, after all? Reactions to fear, sex instinct, self-gratification, the dominant 'pleasure-pain' impulse, animalisms pure and simple. Quite often they're reactions to a sense of physical well-being. Put a young fool on a hillside in the springtime, fill his belly and relieve his mind, and most likely he'll indite an ode to something or other and all the world will say, 'Ah—genius! Inspired effort—the divine flame illuminating his soul!' That's rot! Put the same young fool on the same hillside on the same day with an empty stomach and an empty purse, and will he feel impelled to indite that same ode? He will not. He will feel impelled to *eat* by fair means or foul. Lifted up? Carried away? Hardly!

"You asked whether I'd ever known a man lacking this spark. I'll change my answer and say there's no such thing; we all lack it. Occasionally we run across a personality strong enough to face the truth. Of recent years there was, for instance, the famous Jeffery Kloving."

"Kloving the forger and murderer, the man they called Gentleman Jeff?"

"That's the man, Gentleman Jeff. I remember the case particularly because it was just at the time I landed in England, and the country was all worked up over the thing. It was a poison case. Kloving had used some rare stuff which baffled the chemists completely until they'd made over fifty tests on the stomach contents. The point I want to bring out is that he didn't scruple to employ an agent whose source would be hard to trace even though the woman suffered horribly. But that's minor. The really extraordinary feature of the case lay in the fact that they couldn't break him down when it seemed like a certainty before they commenced. He quite calmly laughed at them, apparently immune to any appeal to what we're accustomed to regard as the finer sensibilities."

"Perhaps he was crazy," Renaud suggested.

"No, on the contrary, he was an extremely brilliant person. They called in some of the best alienists from the continent and put him through a rigid examination. He was as sane as you or I."

"Perhaps," Renaud admitted; "but if he was, it's a certainty that the criminologists made a botch of their part of it or else he was really innocent. Given time and a reasonable amount of brains you can break through the armor of the hardest criminal. The divine spark will burst into flame if you work the bellows hard enough."

MacAllister began to lose patience. "You make the mistake, sir, of assuming that Kloving was a criminal. I reviewed his record and apparently he'd never seriously offended before. He was simply caught in a bad mess and chose the best way out. The way he handled himself was nothing short of marvellous. You'll remember they never secured a conviction; the evidence was purely circumstantial."

"No, I'd forgotten that. But tell me—if you defend the man's principles, why

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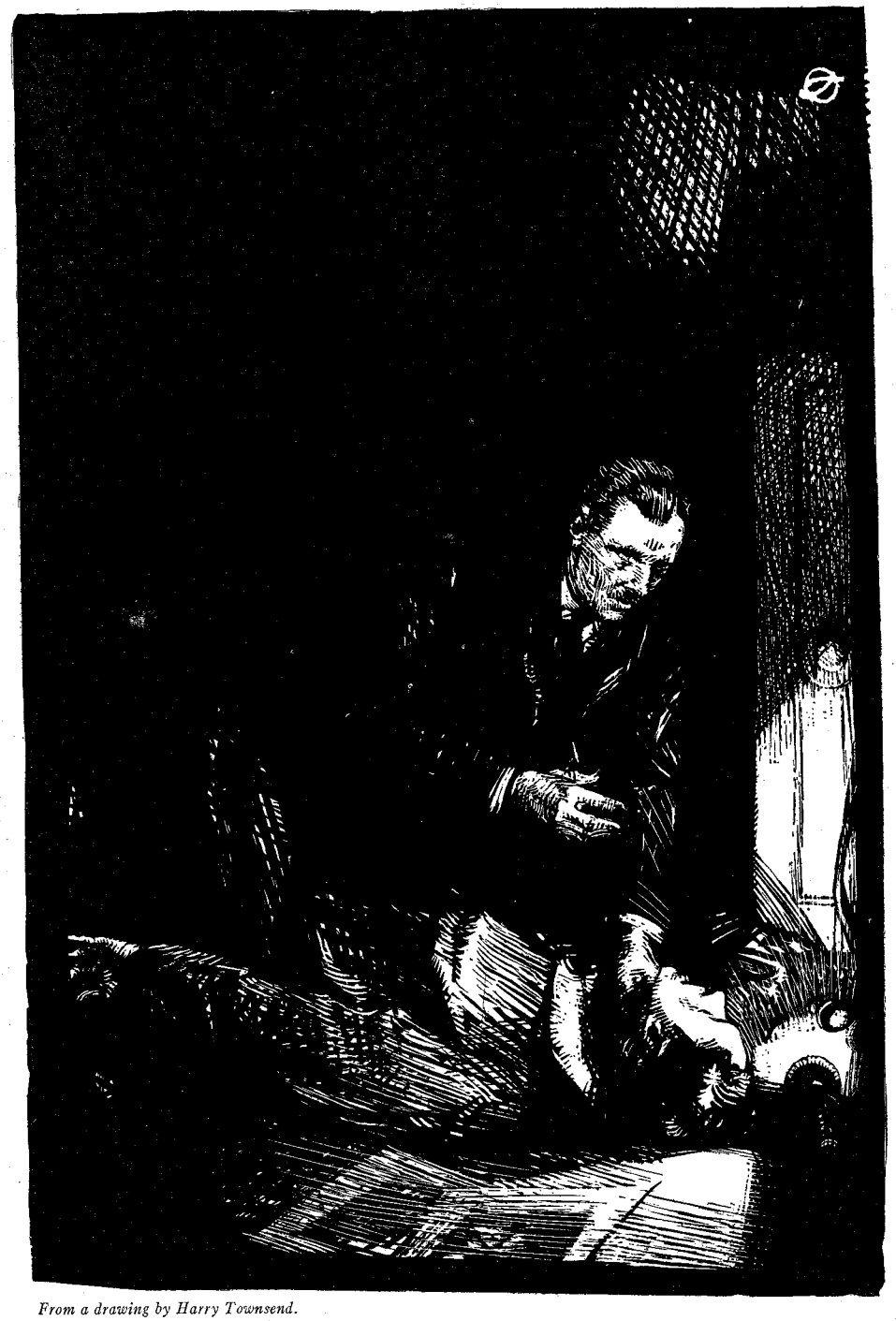

From a drawing by Harry Townsend.

His grip relaxed. It came to him that he could not dim the fire in the fierce black eyes.—Page 97.

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not put them into practice yourself? For instance, why not commit any crime which might assist your self-advancement?"

"That would be silly," MacAllister said. "My peace of mind would be so disturbed as not to make it worth while."

"Ah! your peace of mind. That's precisely the point, my dear sir."

MacAllister smiled. "I've given you the wrong impression," he said. "I meant that I'd be disturbed by the fear of detection. Another animalistic reaction, you see. All are animalisms, all the things we stupidly attribute to the 'finer sensibilities.' The finer sensibilities"—he laughed harshly—"rank superstition. Man is an animal possessing concepts, that's the alpha and omega of the whole thing."

Renaud was pacing the floor nervously. He stopped before MacAllister's Morris chair. "What about Russia?" he asked. "There's a fine example of your philosophy given a practical test, and the world's about ready to go in and throttle them."

"Of course, the damn fools," MacAllister returned. "You can't apply the idea to mass government. I'm not advocating the overthrow of law. When you do that man will run amuck, which would in the end be a very sad thing for man. I'm merely insisting that man is an animal, a superior breed, I grant you, but an animal and nothing else. I'm not even arguing for materialism; I'm not touching at *all* on a Primal Intelligence, both questions are aside from the point. I'm contending solely that if there *is* a Divine Being there's no part of Him in us as distinct from the other animals.

"To come back to the law, of course it loses its effectiveness as soon as you remove the fear of penalty. That's a proven fact. You see, it reverts to fear. If it's a so-called moral or ethical law it's the superstitous fear of hell or conscience or something equally silly."

Renaud threw up his hands in a gesture of half real, half feigned despair. "I confess to being—how do you call it?—floored, eh? We older men must bow before Youth's clearer vision." He glanced at his watch. "One more protest and I abandon the argument.

"Tell me—how reconcile your philosophy with your psychological contention? We discuss the soul and you're a positivist, you admit only the data of experience; we discuss psychic receptivity and you hint at a four-dimensional universe, unseen, unknown, hidden because of the limitations of our psychic apparatus. To me that's the direct antithesis of positivism. Perhaps I'm too old to understand, too lost in the mists of earlier days, my own absorbing subject. But still I tell you that your argument is faulty, your young experience too shallow. There is a stronger, greater logic, a simpler and more beautiful philosophy. It's born of man's conscious kinship with the God who made him in His image. It thrills the breast of the veriest savage; I find it here in me, in you who feign to scorn it, in—in Kloving, in all the hundreds of *stronger personalities* who deny it." He checked MacAllister's threatened interruption. "No more to-night, it's late. Shall we go up, O pessimist who paints mankind in such a sombre hue?"

Smiling, he laid a friendly hand across MacAllister's shoulders as they left the room.

II

THE great bell of the graduate college was tolling two when MacAllister arose. The night had cleared and turned cold, but the white mist still hung, wraith-like, in the pale light of a third-quarter moon.

Its beauty was lost upon MacAllister. He looked up at the moon and cursed it softly. Standing back from the window, watch in hand, he timed the intervals between the appearances of the guards passing beneath him. Apparently there were three, and doubtless these constituted only an inner circle. At the end of half an hour he had learned, from his limited vantage point, all that he possibly could concerning their movements. He took off his shoes then and placed them in his suitcase, carrying the latter while he worked a squeakless way down the hall.

Although certain there was no one in the den, he waited a full fifteen minutes, alert for the slightest sound within. There was none. The house seemed to be attuned to the silence of that hour when the tide of human life reaches its lowest ebb. With infinite care MacAl-

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lister opened the door and slipped inside. Methodically he set to work. He drew from the suitcase an instrument something like a stethoscope; one end fitted with a large suction pad and the other with the regulation ear-pieces. The ear-pieces he put in place, attaching the loose end just below the dial of the safe.

"Twenty-seven—back, 8—back, 12—back, three full turns and one I missed," he mused. "Careless! Have to listen for it."

He had been working for that last number for only a few minutes when his guardian angel, or devil, warned him. He spun around, still crouching, to face the uncertain flicker of a flash-light. A cool voice came from behind it.

"Having difficulty?" it asked.

MacAllister rose splendidly to the occasion; it was a matter of pride with him to be ready for any emergency. He stalled for time until his eyes should become accustomed to the orange glow directed at them.

"A little," he admitted. "I should have had it if you hadn't interrupted."

"Sorry!" said the voice. "Stupid of me, wasn't it?"

"Very!" said MacAllister. Behind the flash-light he could just discern the slim figure of a man, a long dressing-gown covering his night attire. One hand held the flash-light while the other was nonchalantly levelling a large-calibre revolver in MacAllister's direction.

"Suppose you put them up," the voice suggested.

"Looks like I'd have to, since you're being——" MacAllister left the floor in one tremendous spring. His left hand closed on the gun, twisting the fingers holding it; his right gripped the man's unprotected throat.

It was done so smoothly and with such perfect synchronization as to preclude a chance of error. The revolver dropped to the carpeted floor, and MacAllister transferred his left hand to his antagonist's wrist. From there it was a simple matter to bend the man back across his knee. He was not minded to devote any great amount of time to offsetting this unforeseen interruption; neither was he planning to rely upon half-way measures. He saw it plainly as a case of regrettable but entirely necessary murder.

The encounter hardly partook of the nature of a struggle. Until he recalled Renaud's remark about his son having been gassed, MacAllister marvelled at the man's lack of strength. He was absurdly easy to handle.

The slim body bent until it reached the limit of flexibility; a final application of pressure and the neck must go. MacAllister shifted slightly so as to apply this pressure to better advantage. As he made the change the drooping head under his hands caught an errant beam of moonlight streaming through the window. For an instant the distorted features were limned clearly by the smoky shaft of light.

Thin, patrician nose, drooping, sensual mouth, high forehead topped with jet-black hair, in spite of its twisted agony the face burned into MacAllister's soul like scorching flame. He could see it, the imperfect reflection of a gentler spirit, see the forehead crowned with longer, heavier hair, hear again a rich voice swelling from the long, soft throat.

His grip relaxed. It came to him calmly and unemotionally that he could not dim the fire in the fierce black eyes. A trick of fate and streaming moonlight—MacAllister looked up again to curse the moon and struggled impotently to shake off the mood. Waves of self-disgust, grim humor and stark, incredulous wonder beat upon him.

When he turned it was to face the ugly muzzle of the gun. A rush of futile, hopeless words crowded his lips. A streak of flame, a roar, a sickening blow high up upon his chest swept them from his mouth. His knees gave way.

The man crawled over and looked down into MacAllister's face. His soft, white neck still bore the imprint of MacAllister's fingers. The haze of acrid smoke seemed to muffle his gasping voice.

"Your name—what's your name?"

Oddly enough, MacAllister's own voice seemed to come from a distance, faintly. Unconscious of forming the words, he heard his whispered answer as from afar, borne down the path of streaming moonlight.

"My name? My name is *Man*." He smiled. "It's a joke; a little joke on me. My name is Jeffery Kloving."

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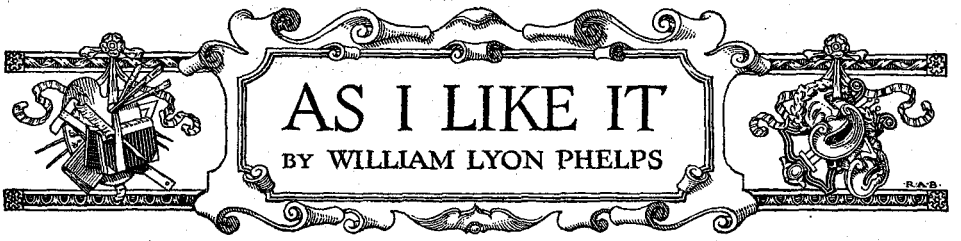

IN thinking various thoughts aroused by that brilliant and stimulating book, "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," by Professor Guérard, I find that I am forced to invent a word. I will now add to the English language the word *Soloism*. Of all the moderns, Napoleon was, perhaps, the greatest soloist. Soloists have always attracted attention, but in the twentieth century one of the signs of the times is the growth of soloism, which fact may partly account for the indestructible spell of Napoleon. The circle of his fame has been punctured by Guérard, but not deflated. Our age of machinery, so far from absorbing the individual into the mass, has brought personality more and more into the spot-light. Henry Ford is greater than any of his inventions, for every one of his billion vehicles advertises his name; the only reason why he is not a prominent—and perhaps successful—candidate for the Presidency of the United States is because he does not wish it. When the motion-pictures first began to amuse spectators, the names of the actors were not given; the sight of photographs of human beings in flexibility seemed sufficient to satisfy public curiosity. But now no individual receives more applause and money than the leading actors and actresses of the film. Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jackie Coogan, Lillian Gish, and many others are veritably "household words." By the assiduous advertising of the cinema star—that is by the straight appeal to the element of soloism—vast fortunes are made and the public driven into hysteria. When Mr. Chaplin arrived in England, the desire to behold him himself was so ungovernable that he was mobbed; thousands of women, it appeared, wished to kiss him. Mr. Hergesheimer informs me that Lillian Gish receives five hundred letters of love from male adorers every week. If it is announced that Jackie Coogan will reach a certain town by a certain train, there are hordes of men and women who, it seems, have nothing better to do than to greet him.

In the game of baseball, one of the largest commercial enterprises in America, it used to be this or that particular nine that attracted the most attention, as it is a sport calling for team-play. But now it is the soloist who draws the crowd, fills the stands and the coffers of the owners. I do not know what salary Babe Ruth receives, but I think, in the present rage of soloism, he could easily earn two hundred thousand dollars a year. Half the crowd come not to see a game of ball, but to behold Babe Ruth. It is the soloist, and not the nine, that stirs the imagination. In football, the various lists of all-American teams are at once the result and cause of a fresh access of soloism.

We know what a ruinous effect soloism has upon the spoken drama; with the exception of plays written for soloists, by the greatest and the worst of dramatists, soloism ought to be out of place on the boards. It is the recognition of this fact that has made the Moscow Art Theatre the finest company of actors in the world; but in order to reveal their qualities, Chekhov and Gorki had to write plays in a technique new to the Western mind. It is a good sign that in the New York season just concluded, the most successful plays, "Outward Bound," "The Show-Off," "The Swan," "The Potters," "Beggar on Horseback," minimized soloism; audiences are drawn in these cases not by any one name, but by a good play where every part is adequately acted.

The effect of soloism on symphony concerts is deplorable. I wish that symphony concerts could be given without any soloist, except when it is necessary to have a concerto. It seems to me absurd that between a symphony by Beethoven and a symphonic poem by Liszt, a fashionably dressed woman should appear and amuse the audience by trills and roulades.

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It is almost as bad as introducing professional acrobats. There should never be a vocal or instrumental solo at a symphony concert; instead of adding to the value of the performance, it is an interruption. Yet I am quite aware how necessary this soloism is, from the financial point of view. In my town of New Haven, the finest visiting orchestra in the world, even with a sensational conductor advertised in the modern methods of soloism, could not fill our largest auditorium; no matter how superb the music or how superbly played, there would be many vacant rows of seats. But let some famous soprano be announced as soloist, even if she is to be on the stage only ten minutes, the house is jammed. In short, the audiences are attracted not by the desire to hear music, but to see a person who is in the public eye.

Napoleon, who understood everything in human nature except its spiritual side, determined to be the greatest soloist of all time, and succeeded. Even P. T. Barnum did not know the secret of advertising better than Bonaparte. It was always Napoleon, and not the army, that won the battles, which was precisely what Napoleon planned, and what the public wanted. One of the reasons the Trojan War did so much more for literature than the World War of 1914 was because it was a war of heroes, of soloists; the rank and file did not count. And one reason the World War has made so little appeal to the imagination is because it was not a war of individuals, but of the entire population of the countries concerned.

In the April number, I quoted a remark about one of the latest parodies on the Bible, and referred it to "a columnist." Some time age, F. P. Adams, in the New York *World*, remonstrated against this kind of a reference, saying the author's name should invariably be given. I agree with F. P. A., and should have given the name had I known it. I have since discovered that the author of the denunciation of all versions of the Bible "written down" for inferior minds is Ted Robinson, the accomplished columnist of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. I take pleasure in mentioning his name, and all the more because I so heartily agree with what he said.

So far as I know, I am the first person to ask pointblank an explanation of the difference between the English grammar of Shakespeare's plays and that of the Authorized Version of the English Bible, published while Shakespeare was alive. Teachers tell school children and undergraduates that although Shakespeare's grammar will not pass muster to-day, it was quite all right in his time. If this easy explanation is correct, why is it that the English prose of the Bible, as judged by the severest standards of 1924, is so near perfection that only two grammatical errors can be discovered? This question I put in the May number of SCRIBNER'S. Professor Kittredge of Harvard tells me that my surmise—that there was a vernacular and a literary language in 1611—is substantially correct; and Professor Albert S. Cook of Yale writes me in detail a letter of such general interest that I am sure my readers will be glad to share some of its contents:

> To give a detailed and demonstrative opinion in reply to your query would of course demand a volume; and I cannot say that I have ever put the question to myself in so definite a form, though the problem is of the highest interest, as its treatment by a master would abundantly show. Here I can only improvise two or three suggestions, which you can readily elaborate and supplement for yourself. The first is that Shakespeare—whatever may be thought of Joseph Quincy Adams' insistence, in his new book, on the idea of the dramatist's probably having taught the elements of Latin when a young man—was not a man of thorough training in either language or literature, as indeed how could he be, seeing that he was married at the age of a normal Yale freshman, and had then no doubt been out of school for some years?
>
> In the second place, if we consider how much time and energy he must have devoted to his profession of actor, he must have worked on the composition of his plays at top speed. If we call "The Tempest" his last drama, he must have written thirty-seven plays in twenty years, to say nothing of his other poems. Among the plays, some were revisions of work by earlier dramatists, so that part of the language of these plays was not even Shakespeare's at all.
>
> Thirdly, there is no evidence that Shakespeare labored these productions with an eye to their admiration by posterity, as he may have done with his poems. If they served well a transient purpose, that was sufficient.
>
> But more important than these considerations is the fact that Shakespeare wrote primarily to be understanded of the people—not merely to be intellectually comprehended, but to appeal to their sense of humor, their affections, and on occasion their prejudices and passions. He was

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bound to be a popular dramatist, and, in being so, to run the whole gamut of human nature. He could, as we know, employ language of the greatest elevation and beauty, was familiar with all sorts of rhetorical devices, and was an adept in parodying current fashions of courtly compliment, but all this reposed on a colloquial and idiomatic basis. He gathered from books, but he built upon life. . . .

If we turn to the Authorized Version, how different were all the processes involved in bringing its English to its present form! These I have tried to sketch in my chapter on the subject in the fourth volume of the Cambridge "History of English Literature"—also published separately as "The Authorized Version and its Influence." Assuming an acquaintance with this, it is only necessary to reflect a moment in order to realize that every separate stage in the long history represents a work of scholarship and leisure. . . . Perfection was attained gradually. Nothing was left to chance. The delicate lacework of a Gothic window was nothing to it. Not one man wrought, but many; and time was no object. When practically the last word had been said, King James' revisers, forty-seven of them, worked steadily for two years and nine months. Compare that with the way in which certain of Shakespeare's plays must have been scrambled together, subject to abbreviations, extensions, and all sorts of changes afterward.

The history of the phrase, or rather sentence, which you adduce is rather instructive—I mean, "Whom do men say that I am?" Of course the trouble rose out of the accusative with the infinitive, in both the Latin and the original Greek. With one exception, the Old English dodged the difficulty by translating (I modernize the forms), "What say ye (men) that I be?" The exception is Matt. 16 : 13, "Whom say men that man's Son be?" That, you see, is only one instance out of six. The two versions of Wyclif vary between accusative with infinitive (1) ("Whom say ye me to be?") (2) "Whom say men that I am?" and (3) "Who say ye that I am?" In both Luke 9 : 18 and 20, Tyndale has "Who." So there was always more or less consciousness of the difficulty, and efforts to meet it. Curiously enough, there is, besides, a grammatical error in Prov. 27 : 3, the treating of *than* as if it were a preposition.

In the same construction, Shakespeare will sometimes be wrong, and sometimes right: *cf.* "T. Sh." 4 : 1 : 11; "J. C." 1 : 3 : 76; "A. & C." 3 : 3 : 14. Another thing: not all that Abbott notes is unexampled, or even wrong, from our point of view. "Region kites" sounds queer ("Haml." 2 : 2 : 607); but so does "quality trousers," and *much* more offensive.

"Nice customs curtsy to great kings," and so they do to here and there a genius; but that is no reason why they should to inferior men.

It would be fascinating to attempt really to do something with this topic; but how far it would lead one!

Mr. L. L. Braley, of Cambridge, Mass., justly condemns me for singing the praises of golf and tennis, and making no reference to the joys of *walking*. I am the more inclined to take his castigation repentantly, because he informs me that he has not missed a single number of SCRIBNER'S since September, 1922. He writes: "Having just swung in from a five-mile walk against this March wind, with the tingling sensation of every part of my body in action, having had the joy of a hot bath and a cold shower and a good rubdown, having dressed and settled down by my fire for my monthly pleasure in 'As I Like It,' what do I read? A eulogy of golf and tennis and only scorn for walking—of all noble sports the noblest! A country road, a good companion swinging along beside me, the river of the deepest blue overflowing its banks, and March wind-clouds piled big against the blue, the smell of the earth filling our lungs to capacity—yet that is not sport! The trouble is you don't know how to walk! . . . I shall have passed my sixtieth birthday before this reaches you, but come and let me teach you a new way to have 'fun,' and you will sweat too before I'm through with you."

Mea Culpa! I ought to have spoken of just that kind of walk, and I agree that it is great fun. Lest Mr. Braley should think that I know nothing about it, let me inform him that when I was young, I walked from New Haven to the White Mountains, and there are not many sections of Connecticut over which I have not tramped. Paradoxically enough, good roads have had a disastrous effect on the pleasure of walking. That which is good for the automobile is not good for the feet; and motor-cars are a curse to the pedestrian. When I was an undergraduate, a classmate and I walked fifty miles in one day; but it would be difficult now to walk fifty miles in any direction without being killed. This letter, however, gives me the opportunity to recommend one of the best essays on the subject, "In Praise of Walking," by Leslie Stephen.

The Literary Supplement of the London *Times* for March 27 winds up a rather effusive review of Mr. Gosse's latest book with this quotation, which in all seriousness is held up as a model both of criticism and of English style: "We must thank him for giving us the exact

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phrase for Trollope and his like—'he is never deliberate or exquisite; he is always pounding along at a sharp prosaic trot, like a man who is walking to his office in the morning.'" Marry, he trots hard. Perhaps he walks with one foot and trots with the other.

The month of May will be brightened in Europe by two great celebrations, one in Paris, the other in Vienna, both of which will belong to history by the time these words appear in print. Chancellor Dawson of the University of Mississippi, author of the standard work on Henry Becque, reminds me that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Becque will be commemorated in Paris by marking with tablets the houses where he was born and where he died, one of the theatres will produce all his plays in a single week, and his nephew will publish his hitherto unprinted manuscripts. In Vienna, the sixtieth birthday of Richard Strauss will be celebrated by fifteen days and nights of performances of his operas, orchestral compositions, and songs; and he will be made an honorary member of everything worth joining. The dead and the quick will thus be paid homage, as is fitting. Genius is the rarest article in the world except radium; only once have the two united, as in the case of Madame Curie.

Several members have retroactively joined the Asolo Club. Miss Annie B. Jennings of Fairfield, Conn., sends me the indubitable proof of her visit; also Miss C. Matthews of Vevey, Switzerland; in 1900 Miss Julia E. Schelling of Philadelphia, Mrs. Charles S. Prest of Brooklyn, Miss Alice Clarke, Miss Lena E. Doyle, and Miss Sarah L. Doyle of Cohoes, N. Y., visited Asolo and bought doilies at the Browning lace school; while the poet, Robert Underwood Johnson, recently ambassador to Italy, has an abundant entrance along with two others. He writes: "Am I not eligible for the Asolo Club? Reread my little chapter on that delectable town in the 'Memoirs,' and then reperuse my 'Browning at Asolo' in the Collected Poems of Yours Truly. Haven't I given my heart away in each? And didn't I fairly tremble during the war as the (somewhat too) late Enemy approached that beauteous town? Who else has celebrated its charm and quality in verse? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Presuming that I am admitted as a charter member, I nominate Charles deKay, Mrs. Brondai's brother, who wrote about Asolo in the old *Century*, and Miss Clara Montalba of Venice, who made sketches for the article. . . . The Contessa Rucellai (Edith Bronson) must be one of us, or rather we must be one of her, as she owned the little house on the wall 'La Mura.' . . . Read also my reference to Asolo in 'A Vision of Italy' in my poems." Johnson gets in with both feet, pedal and metrical. The Contessa Rucellai, by the way, is the daughter of Katharine (Mrs. Arthur) Bronson, the cultivated and charming American woman to whom Browning dedicated his last volume of poems, and who subsequently contributed articles to the *Century* (see especially February, 1902) that gave new and valuable information concerning the ever-living poet. There are some strange-minded individuals who do not like Browning, but one regards them as Mr. Samuel Gompers says he regards all laborers who are not union men—"with extreme commiseration."

It is pleasant to observe that Johnson's autobiography, "Remembered Yesterdays," is having such wide circulation. It is a contribution to the literary history of the last fifty years. If he trembled at the approach of the Germans toward Asolo, I felt actual terror when I read in the newspaper one morning that the Austrians were dropping bombs on Ancona. A Roman arch is there in perfect preservation, built by Trajan, A. D. 113. Eighteen hundred years after its completion I walked under it, and reflected on the thoroughness of the Romans. They would spend a week-end in some pleasant town, and put up a memorial of their visit to last two thousand years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Zeilitz Shapleigh of Williamsville, N. Y., assuredly has the courage of her convictions, for she nominates for the Ignoble Prize the poetry of Horace! "I read it in my youth in the original. . . . I have since read Louis Untermeyer's really admirable English rendering, and still I completely abomi-

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nate it. Most other Latin poetry I class with it, excepting Catullus and Lucretius, who alone of the lot seem to me to be sincere. I am quite certain that Horace never so far forgot himself as really to care two denarii about any of the lady-loves concerning whom he wrote so gracefully." Well, Horace lacked the passion of Catullus and the majesty of Lucretius, but in some other qualities he was supreme. I remember when we were freshmen, Mr. Ambrose Tighe, now a lawyer in St. Paul, and then our most brilliant instructor in Latin, told us that Lucretius was so great a writer that in comparison with him the entire works of Ovid and Virgil sank into insignificance. Was there ever in all history a man who combined to so high a degree science and art, cerebration and sublimity? It is exactly as though Darwin had written "The Origin of Species" in the style of "Paradise Lost."

Now just after reading the nomination of Horace for the Ignoble Prize, and commending the proposer for her courage, however far I may be from sharing her view, I happened to open a new book by John Jay Chapman, called "Letters and Religion," and on the first page I find the following:

> The Greek and Latin classics will never be forgotten. . . . It is easier to imagine a substitute for telegraphy than a substitute for Horace's *Odes;* for the contrivances that harness electrical power change rapidly—a new one replaces an old. But the vehicles which carry spiritual power around the world are so subtle and complex, so much a part of the human mind's own history, that they speak to every generation in its home tongue, and live down a hundred theories of scientific truth and ten thousand contrivances of material convenience.
>
> I cite Horace as a symbol, and because he represents, not religion, nor the higher kinds of poetry, nor anything which appeals to a special passion in the reader, but because he is in himself a microcosm of social wisdom more universal than anything which philosophy, poetry, or religion has let loose on mankind. He has a noble and religious attitude toward life, but expresses it not in abstractions, nor in those intense forms of feeling which appeal to highly emotional people, but in glints and glimmers which ordinary, worldly, benevolent citizens understand very well; and whatever else the future world may hold, it is certain to be full of ordinary, worldly, benevolent people. Such among them as have good wits are sure to read Horace.
>
> Horace seems to represent an eternal type of gentleman who reappears periodically, whether under tyrannies, democracies, or socialisms; whether in slavery or at liberty; whether in Australia or South America. Such men will always crop up wherever anything arises that can be called a civilization. One reason for their resurgence is that human civilization is a continuous stream and passes on with the race. The seeds of letters are handed on like the seeds of domestic vegetables. Men will sooner find a substitute for potatoes than for Horace's *Odes*. . . . We have thus found out that Horace is an exceedingly rare man. He is unique.
>
> The power to enjoy life is at the bottom of Horace's popularity. It was a renewed power to enjoy life that revealed the Greek and Roman classics to the enthusiasts of the Renaissance.

I have quoted the above passage at length, because it states the case with precision; but it is only an illustrative remark in a little book filled with stimulating ideas. I feel absolute confidence in recommending to my readers Mr. Chapman's "Letters and Religion." If you care for either literature or religion, you will read this small volume with such enthusiasm that you will feel personally grateful to the author for writing it. It is the expression of a full mind, of a man who has somehow managed to read widely and to think deeply; the range of his culture has not deprived him of the power of productive meditation. Schopenhauer warned us of the danger of indiscriminate reading; the danger is that we shall let others do our thinking for us, instead of taking over ourselves that difficult and often painful job. Mr. Chapman uses his reading to tip and wing the arrows of his thought; and I do not suppose there has ever been a time when this particular book was needed more than now.

A gentleman from North Carolina emphatically nominates for the Ignoble Prize "all yells of all colleges, prep schools, high schools, or correspondence schools." I wonder if he would also include the following. One day a "stranger in our midst" observed a group of boys and girls standing on a street corner, making queer motions with their fingers. Upon inquiry he ascertained that they belonged to a deaf-and-dumb asylum, and were giving the school yell.

Shakespeare left us thirty-seven plays. Of these, I have seen on the stage twenty-eight. It is my hope to see them all before I die. Those that I have not yet beheld are "Love's Labour's Lost," "The

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Three Parts of King Henry VI," "Richard II," "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "All's Well that Ends Well," and if any one knows where I can see any of these, I shall be obliged for advance information. "Pericles," "Measure for Measure," and "Troilus and Cressida," I saw first in Germany; "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Comedy of Errors," with Robson and Crane; "King John," with Robert Mantell; "The First Part of King Henry IV," with Yale undergraduates; the "Second Part," with Harvard undergraduates; "King Henry VIII," with Beerbohm Tree; "Cymbeline," with Margaret Mather; and I have recently seen "Titus Andronicus," presented for the first time in the Western hemisphere by undergraduate members of Alpha Delta Phi, at Yale, under the direction of Professor John Berdan and Edgar Montillion Woolley. It was a glorious bloody melodrama, and held the audience from beginning to end. When I was twelve years old, "Titus Andronicus" was my favorite play. I thought it superior to "Hamlet," because it was so full of action. It is indeed a remarkable specimen of the Tragedy of Blood, and helped to establish the Romantic Drama on the Elizabethan stage. To the consternation of Ben Jonson, it retained its popularity all through the period from 1585 to 1616, for in his induction to "Bartholomew Fair," he scornfully remarked: "He that will swear *Ieronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years."

An important, valuable, and scrupulously scholarly work has just been produced by Doctor E. K. Chambers of London, called "The Elizabethan Stage." It is in four volumes, contains about two thousand pages in fine but readable print, has prodigious bibliographies, and four indexes, by means of which the reader can look up any part or aspect of the whole period. I salute this book with reverence, because it is a monument of learning. Practically all we know of the Elizabethan theatres, and of the theatrical, social, and financial conditions in which Shakespeare lived and wrote, can be found here. Furthermore, although nearly every sentence has a foot-note hitched to it, the text is decidedly interesting, often sharpened with salty humor. Doctor Chambers seems to combine German industry with English discrimination; he takes his place as the first of living scholars on the Elizabethan stage; it is difficult to see how his work can ever be superseded. There is something almost sensational about a publication of this kind, which, the result of twenty years of daily and nightly research, is instantly recognized as standard, and moves automatically to its place at the head of all authorities.

The centenary of the death of Byron has been fittingly and permanently commemorated by a valuable work of some four hundred pages, called "Byron in England: His Fame and After-Fame," by Professor Samuel C. Chew, one of the best literary scholars in America. Mr. Chew is not only well equipped by learning, he possesses the gift of style, and knows how to make his subject interesting to the general reader. (His little book on Thomas Hardy is the best I have seen.) "Byron in England" makes a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the poet and to our own pleasure. Mr. Chew is a scholar and a critic who loves literature because he loves life; it is his sympathy with life that helps to make him so excellent an interpreter of poetry.

Synchronously with this book on Byron comes out of Cambridge University a large and attractive work on Byron's contemporary. This is called "Shelley and the Unromantics," by Olwen Ward Campbell, and presents some original points of view. To lovers of literature, there is perhaps no more interesting reading than a critical biography.

As most doctors' theses are the last of all things to be recommended to the general reader, let me call attention to one brilliant exception. This is "Le Roman et Les Idées en Angleterre, 1860–1890," presented to the faculty of letters at the University of Strasbourg by Madeleine L. Camazian. Among novelists that receive special treatment are George Eliot, Samuel Butler, George Gissing, and Thomas Hardy. It is particularly inter-

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esting to get a foreign estimate of the work of these English writers. Speaking of Gissing, I believe that his book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," will outlast his novels, and if there are any readers of these lines who have not seen it, let me insist that a copy be secured with all reasonable speed. It is a *quiet* book, full of healing.

I welcome to the ranks of literary critics the young author Arnold Whitridge, whose "Critical Ventures in Modern French Literature" is filled with good conversation. It has a disarmingly modest preface. Mr. Whitridge is a grandson of Matthew Arnold, and seems destined to maintain the family tradition.

Make way for the younger generation! I have just read a novel by a Harvard undergraduate, James Gould Cozzens, called "Confusion." It is an excellent story, and perhaps its chief triumph consists in this: the heroine is an absolute paragon, physically and intellectually, and yet is real.

The best among the fresh welter of college novels is "The Education of Peter," by John Wiley. It is good for what it leaves out. It describes in a studiously simple way four years at an American college, as they were experienced by a shy, self-conscious lad, who was neither a social nor an athletic hero, but who is quite recognizable. If college life were what it is represented to be in some other novels, all colleges should be abolished. But it isn't. I have never read an entirely satisfactory story of college, and only one of school life, "Tom Brown's School Days," which owed its origin to an accident. And I expect at any moment to take up some modern magazine and find an article that proves to the satisfaction of its author that "Tom Brown" is in reality rubbish, because it has the unpardonable fault of being decent.

Archibald Marshall's novel, "Anthony Dare," is one of the most audacious of recent books; and I mean by the adjective exactly the opposite of its conventional connotation. It is audacious, because in a time when things that ought to be unprintable are constantly printed, and attention is sought by abnormalities and freakish adventures, Mr. Marshall has the courage almost to caricature his own method. In his previous novels—of which the best are those incomparable four dealing with the Clinton family—he relied entirely for his success on the presentation of natural people in natural surroundings; so that the interest of the reader was held by the reality of the characters. Those books represented England before the war; and now, when many novelists seem engaged in a competition for the Shock Prize, Mr. Marshall calmly writes a novel where, in the ordinary sense of the word, nothing happens, and yet where the boy-hero develops and the story unfolds as naturally as life itself. It is a fine spectacle to see so resolute an artist; to see a writer, who, having made up his mind, continues his work in a tranquillity not once ruffled by his disreputable neighbors. He has followed up "Anthony Dare" by a second novel, "The Education of Anthony Dare"; this will be succeeded by a third, fourth, and probably fifth book dealing with the same person. The charm of this method lies partly in the fact that the reader has the certainty of becoming intimately acquainted with Anthony Dare and his associates; we not only read about them, we live with them. This seems to me more rewarding than to follow some trivial cad through scenes of debauchery; and it is pleasant to observe that Mr. Marshall, without making any compromises, has finally won his public on both sides of the ocean. America surrendered to the Clinton twins long before England would even acknowledge an acquaintance. To-day the tone of British criticism shows that Mr. Marshall has won his place among the novelists.

That skilful diagnostician, Gamaliel Bradford, has done another fine piece of work in "The Soul of Samuel Pepys," an analysis of the public and private life of the greatest of all diarists. I heartily recommend this book to every reader who is interested in one who was the most natural and the most enigmatic person of his time. Please pronounce the name *Peeps*.

Let me also heartily recommend "Men of Letters," by Dixon Scott. Every day of my life I curse the World War—I curse it with curses both loud and deep. As I read this book, I add an extra curse; for

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Scott lost his life in that general catastrophe. It is impossible to read such critical work as this without the conviction that Dixon Scott would have developed into one of the foremost writers of our time. These essays are full of insight and sparkle with wit. Best of all, they are enthusiastic; they show that love of excellence which is the foundation of criticism. His heroes are not targets, because they are heroes. These titles should invite you: "The Ambitions of Sir James Barrie, Bart.," "The Guilt of Mr. Chesterton," "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw," "The Meekness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling," "The Artlessness of Mr. H. G. Wells," "The Homeliness of Browning." Such labels are good, and the articles are better.

Another admirable book of English essays is "Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," by John Beresford. The account of the execution of King Charles I is thrilling. I have been informed that in Philadelphia there exists to-day a church called the Church of Charles the Martyr. Is it so? I was brought up in the good old Puritan way, to believe that Oliver was a saint, and the Stuarts sons of Belial; I was therefore later rather surprised to find so many godly men of the seventeenth century on the King's side. Owen Felltham called Charles Christ the Second.

I counsel readers of contemporary fiction to watch Arthur Mason, who is one of the most original ocean-going novelists of our day. He has lived through astounding experiences, and happens to possess both experience and art. Most men who have seen what he has seen are not articulate; but he, like John Masefield, knows how to spend what he has earned. His latest book, "The Cook and the Captain Bold," is a rattling good yarn told by one who knows not only What but How.

The Faerie Queene Club has been enriched by two additions. Mrs. Florence Wyman Jaques writes from Italy: "While young and determined to read, for a first time at least, the entire work of each great master and the only purchasable edition of Spenser bound in a heavy volume with Chaucer, I did begin with the Faerie Queene and finished it. . . . I read in golden autumnal weeks, nestled in the roots of a giant sugar maple, and with a basket of Catawba grapes at hand. Since then I have read many times the lovely shorter poems of Spenser, and have never failed any spring to dip deep into Chaucer, none of whose poems fail to delight me . . . and all more or less at different seasons of a long life. But never, book in hand, came the impulse to attack again the 'Faerie Queene.' Shall I be blackballed? If not, I promise to give myself another try at it, next summer, up in the Sabine Hills. Awaiting decision." You are admitted *cum laude*.

Walter Robert Snow, of Willimantic, Conn., writes: "Keats first led me to Spenser, but I read his minor poems long before reading his epic through. I read it through in about two weeks in my spare time last November. Then it was my custom to get up about four or five o'clock in the morning and read or write, because at that hour all was still. . . . I call your attention to the fact that there is really no good edition of Spenser available. . . . Any one-volume edition must necessarily be in very fine type, which makes it impossible for people with weak eyes to read it, and which even repels people with good eyesight. A three-volume edition in 12mo, with neither extra thin nor extra thick pages, would be an ideal edition of 'the poet's poet,' as Lamb called him."

I have Grosart's magnificent edition in nine volumes, but that is limited to one hundred and fifty copies, and I bought it at auction. I also bought at auction a five-volume edition in large type, edited by Gilfillan, which came from the library of John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer. There is, however, a satisfactory and cheap edition in six handy volumes, but it is meant for schools and colleges. There ought to be a handsome library modern edition. If the Faerie Queene Club should lead some publisher into this enterprise, it would add to our pride.

I promised to say nothing more about cats, and I keep my word. But others may talk and contribute. Every day brings me a cat letter. I know my readers will share my delight in the following epistle from the distinguished dramatist and actor, William Gillette.

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I hope you have not yet written the further article about cats for "As I Like It" which you promised us, as this letter may encourage you to do better.

I do not myself see how you can, but I read that perfection is never attained, and therefore must conclude that any item which assists one toward it is desirable. Encouragement is doubtless in the list of such items, especially when we take into consideration the violent attacks made upon any one who speaks a few words of appreciation for the marvellous feline contingent. I am quite certain you have been mercilessly set upon.

But surely it must be evident to you that those who attack a person for appreciating the wonderful traits and beauties of cats are grossly and absolutely ignorant, and also pitiably prejudiced regarding them, and in addition are the resident members of a class which prefers abject unreasoning worship and cloying servility to unconquerable independence and rare judgment of character.

And surely you know what good company you are in—and I am not referring to myself alone in reminding you of this—in the appreciation of cats. Even old Voltaire took the trouble to say "Beware of the woman who does not like cats"—and although I have some times failed to beware of her, I nevertheless enjoy having that testimony to Mr. V's attitude on the question.

What I really wanted to say was not the foregoing (which is really foregone, as there can be no argument about it)—but the following:

There are three things which I really think you would do well to touch upon when you next take up this subject:

1. The absolute necessity of cats for the preservation of birds. There is unlimited testimony from scientific sources that, for the few birds that are caught and devoured by cats, there are millions whose lives are saved by the destruction of their enemies.

2. The unquestionable possession of some sort of extra "sense" which enables cats to be aware of the attitude—or even more than the attitude, of a human mind, where it concerns themselves. I have experimented a great deal in this direction, and cannot avoid the conclusion that cats are either real mind readers (when they want to be), or that they have such a wonderful appreciation of exterior symptoms that they arrive at the mental processes via that route.

3. I have forgotten this one for the moment; but I want to tell you this: it was very important and it would be a good thing for you to consult me before you do anything further on this subject—and also possibly (for all I know) on any other.

P. S.—Although I have taken considerable time in trying to remember what the third point was, it has not yet occurred to me. For a substitute, however, let us say that it was the exquisite sense of comedy possessed by the family under discussion—comedy of the very highest known altitude. Though I have not considered the matter, it seems to me that no other animal is possessed of such an exquisite and fastidious sense of humor—not even man himself. That is all for the present.

Now if William Gillette will add to this service a revival of "The Admirable Crichton," he will receive a special halo, made to order.

Ever since reading Stewart's splendid novel, "Valley Waters," I have longed to visit Zanesville, Ohio, and see with my own eyes the scenes made famous by that book. This ambition has been realized. On Saturday, April 28, accompanied by my most intimate friend, and by the high-hearted Charles and Betty Abernethy of Pittsburgh, I stood on the Y bridge and heard the mighty waters rolling evermore. Every one who reads this novel must see this town. I paused and addressed a select audience in Wheeling, at the tip of the cat's tail in West Virginia; and I discovered that Wheeling is filled with readers of SCRIBNER'S; also that Woodsfield is the scene of the activities of three Mooney brothers, all devoted sons of Yale, who graciously entertained us overnight. One of them took me to the top of a high mountain and showed me the kingdom of Ohio and the glory thereof.

Reading "Valley Waters" added *materially* to my life. In SCRIBNER'S for April, 1923, I compared the book to a Hood River apple. This comparison awakened the ire of John M. Hopkins of Virginia, who sent me a box of Virginia winesaps, to prove that Virginia had just as good apples as Oregon. Then I merely happened to remark that I had been eating York ham, and I wondered if there were ever in the world ham of equal merit. The patriotic Hopkins immediately sent me an enormous Virginia ham, which I confess is at least ten times better than York. I had not imagined there could be such ham—such ham is not poetry, it is religion. Burton Rascoe, the young literary critic of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, suggested in his interesting columns that if I got the ham, I should next try for an automobile. No, I will not do this. I am absolutely satisfied with my Ford sedan—I am certain there is no other style of car that can possibly compare with it.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE origins and earlier developments of American art have of late been receiving renewed attention. Ardent research is bringing highly interesting facts to light, and the whole subject promises to be seen in a better and more impressive perspective when its history comes to be written conclusively. A fresh impetus was given to this movement in connoisseurship by the American wing of the exhibition which was organized at the Metropolitan Museum for the Hudson-Fulton celebration in 1909. That date will always be remembered as significant of much. The Museum, I may observe in passing, has steadily been of service in what I might call the aggrandizement of the American school. As I write, the installation of its American collections is going forward in the special building provided by Mr. de Forest, and the opening next fall promises to be an event of extraordinary importance. Early American art and craftsmanship will then be placed permanently upon the map with a salience they have never enjoyed before. I might cite further evidences of a growing appreciation of our artistic patrimony in the activities discernible in museums throughout the country, in the galleries of the dealers, in the increased ardor of private collectors, and in the publication of divers helpful books. But I write the present notes with particular reference to a remarkable contribution made to the subject at the Union League Club in New York. It deserves to be recorded as adding uniquely to the resources of the student, giving him an opportunity to make a really exhaustive survey of our pioneer portraiture.

For many years it has been customary at this club to hold during the winter monthly exhibitions of works of art. The committee of members having these in charge at various times has included men with often deeply interesting enthusiasms. I remember an occasion, long ago, when John Hay was momentarily drafted into service. He was keen upon Spanish painting and talked to me in the most zealous fashion about Goya and Fortuny. He had the intensest conviction about the debt which the modern man owed to his predecessor in respect to technique. Another stimulating figure in former years was Thomas B. Clarke, long known as a leading collector of American art. In that rôle he was first concerned with his contemporaries, but later he turned to the earlier phases of the school, and more recently his ownership of one of the greatest of Gilbert Stuart's portraits of Washington has set a kind of capstone upon his career as an advocate of the American genius in painting. To him the Union League Club turned in the autumn of 1921, and he proceeded to assemble about a score of American portraits for the exhibition of November in that year. He made a good group; but it was obvious that he had only scratched the surface of the subject. Interested already in the painters involved, he realized, too, how these portraits brought back upon the scene personalities frequently conspicuous in the social and intellectual life of our forefathers, and he saw that he was dealing with one of the most humanly appealing aspects of American history. He put twenty-three more portraits on the walls in the following month and thrice repeated his effort in the winter of 1922. In January, 1923, he contrived another exhibition and he made two early in 1924. By the time he had hung his last group he had shown a total of one hundred and sixty-seven portraits by sixty-six artists of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Nothing like this series has ever been seen elsewhere in this country. It has made perfectly plain the characteristics of practically all the founders. It has illuminated dark places, bringing to the surface men who have hitherto been only names, even to the most persistent investigators; and it has been of immeasurable service in affirming with a new force the merits of an old tradition. I followed the

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exhibitions with the minutest care, and I can testify whole-heartedly to their constructive value.

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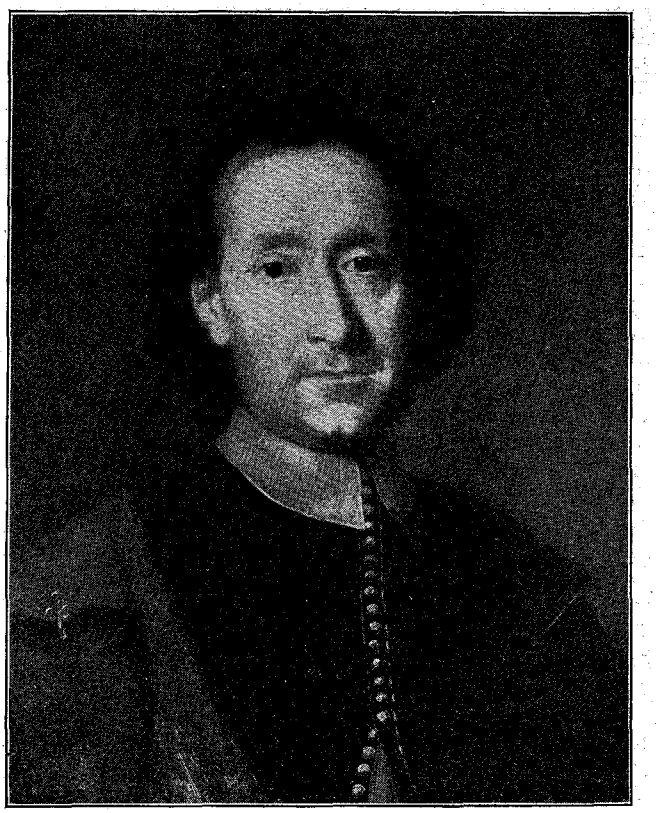
SAMUEL ISHAM, in the indispensable book on American painting that he published in 1905, opens with an assertion about the method of our Primitives that the fundamental and mastering fact concerning it is that it is in no way native to America, but was transplanted to these shores from Europe. It is a true judgment, but it is a mistake to take it as altogether final. Primitive American art is, no doubt, a derivative art; but the interesting thing about it is that if it inculcated foreign ideas of style, it also inculcated a habit of good painting as such. That was one of the outstanding lessons of the Union League Club shows. They brought forward some astonishing illustrations of sound technique, a technique which in some instances quite transcended the matter of an alien origin. Gilbert Stuart, for example, did more than pay back the British school in its own coin. I remember one portrait of his at the Union League which was comparable to Velasquez rather than to Reynolds. But I anticipate in making that allusion. Consideration ought to be given beforehand to what I might call some of Mr. Clarke's early surprises. He made us acquainted, for one thing, with Jacobus Gerritsen Strycker, who came to the New Netherlands in 1651 and died here nearly thirty-five years later. He was a man of substance and energy. They made him first a burgher and afterward an alderman, and he held office as Attorney-General and Sheriff. In the intervals of his career as farmer, trader, magistrate, and office-holder generally he seems to have functioned as a "limner," and, by great good luck, Mr. Clarke was able to run down two of his three known portraits. The first to turn up at the club was one of Adrian Van der Donck, the founder of Yonkers. It is a solid, polished affair, a capable, full-bodied bit of painting, clearly reminiscent of the school of the artist's native Holland. It is piquant to know that this, the earliest portrait painted in America, allies our beginnings with the great tradition of Rembrandt. There is even a faint trace of a distant personal tie. Strycker's wife had the same surname as the lady whose daughter married the master's son Titus. The other example of his work was a portrait of his brother Jan, painted more freely and broadly. Both portraits made fascinating foot-notes



Adrian Van der Donck.

From the portrait by Jacobus Gerritsen Strycker recently exhibited at the Union League Club.

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to the opening pages in the story of our school.

It is curious to remark the supremacy of portraiture in those pages. The founders appreciated many of the friendlier appurtenances of life. They dressed and lived well. They liked good furniture and silver. Never was there a people more *soigné*. But their fastidious taste demanded next to no pictorial sustenance, and the little they had was probably brought with other household impedimenta from abroad. The typical man of property in our Dutch and English periods might have all the refinement in the world, but he was not precisely æsthetic. The work of art he chiefly sought was the portrait, and he sat for this more with the idea of obtaining a record than because he wanted to add beauty to his belongings. It is primarily for their value as records that the earlier portraits are to be noticed—for that and for a certain simple sincerity. Pieter Vanderlyn's "Johannes Van Vechten," dating from 1719, which cropped out about two hundred years later in Mr. Clarke's first show, displayed there the bald rigidity of a map. But the old fellows were not always so stiff. Another of Mr. Clarke's rarities was Henri Couturier, who was born as far back as 1626. His portrait of Frederick Philipse, the original owner of Philipse Manor, left a decidedly good impression. The figure in its courtly dress and with its dignified gesture, the rocky background, and the full-rigged ship in the distance, were all painted with a certain easy sophistication. Couturier, like Strycker, was not by any means unworthy of the Dutch tradition. You think from time to time of that tradition, especially as it was filtered through Kneller, when you are traversing early American portraiture, though how direct its influence may have been is another question. But it was, of course, from the British school that our more characteristic Primitives sprang, men like James Claypole, the first native artist of Pennsylvania, Charles Bridges, Henry Benbridge, Robert Feke, John Wollaston, and John Smibert. I group these individuals not in exact chronological order, but as linked in a broad way by the traits of our formative period. The group as a group is, perhaps, nothing to make a song about; but there linger in my memory the charming passages of color and brushwork disclosed by Claypole, the faint Hogarthian note in Wollaston, and the dignity, the rectitude, characterizing them all. In the

Mrs. Fort.

From the portrait by John Singleton Copley in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford.

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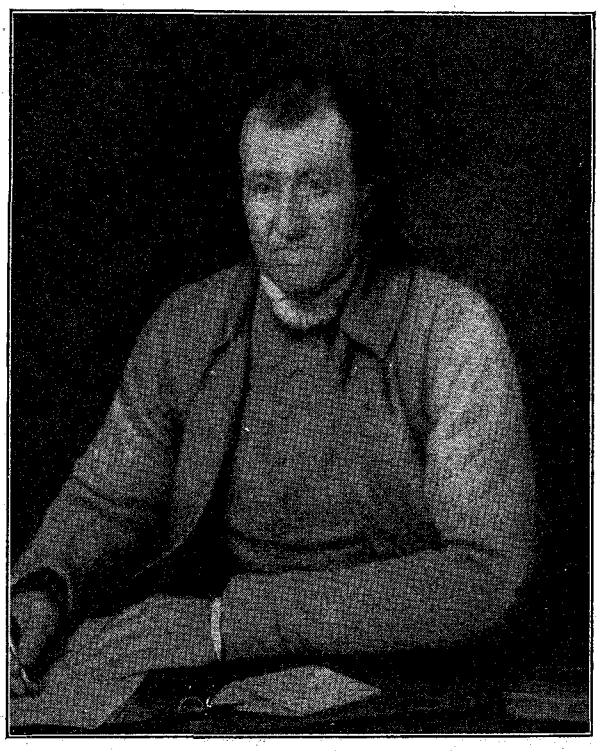

Timothy Matlack.
From the portrait by Charles Willson Peale recently exhibited at the Union League Club.

honesty of their workmanship if in nothing else they prefigured the more creative developments of their school. The minor men are sometimes not so very far from their major contemporaries or followers. Blackburn is occasionally on a level with the more formal work of Copley.

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COPLEY was one of those rare types in whom is manifested the principle of growth. He painted portraits in which he seems merely dry and inert, the cultivator of an uninspired precision. But even in his more restrained mood he has elegance and distinction. His portraits of women have great aristocratic charm, and occasionally in the portrait of a man he could rise to heights. His celebrated "Epes Sargent" is a monumental design painted with power; it is almost a masterpiece. That epithet is unreservedly to be applied to the great "Mrs. Fort" in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford. An American must always feel a thrill of pride in the presence of that canvas. Almost any of the great Englishmen might have bettered its color, but none of them could have beaten its swinging brushwork, its flashing bravura, or the fine *ordonnance* which sets the great lady before us in absolutely final terms. Copley was one of the outstanding painters in Mr. Clarke's array, and if the fates had allowed him to be represented there by the "Mrs. Fort" he would have fairly shared the honors with Gilbert Stuart. Still, even then, it would have been necessary to admit that he had only his moments of spectacular triumph. Stuart was not unnaturally the hero of the whole enterprise, for he came forth repeatedly as an exemplar of sustained authority. Superb Stuarts recur to me again and again as I look back over the Union League exhibitions, a great "Robert Thew," an even greater "Joseph Anthony," and I cannot resist the temptation to cite another portrait seen at the Knoedler gallery this winter, a "William Constable," which for gemlike perfection and beauty might have caused Sir Joshua, or even Gainsborough, to look to threatened laurels. But the one shining Stuart episode came in February, 1922, when sixteen of his portraits were hung, among them the "Mrs. Richard Yates."

This is the portrait I had in mind when I was moved, just now, to "drag in Velasquez." No one who cared for pure painting could help thinking of the Spanish master on seeing this portrait. It combines, as a portrait by him combines, firm and weighty statement of fact with a touch equally sure but so light and flowing that the artist seems to be in absolutely effortless command of his instruments. The brushwork is without a flaw. Not a stroke fails to fulfil itself in the exact notation of some nuance of form and tone. And the tone! It is one consummate har-

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mony in silvery grays. Add to that some wonderfully distinguished drawing, a felicitous composition, and the most sympathetic interpretation of an interesting sitter, and you have some idea of the greatness of this lifelike and beautiful portrait. In the preceding month's exhibition a Stuart portrait shown was that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It looked a little as if it might have been painted by the great man himself. But you thought of nothing derivative when you stood before the "Mrs. Richard Yates" and if, as I have said, you thought of Velasquez it was only because Stuart and he were obviously at one in seeking to make painted surface exquisite.

Mrs. Richard Yates.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart recently exhibited at the Union League Club.

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APROPOS of this question of our indebtedness to foreign influences, the Union League exhibitions demonstrated that in one respect at least we remained generally indifferent to what the London studios had to teach. Although we took over from the British portrait-painters a certain style in the placing of a figure upon the canvas, we rejected that style when we painted groups. Different conditions in social life probably had something to do with it. We had nothing here, either before or after the Revolution, quite corresponding to the court pageantry of England. New York or Philadelphia might have its *grande dame*, but she had no occasion for carrying herself like a duchess, and it never occurred to an American painter to put her on canvas as though she were one. There is nothing more pathetic about the magnificent career of Benjamin West, magnificent in worldly success, but artistically negligible, than his effort to paint great English ladies in the great English style. He only fell upon bathos. Stuart alone caught the trick. He painted his famous full-length of Washington (the one known

Captain Jean David.
From the portrait by Thomas Sully in the Cleveland Museum of Art.

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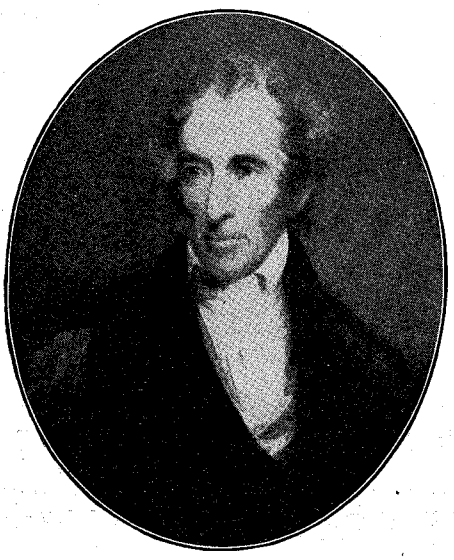
as the Lansdowne type) with all the academic aplomb of a Reynolds. But that was a *tour-de-force*. The average of our response to the demands of the statelier, more splendid formula in English portraiture was illustrated at the Union League by Copley in his "Henry Laurens." That was all furniture and background, in which a stilted figure was ill at ease if not quite lost. In the group portraits that Mr. Clarke secured, "The Washington Family," by Edward Savage, was tolerably well composed, but other examples, by John Lewis Krimmel, Joseph Wright, and Washington Allston revealed more especially a kind of naïve naturalism. The point is not without its larger bearing. Not only in the group portrait but in the study of a single sitter, the early American artist was disposed to infuse a measure of naturalism into the very artifice which he brought from British sources to his aid. That is why, as you follow American portraiture from its earliest period down into the nineteenth century, you are struck by its evolution into forms persistently traditional, yet no longer predominantly foreign.



M. S. Hurlbut.
From the portrait by John Neagle in the Cleveland Museum of Art.

I recognized this truth when I saw, for example, the "Timothy Matlack" of Charles Willson Peale. This strong portrait of a homespun type gave forth no echo of the English school. It was racy in its simplicity, American in its essence. The fact is that that historic company of Americans over whom Stuart and Copley preside bequeathed to their successors not so much a formula as the life-blood of a formula, not so much a tradition as the wholesome elements residing in that tradition. The Union League exhibitions proved it. They showed that what went on after our direct contacts with England decreased in number was just a high-minded cultivation of the good things in painting, good modelling, drawing, and brushwork, good composition; in short, good artistic manners. To put it bluntly, the founders had breeding and they passed it on. The recipients of that precious gift varied in force and individuality. Some of them have gone down the wind. But it is impossible to forget Thomas Sully, say, or John Neagle, or Samuel B. F. Morse, or Charles Loring Elliott, or John Wesley Jarvis, or Chester Harding. You can't forget them because what they did they did well, because they were not only conscientious but really adequate craftsmen, and because ingrained in their portraits is the characteristic spirit of America. I have glanced at the interest which the portraits gathered by Mr. Clarke possessed as relics of bygone generations. Through their intervention there seemed to go trooping through the gallery at the club a memorable procession of statesmen, orators, soldiers, authors, actors, and men of affairs. They lived upon the canvas. You knew them in their walk and demeanor. Sometimes their painted presentments were not only animated but beautiful. The spectacle could not but move the observer, giving him a sense of something fine and vital. Certainly it could not but impress him with a conviction of the authentic power of the early American school of portraiture.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 17.

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HEAD OF THE VIRGIN.

From a drawing ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci in the Uffizi.

—See "The Field of Art," page 219.

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From a drawing by N. C. Wyeth.

THE TIDE! AND THE STONES WERE WET WHERE THE WATER HAD BEEN.

—"Tides," page 58.

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